Collier's

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March 4, 1950

A New Novel By
A. J. CRONIN

March 4-1950 –

Crisis Government Can Ruin Us

By JAMES F. BYRNES, F.D.R.'s 'ASSISTANT PRESIDENT'

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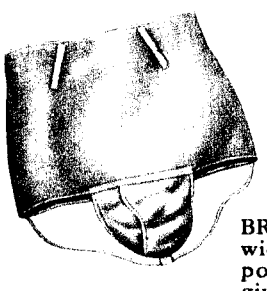

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March 4, 1950

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The Cover

The bane of all bairns—Saturday-morning dancing school—faces the moppets of Stanley and Janice Berenstain this week. Other than a recent visit to a fox-trot factory to make some interior-decoration notes, the artists needed to do little research for their latest masterpiece of bedlam. Reason: They vividly remember their own dancing-school days in Philadelphia.

Week's Mail

Re Mr. Taft's Re-Election

EDITOR: As a Southern Democrat and an A.F. of L. union man, born in Georgia, I wish to offer my sincere congratulations on your editorial in behalf of Senator Robert A. Taft (We Are for Taft's Re-Election, Jan. 14th). My many years of union experience in most of the big industrial centers have proved to me that the "slave labor" tag tied to the Taft-Hartley law by the enemies of the workingman is just so much hooey and is intended to further their own selfish interests.

R. S. FREEMAN, San Diego, Cal.

. . . Heartiest congratulations on your very timely and important editorial covering Taft's re-election.

He is one of the few real statesmen in Washington and it would be a catastrophe if he is defeated in Ohio next fall.

JOSEPH F. MATTHAI, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Your editorial endorsing that notorious, penny-begging coauthor of that troubling, notorious slave law, the Taft-Hartley Act, is an insult to any man who works for a living.

I am a laboring man, working for a railroad, and you say, "No one has been enslaved." You are plain nuts.

Railroad men were enjoined from striking—our only means of defense—under an injunction under that slave law and made to work or go to jail for violation of the injunction. W. O. HEURING, Newton, Ill.

. . . Even as you disagree with Senator Taft on many issues the writer very definitely disagrees with many of your editorial opinions. However as you commend the gentleman from Ohio for his ability and sincerity I also commend you for a spirit of fairness and honesty worthy of the finest traditions of American journalism.

J. MCCARTHY, Alexandria, La.

. . . At a time when so much pressure is being placed on individual members of Congress to pass measures affecting certain groups, it is refreshing to find at least one forthright American who votes according to his conscience and not according to pressure groups.

No one can question Bob Taft's ability as a legislator. Neither can anyone doubt his integrity and loyalty to his country. JAMES G. TOWERY, Madison College, Tenn.

. . . How it is possible to combat Socialism and, at the same time, support persons such as Senator Taft who sponsor the longest steps ever taken into Socialism will remain a mystery to me and, I am sure, to many others.

W. R. YOUNGQUIST, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . In this era of Socialism, Fabian or otherwise, it is always a pleasure to me to read editorials extolling individualism.

Your support of Robert A. Taft, the most liberal individualist of our time, gives me the feeling that all is not lost.

JOYCE HANSON FERRELL, Granite City, Ill.

. . . I am somewhat surprised to see a magazine which is usually somewhat objective in

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"He was so nice about it—I couldn't help crying!"

The whole experience was so terrifying! It was my first auto accident, and I don't know what I would have done without Chris Walters.* I called him right up—and he took over.

He handled every detail for me. Reported the accident to the state highway department—something I never would have remembered to do—saw to the repair work. And told me not to worry about a thing. He was so nice about it—I actually cried!

Chris Walters wasn't a member of the family. He was one of the 6,400 State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance agents—a *trained serviceman*, as well as a *trained insurance salesman*. Helping when he's needed is the most gratifying part of his job.

Agents give personal attention

That's one of the extra benefits you enjoy as a policyholder in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. Should you have an accident, generally you will receive the personal attention of the man who wrote your automobile insurance in the first place. Not a disinterested stranger—but *your own agent*, who naturally is keenly interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer.

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Efficient, friendly service plus *low cost insurance* is what you get as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keeping costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community is a good person to know. If you don't know yours yet—look up State Farm in your phone book. Your friendly State Farm agent will be glad to discuss your insurance problems. Before buying a new car, ask about the Bank Plan.

Policyholders: Don't change your insurance when you trade your car!

**Chris Walters is a fictitious name but any State Farm agent would do the same.*

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at the record!

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Thursday nights . . . N. B. C.

"Dragnet is to be commended for presenting an honest portrayal of the manner in which real policemen live and work; dramatic proof that crime does not pay."

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THE BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

its conclusions suddenly deciding that Honest Bob Taft should be re-elected in Ohio before knowing for sure who his opponent will be or what the position of said opponent will be on the issues in the campaign.
GRADY L. MULLENNIX, Austin, Texas

. . . Your editorial on Taft was most timely. Election Day, 1950, in Ohio will be an important one in our political history—one way or another.

One thing, however, surprised me greatly. What basis of fact do you have for your statement: "—President who got a minority of the popular vote in 1948."

Could you possibly have meant that Mr. Truman got a minority of the *possible* popular vote?

Will look forward with interest to receiving any figures you can supply relative to the above quote.
JOHN H. LYMAN, Woburn, Mass.

The 1950 World Almanac's election figures, compiled from official sources, give Mr. Truman 24,105,812 votes, and Messrs. Dewey, Thurmond and Wallace a combined total of 24,296,258. Votes for the minor party candidates brought the non-Truman total up to 24,730,767.

He Read the Laundry

EDITOR: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your January 14th cover by Gregory d'Alessio. It was splendid.

Having gone to sea five war years, and puzzling out international flag signals from halyards of ships all over the world, it was quite a thrill to pick up Collier's and read the flags across the top of the d'Alessio painting, COLLIER'S FOR ACTION.

It proved to the boys at the morning coffee club that I could still read them just as good as I did at the end of the great war.

A year ago I completed a mural for the local chapter of the V.F.W., which told the story of the entire war from the attack on Pearl Harbor to the atomic bomb. In this mural, flying from the halyard of a ship in the Pacific Fleet, are the international flags V.F.W. I told my wife that I would buy the first person that caught it a cup of hot coffee.

So tell Mr. d'Alessio if he has made such an offer that I have my coffee every morning, except Sundays, at the Pickwick Café.
BILL GAYLE, Montgomery, Ala.

Headquarters Speaking

EDITOR: THE CONSTRUCTIVE MANNER IN WHICH COLLIER'S HAS REPORTED THE ST. LOUIS STORY AND THE ST. LOUIS POLICE DEPARTMENT IS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US IT IS A CHALLENGE TO THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY TO CONTINUE ITS EFFORTS TO KEEP THIS A CLEAN CITY AND ONE IN WHICH IT IS SAFE FOR ALL OF ITS CITIZENS TO LIVE WITH SECURITY MR. HOWARD WHITMAN STUDIED OUR DEPARTMENT INTENSIVELY FOR EIGHT DAYS. WE GAVE HIM EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE ALL THE FACTS AND WE HAD NO IDEA WHAT HIS STORY WOULD BE UNTIL WE READ IT IN COLLIER'S OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO HIM FOR AN OUTSTANDING AND THOROUGH JOB.
MEMBERS OF ST. LOUIS
BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS,
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MAYOR JOSEPH M. DARST

Contentious Issue

EDITOR: After each edition of Collier's hits the newsstands, you all must sit back and chuckle and await developments. Seems to me, in every issue you wade in, both fists flying, and punch the dickens out of some subject or other.

In the Jan. 14th issue you print a lot of letters cussing you out for your stand on prohibition, and then you print Gene Tunney's article, Was Joe Louis the Greatest?

Do you know that you will be responsible for more black eyes, family arguments, broken friendships, etc., as a result of that article?
MRS. GEO. TRUESDALE,
Diamond Point, N. Y.

. . . OKLAHOMA GETS ENOUGH KANSAS ATHLETES WITHOUT MR. TUNNEY GIVING THEM JESS WILLARD JESS WAS BORN IN SAINT CLERE KANSAS AND LATER OWNED A FARM WEST OF LAWRENCE KANSAS HE WAS WORKING IN OKLAHOMA WHEN HE STARTED HIS BOXING CAREER.
DICK EDELBLUTE,
Topeka, Kans.

. . . The erudite Dr. Tunney has done another fine bit of delineating. His suspense is as good as Oppenheim's but anyone at all familiar with his depreciatory abilities was aware that he was building Joe up for a great letdown. Yet he was either fair or wise enough finally to leave the argument right where he entered it—up in the air.

I do, however, suspect his attempt at objectivity is not entirely genuine. For his picture of a Manassa Mauler totally without blemish is marred by my memory of two somehow unmentioned blots (one dubious) on the Dempsey escutcheon, placed there by the Great Gene himself.

Inasmuch as in both of these bouts a badly frustrated Dempsey failed to display the equanimity Mr. Tunney so ably sets up as the criterion of championship, the obvious and inescapable thesis is that Jack's nemesis, the great author in person, automatically becomes the Champion of Champions, by default.
HENRY WILSON, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . Gene Tunney's story makes good reading, but your classification of Tunney as a great champion doesn't stand up to facts.

After winning the title, Gene defended it twice. The first decision is still debatable, the other fight was against a washed-up old-timer, Tom Heeney.

In his story, Gene himself calls Braddock a very old man of thirty-two when he lost the title. Well, how old was Dempsey when Tunney beat him, and wasn't he a little older the next fight? And just how old was Heeney?
FRED FRAZER, Syracuse, N. Y.

Dempsey was thirty-one when he lost the title, and Heeney was thirty when he fought Tunney.

Take Your Pick of Opinions

EDITOR: In all the 10 years I've been reading Collier's never have I enjoyed a story to a fuller extent than I did Hell-Bent (Dec. 31st—Jan. 14th).
JAMES C. CAROTHERS,
South Meriden, Conn.

. . . It is pitiful that Collier's has degenerated to such a low level as to insult decent people by printing as *filthy* a lot of "tripe" as Hell-Bent.
R. S. WILSON, Scranton, Pa.

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NOTE—also available in the same smart color styles: Arrow *Mall* (an even finer broadcloth) $3.95, and Arrow *Dale* (in a specially woven de luxe broadcloth) $4.50. Smart Arrow Ties bring out the best in Arrow Shirts! Look for the ARROW trade-mark.

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The Kenmoor U-Wing Tip, S-1248 in suede calf, $18.95

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

During the war, probably the most exasperating operation made against the Nazis by the French underground took place in the village of Neuvic on the evening of July 26, 1944. Knowing that the Bank of France in Paris was sending that day a large amount of money to the Reichsbank in Bordeaux, 25 Resistance fighters held up the train as it was passing through this community and took the shipment. Then the men buried the money until after the liberation when they returned it to the Bank in Paris. The sum was in currency which filled 150 sacks, weighed 12 tons and was equivalent to $45,600,000 in U.S. money.

At about one o'clock on the morning of May 15, 1948, a man stole into the Queen's Park Hospital in Blackburn, England, kidnaped a four-year-old girl from her bed and then, out on the grounds, assaulted and murdered the child. The fingerprints of the killer were found on a bottle which he, for some unknown reason, had taken from a bedside table and set on the floor. As his prints were not on record, the police ordered the fingerprinting of all the 48,000 males who lived in or near the city and were over fifteen years of age. Three months later, after the prints of some 45,000 of the men had been collected by house-to-house calls, those of the murderer were brought in and led to his capture. In accordance with their promise, the police promptly and publicly destroyed all the fingerprints they had obtained as part of their plan to solve the brutal crime.

One of the best American stage illusions purchasable today is a trick which may be performed with the help of volunteers from the audience. They are first asked to assemble a trunk-size box with bolts, then tie the magician's girl assistant in a giant bag, lock her in the box and lace the box inside a canvas cover. It is then placed in a cabinet which the magician enters and draws the curtains together until only his head is visible. After he counts, "One! Two!" his head vanishes and the girl's head appears in its place and she shouts, "Three!" The volunteers then take the box, remove its cover and padlocks and find the magician tied in the bag.

On July 11, 1886, a small boat went aground on a submerged sand bar in Lake Michigan about 175 feet off of what is now the Gold Coast of Chicago. Tired of traveling, the owners, "Cap" and Mrs. Streeter, decided not to refloat it but to continue to live aboard. A decade later, with excavated rock and soil given him by builders, Cap had filled in the area between the shore and the boat and had made about 190 acres of land which he called Streeterville. Although shore-front realty owners claimed the property belonged to them they were unable to establish their riparian rights to it for 22 years. Meanwhile, squads of police and other armed men tried many times to oust the "squatter" and take the land by force. But Cap Streeter succeeded in fighting them off with the aid of his arsenal and a dozen friends who lived with him. After these battles, Cap would be arrested and then released because he "was only protecting his home." While he was alone on December 10, 1918, detectives called and, pretending that they wanted to buy some of his lots, lured Cap Streeter outdoors without his gun and seized him. Then they burned down his house and ran him off the land, authorized by a court order, later upheld, that had been obtained by a claimant to the property.

Probably no man lives and works with more special electrical gadgets than an executive in Burbank, California, who has so many in his private office and his home that some 125 switches are required to operate them. Those in his office, for example, open and close drawers, control a conveyer that carries papers to and from his secretaries in another room, and slide back wall panels to show models and movies of his company's products. Among the gadgets in his bedroom, one regulates the windows and drapes, a second rolls his bed in and out of a concealed compartment, while a third warms his shoes on cold mornings.

In intelligence and stupidity, few American criminals equal Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., who is now in Alcatraz for having kidnaped Mrs. Alice Stoll from her home near Louisville, Kentucky, on the afternoon of October 10, 1934. He left his fingerprints on the ransom note and his identity was quickly determined. Yet he was smart enough to collect $50,000 ransom within six days and to elude capture for 19 months. Then he promptly pleaded guilty and was given a life sentence. Shortly, Robinson began to claim his trial had been unfair and, after seven years, the U.S. Supreme Court ordered his case reviewed. As a result, he was granted a new trial which opened on November 29, 1943. His defense was that Mrs. Stoll had not been kidnaped, that she had long been his sweetheart and that they had simply gone away on another romantic trip. These malicious lies so angered the jurors that they found the gentleman guilty and recommended the death penalty, which he received but which has since been commuted to life imprisonment. Robinson's trickery, however, will cost him nine years of freedom because, under his first sentence, he would be eligible for parole in 1951, while under his present sentence he must wait until 1960 before he is eligible.

An old and widespread fallacy is that the seeds of grapes, oranges and other fruit, if swallowed, become lodged in the appendix and eventually cause appendicitis.

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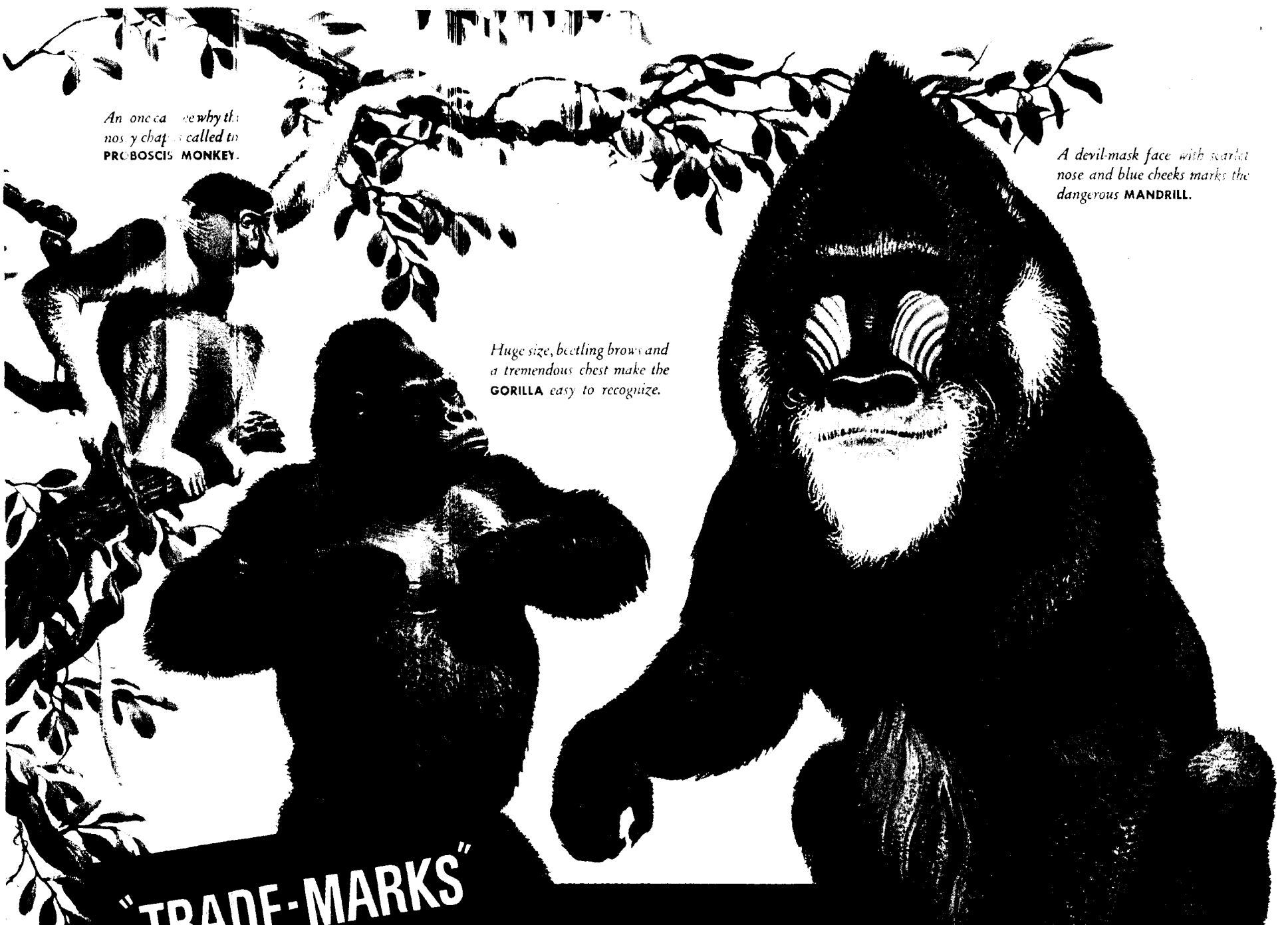

An one ca e why th nos y chap called th **PROBOSCIS MONKEY.**

Huge size, beetling brows and a tremendous chest make the **GORILLA** *easy to recognize.*

A devil-mask face with scarlet nose and blue cheeks marks the dangerous **MANDRILL.**

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

mark the difference in monkeys . . .

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

marks the important difference in gasoline

The jolly **CHIMPANZEE,** *most intelligent of the apes, is marked by large, protruding ears.*

ENJOY THE DIFFERENCE!

Just fill your tank with gasoline from an "Ethyl" pump and feel the difference for yourself. Because "Ethyl" gasoline averages *five full octane numbers higher* than regular gasoline, it will bring out the full power and performance of your car. And because it has a higher average volatility, it will give you faster starting and warm-up.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting the best gasoline your service station offers—gasoline that is stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" products are made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

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Are you reducing tooth decay with Amm-i-dent* ammoniated Tooth Paste?

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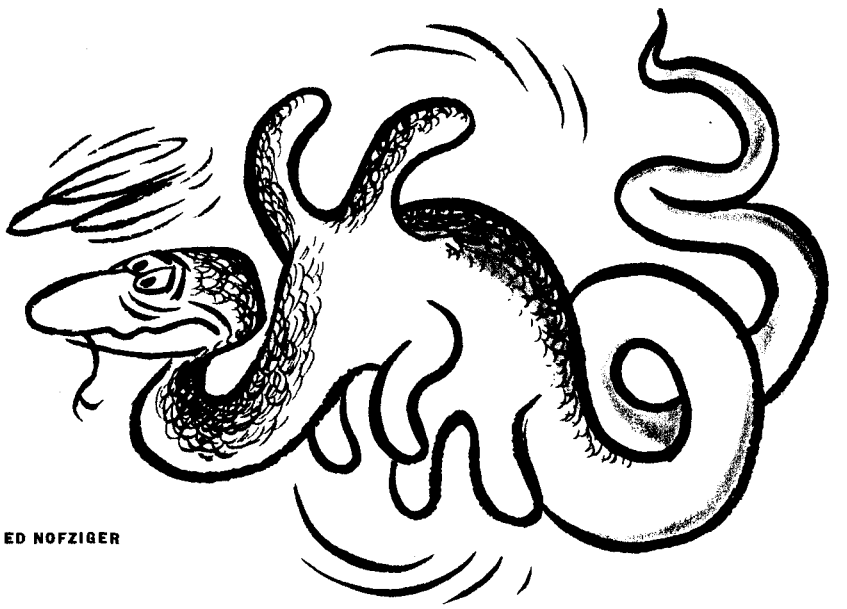
**Trade Mark* *Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form*

SNAKES are SNEAKS

By RALF KIRCHER



ED NOFZIGER

This lump was a goat

PEOPLE keep asking me why I don't do an educational piece about snakes. (Actually, they ask nothing of the kind. I just happen to feel like lying this evening. I have been telling the truth since shortly after ten o'clock this morning and need a change.)

In response to these requests I generally answer that I do not have anything against snakes and that I am not at all afraid of them. The truth is, I loathe snakes. I hate the very ground they crawl on. They scare me something fierce.

There are four kinds of poisonous snakes in this country: the rattlesnake, the water moccasin, the copperhead and the something else. There are also varieties that are said to be nonpoisonous, among them being the garter snake, the black snake, and possibly the cobra. The way to tell a poisonous snake from a nonpoisonous snake is to climb a tree until it goes away, after which it doesn't make any difference.

I once had a scoutmaster who would get up at dawn to go out in the country and catch snakes. He invited me to go along with him once, but my alarm didn't go off. One day he came to our biology class with a bagful of black snakes. He got them out and handed them around for us to hold. When he offered me one, my best girl was watching to see what I would do. It felt awful. He said that after I had handled a snake I would discover that they do not feel at all slimy and would lose my fear of them forever. I trust that a man who falls so far short of the truth is no longer connected with the Boy Scouts.

(Forget what I said about the cobra being nonpoisonous. I have just remembered that it was a cobra that raised such a fuss in California not long ago. A snake-loving lady had raised him from a worm. When he got big enough, he bit her. Later he was sold to a zoo for $50. In this way he helped to settle the lady's estate, the only decent thing he ever did.)

People who are fond of snakes say that the story of Adam and Eve does serpents a great injustice. Good enough for them, say I. Doing them injustices and hitting them with clubs are about all that snakes are good for anyway.

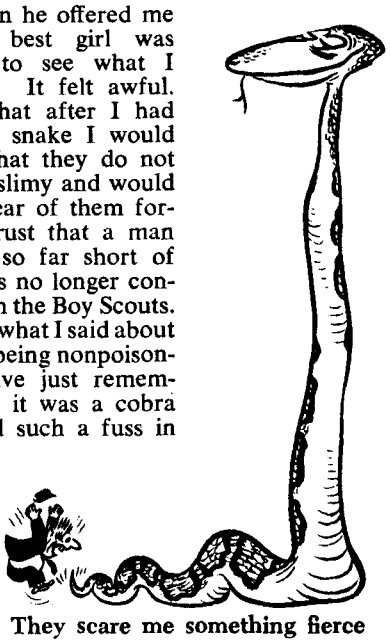
One Sunday when we lived on a farm my father took me to a stream and showed me a big pile of water snakes entwined together on a rock. I have never reclined on a psychoanalyst's couch, but if I did I'll bet we'd get back to those snakes. Years later I learned that snakes mate in that fashion, dozens of them entwined on a rock. The information came as no surprise.

There are no boa constrictors in this country, a fact that should always be borne in mind on I Am An American Day. There are boa constrictors in zoos, however, and I once saw one with a big lump in the middle. The keeper said that this lump was a goat that had been fed to the snake alive. All people who like goats better than snakes will please remember to speak sharply (if at all) to zoo keepers in the future.

When I go to a circus side show, which isn't often, I close my eyes during the snake charmer's act. I used to know a man who claimed to know a snake charmer and even spoke highly of her. What do you make of a man like that?

They say that a snake won't bother you unless you bother it first. Like fun! When snakes are not hibernating, or entwining on a rock, or hissing at one another in a disagreeable way, they are sneaking around looking for somebody to bite.

So far as I am concerned the subject is closed. Don't mention it again in my presence, please. THE END



They scare me something fierce

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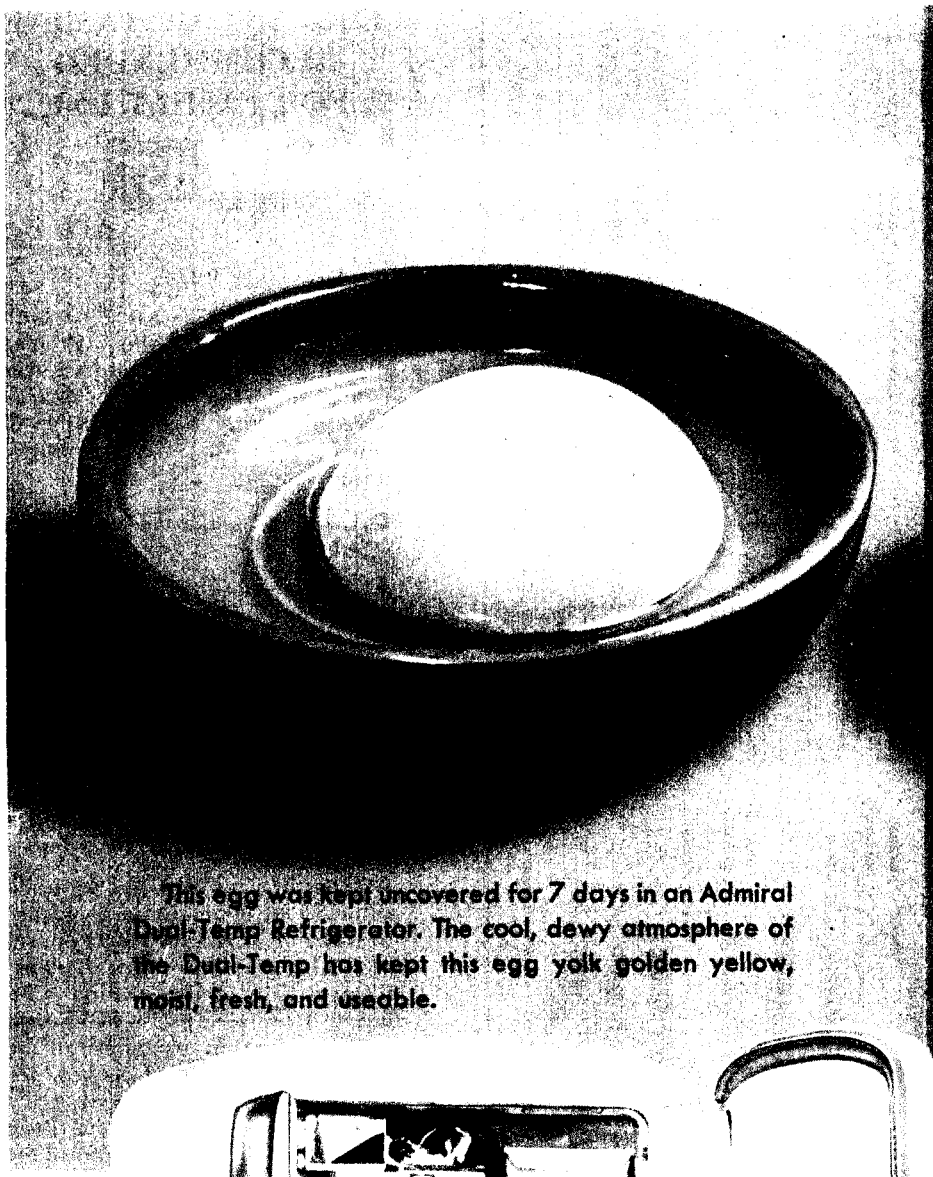
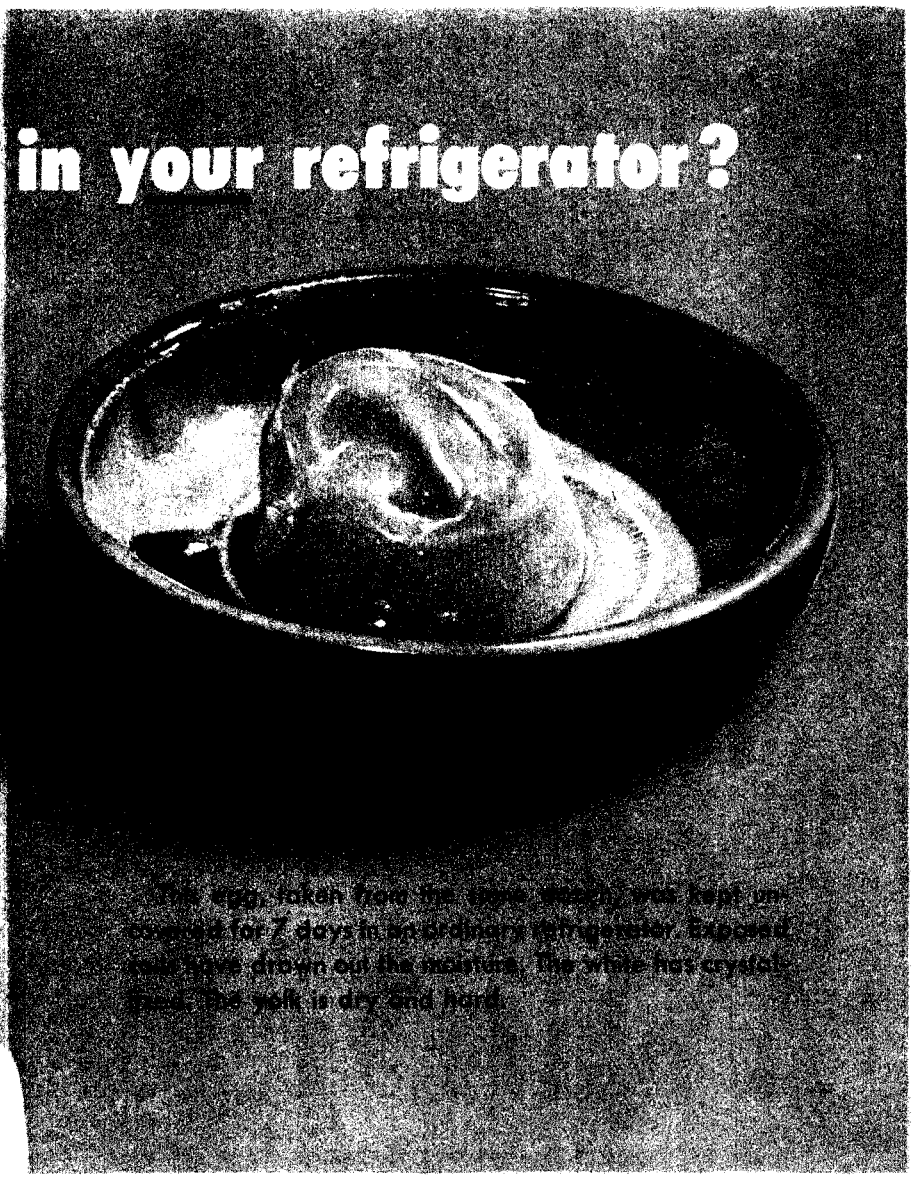


This egg was kept uncovered for 7 days in an Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerator. The cool, dewy atmosphere of the Dual-Temp has kept this egg yolk golden yellow, moist, fresh, and useable.



in your refrigerator?

This egg, taken from the same weight was kept uncovered for 7 days in an ordinary refrigerator. Exposed, it has drawn out the moisture. The white has crystallized. The yolk is dry and hard.

Not one, but 2 wonderful ways to save food
... and to save you work besides!

When you buy an Admiral Dual-Temp, old-time chores disappear and new convenience comes instead. Because the Dual-Temp is more than just a spacious moist-cold refrigerator, it's an honest-to-goodness home freezer, too. The sub-zero locker quick-freezes at 20° *below* zero and holds 84 pounds of food.

Far fresher, far longer! Yes, the Dual-Temp keeps foods fresh as no other refrigerator can do. In the moist-cold compartment fruits and vegetables don't wither. Left-overs don't dry out. The food-saving secret is *cool, moist air!*

No more cover-up jobs! No peeking under lids and covers to find the food you want. Foods stay fresh in *uncovered dishes*. Even cantaloupes, fish, cheese won't share their scent in an Admiral Dual-Temp. An ultra-violet Sterilamp purifies the air.

Good-bye to defrosting! You've seen the last of frosted coils and messy drip pans, too! The cooling coils that create the wonderful cool, dewy atmosphere have been built into the walls—out of sight, out of mind, so there's no more work for you.

So much bigger than it looks! Now you get full-length cold. Over three cubic feet more storage space at no extra cost. For the best buy you ever made, see a Dual-Temp now.

Admiral Refrigerators begin as low as $189.95

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DUAL-TEMP

TELEVISION · RADIO · PHONOGRAPHS · RANGES

TELEVISION! See and hear "Lights Out" Mondays, 9 P.M., EST over NBC Network. Also "Stop the Music" Thursdays, 8 P.M., EST over ABC Network.

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READER'S DIGEST

reports clinical proof that it's

ANAHIST for COLDS

ANAHIST TRADE MARK *is the only drug proved CLINICALLY EFFECTIVE for Colds in the rigidly controlled tests described in the READER'S DIGEST*

ANAHIST CAN STOP COLD SYMPTOMS IN A SINGLE DAY!

"Here's the best Health News of the Year," says Reader's Digest

Thus Reader's Digest, December issue, begins its exciting account of the development, testing and clinical proof of the revolutionary new drug discovery—ANAHIST.

Clinical tests show that, by taking ANAHIST upon exposure or at the first sign of a cold, the great majority of people can now eliminate cold symptoms in a single day. This means goodbye to sneezing, coughing, watering eyes, running nose and other early cold discomfort.

What's more—by taking ANAHIST immediately upon contact with anyone who has a cold—you can check its spread. So, a cold need no longer pass from one to another in a family, if all take ANAHIST promptly.

Thus, with ANAHIST, it is now entirely possible to avoid bad colds and their complications all year 'round . . . and also avoid passing colds on to your family and to others.

All antihistamines are not alike! ANAHIST'S 25 mg. antihistamine tablets provide the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE dosage for colds, now available without a prescription.

ANAHIST offers prompt, efficient relief for hay fever, too. ANAHIST — new miracle drug discovery — is the exclusive trademark of ANAHIST CO., INC., Yonkers 2, New York.

THE ANTIHISTAMINE RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE

ANAHIST TRADE MARK

Q. *Is* ANAHIST *SAFE?*

A. Yes. ANAHIST is SAFE for both adults and children, when taken as directed on package. Children over 6 may be given the same dosage as adults. For children under 6, consult your physician for proper dosage.

Q. *Are all antihistamines equally effective?*

A. No. Because they differ as chemical compounds, they vary greatly in performance and effectiveness. ANAHIST is the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE antihistamine which you can buy *with confidence* for family use.

Q. *If a cold has already run three or four days, will the use of* ANAHIST *furnish relief?*

A. This drug, which has so much value when taken upon exposure to colds or during the early phases of a cold, gradually loses its effectiveness if its administration is delayed. However, there is clinical evidence that, in any phase of the common cold, ANAHIST may reduce the complications and reduce the severity, even after there has been invasion of the mucous membrane by secondary invaders.

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AVAILABLE AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

40 Tablets 25 mg
ANAHIST
(Thonzylamine)
FOR SYMPTOMATIC RELIEF OF COLDS & HAY FEVER
TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Take ANAHIST *immediately* upon contact with anyone who sneezes, coughs or shows other cold symptoms . . . or, if you begin to catch cold yourself, take ANAHIST within the first 24 hours . . . then continue with one ANAHIST tablet after each meal and before retiring—for 72 hours. ANAHIST is now available in the large, family-size bottle of 40 tablets—also, pocket-size bottles of 15.

Families Everywhere Say Goodbye to Colds with ANAHIST TRADE MARK

Byron Caran *family, 306 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.* Mrs. Caran writes: "When Arthur caught a cold at school, we *all* started taking ANAHIST. Next day his cold was gone and the rest of us never caught it."

Richard Hesselgrave *family, 2076 Palace Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.* Mrs. Hesselgrave writes: "I read about ANAHIST in Reader's Digest, so, when I felt a cold coming, I started taking ANAHIST. Next *morning*—no sign of a cold!"

John J. Roach *family, 84 Fremont St., Hartford, Conn.* Mrs. Roach writes: "I woke up sneezing—I started ANAHIST—and after 4 tablets all signs of a cold were gone. From now on, it's ANAHIST for the whole family!"

R. H. Michael *family, 1508 Riverside Heights, Verona, Pittsburgh, Pa.* Mr. Michael writes: "I can't afford colds—and ANAHIST solves that problem!" Mrs. Michael adds: "Since we discovered ANAHIST, we can 'nip' colds in the bud!"

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National Honeymoon

"People, do you love it?" Eurke cried to the audience, and his listeners responded with applause

SOMEWHERE an electric organ began to play the trumpet notes of the Mendelssohn wedding march. The audience began to applaud, for at the same moment a sunburned, heavy man in a double-breasted blue suit came out of the darkness beyond the stage into a spotlight. He came to the microphone with his head bent, his hands crossed before him in mock solemnity. Footlights caught a sparkle in his eye which flashed over the full studio with infectious hilarity. He stood for a long moment, creating suspense for the whole throng, mostly women. Behind him on the stage was an orchestra. A sign in scarlet electric letters overhead read "On the Air."

Out of sight backstage, standing in the darkness, a young man and a young woman faced each other, trembling.

"I don't know why you had to go and do it," the young man said.

"Please, darling, I didn't dare to tell you before."

"I don't know why not. We've always talked about everything."

"It means so much to us," she said urgently, "and you wouldn't have agreed if I had told you before."

It was his habit to try to be fair, and he thought this over. She studied his face, guessing at his thoughts. In the light that faded over him from the stage she saw that he was honestly troubled now, lost in a little struggle between authority and love. Finally he acknowledged with a grudging smile how well she knew him.

"No," he said, "I don't suppose I would have agreed."

She shook her head at him, and tears threatened to come to her eyes. "It was my surprise for you," she said.

He knew this was not an entirely sincere claim, and he whispered, "Here I get you to Hollywood for our honeymoon, and the first thing I know you drag me to a radio show and the next thing I know we have to be in it. How did you get it all fixed up, anyway?"

"Get what fixed up? What, darling?"

"Now listen. They met us at the plane. They brought us here. They took our picture, and you kept telling me to be quiet and smile."

"Well, you hate to be conspicuous, you know that. It would all have been much more conspicuous if we'd refused and made a scene."

"You didn't answer me. How did you arrange it all?"

"Oh. Why—the radio station at home did everything. So when our plane landed here this afternoon they were ready for us."

"I wish I'd known it before this morning."

"You mean before we were married? Do you mean to stand there and *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK

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CRISIS GOVERNMENT Can

By JAMES F. BYRNES

Ex-Secretary of State warns that unless we halt the growth of bureaucracy and spending we will lose our liberties

No man in public life has had a greater range of experience in government than James F. Byrnes. He has been a U.S. Senator from South Carolina (one of the smartest strategists in Congress in the early New Deal days). He has been an associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. He acquired the unofficial but recognized title of "Assistant President" when, during World War II, he stepped down from the nation's highest court to direct our great civilian war machine as war mobilizer. And, finally, he was Secretary of State, senior member of the Cabinet, in the difficult days following the war. Now, fearful of the trend to big government, Mr. Byrnes has returned to the political wars —a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of South Carolina

SEVERAL weeks ago I spoke to the Conference of Southern Governors about the dangers in "Crisis Government," which means big government, big spending and big borrowing as a continuous policy. The favorable response to the views I expressed was most surprising and very encouraging.

However, those who did not like my remarks began accusing me of inconsistency. They said that I had been a New Dealer and as a Senator was one of the creators of big government, big spending and big borrowing. They implied that some evil change has taken place within me. This is a well-known tactic of phony liberals, who always look for ignoble motivation in those who disagree with them, and who make diversionary attacks on individuals, rather than answer the statements that conflict with their spending philosophy.

You cannot prevent your enemies calling you names you dislike. I disliked being called a "New Dealer." In 1944 in advocating the re-election of President Roosevelt in a speech over the radio, I stated I was not a New Dealer, that I was a Democrat. Whenever I hear a Democrat calling himself a New Dealer, a Fair Dealer or any other kind of Dealer I suspect he realizes he cannot reconcile his political views with the political principles of the Democratic party as those principles have been enunciated by Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson and as declared in the platform of the party throughout its history.

I make no claim to consistency. Changing conditions require changing views. Only an irresponsible spender will in this time of prosperity advocate the emergency measures of a great economic depression. "Foolish consistency," said Emerson, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen."

But my consistency, or the lack of it, is not the issue before the American people. It is unimportant to them whether I am steadfast or mercurial. Even if I am inconsistent, that fact would not imperil your freedom. Even if I have deteriorated as greatly as the left-wingers say, that would not add one thin dime to your taxes. James F. Byrnes cannot possibly destroy your heritage of liberty. *But unrestrained big government can.*

Let government go unchecked, and your children will have no such opportunities as you have had. Instead of living in the glowing light of freedom bequeathed them by their fathers—as you have done—they will be forced to pay for the folly of their fathers.

Over the stretch of many centuries men struggled to get government off their necks. The first settlers of our continent came not to establish a government here, but to escape governments elsewhere. They were feeling the oppressions of concentrated power. In their day, power was centered in the king. But power centered in a bureaucracy, such as threatens our lives here and now, can be equally as despotic as, and probably would be less interesting than, an old-time tyranny.

Our forefathers knew that some government was necessary, and so with wonderful care they distilled the experiences of mankind, and our Constitution with its Bill of Rights is the result. The founding fathers were both educated and wise. They knew that concentrated political power is fatal to freedom, eventually if not quickly. They knew liberty must be exercised by all individuals, that it cannot be entrusted in safekeeping to a few men, because all men love power. They knew that power corrupts even the best-intentioned men; that individuals must assume major responsibility for their own welfare, or deteriorate in moral and in political stature.

Man cannot pass the buck, and survive as a free and strong individual, worthy in dignity and in desire to be made in the image of God.

If this sounds old-fashioned to you, reminiscent of the clop-clopping of hoofbeats, I beg you to remember that however much our ways of living have changed, human behavior has not changed in its fundamentals. Failure to stand up to duties and responsibilities in this Atomic Age will weaken a man as much as it did in the age of the crossbow and the blunderbuss. Too much dependence on distant government will siphon off liberty as surely today as yesterday.

If the age of our Constitution is to be held against the soundness of its fundamental principles, what about the age of our religion? If time invalidates truth in one field, will it not do so in another?

Government is climbing back on our necks. Despite the experiences of mankind, represented in our Constitution, big government grows steadily bigger. Why do we move so thoughtlessly toward this peril to our liberties?

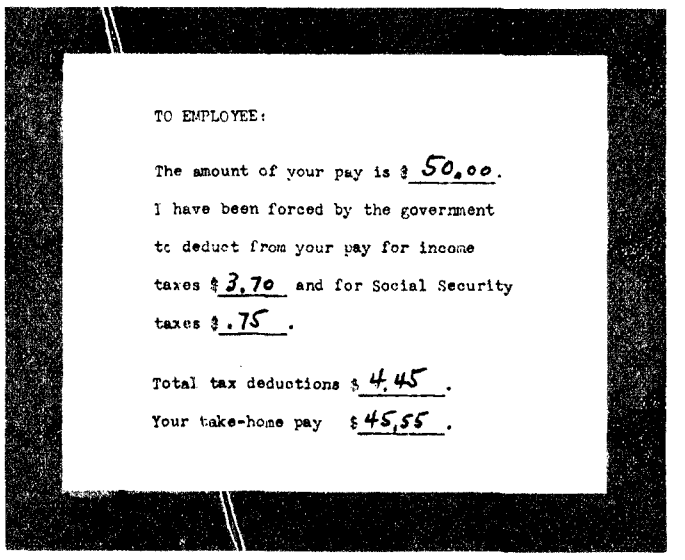
The answer lies largely in one word—crisis. Since the depression that began in 1929, we have lived most of the time under the tension of one crisis after another, and to meet the exigencies of depression and of war, we have given our national government powers that it otherwise would not have had.

When there is a real crisis, such as existed in the early 1930s and in the course of World War II, it is necessary to give the central government extraordinary powers. But today there is no war and no depression. There is no crisis that justifies continuing those powers unmodified, let alone extending them. The crisis technique has become both a political lure and a political weapon to entice and to bludgeon the people into decisions that threaten the American way of life. This is a process of bureaucracy, rather than the malevolent design of any one or of any few persons. Therefore it is the more insidious.

Big government, by use of the crisis technique,

Everyone should be tax-conscious

"In the meantime, an employer . . . can render a real service. Let him have printed and placed in every worker's pay envelope a slip (right). When the worker's wife gets that slip she will think of many things she could have purchased with the amount deducted, and the chances are she will think of writing her congressman."


TO EMPLOYEE:
The amount of your pay is $ 50.00.
I have been forced by the government
to deduct from your pay for income
taxes $ 3.70 and for Social Security
taxes $ .75.
Total tax deductions $ 4.45.
Your take-home pay $ 45.55.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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Ruin Us

will continue to grow bigger unless the people become alarmed at what they are doing to themselves; and big government is vastly more dangerous than big business. There is great hue and cry against bigness in business, and certainly I do not advocate business monopoly. But the prospect of business monopoly is much less terrifying to me than the prospect of government monopoly. Big business can be regulated even by little government. But who can regulate big government if once it becomes dominant?

The Spenders answer that the people at the ballot box can defeat big government. But big government has $40,000,000,000 to spend annually. (Theoretically it can be defeated. And theoretically the people of Germany could have defeated Hitler, and the people of the Soviet Republic can defeat Stalin's government.)

The domestic crisis that hit us in the 1930s was real. The central government had to take bold and big actions. Early in 1933, a few days before the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President, I was in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden L. Mills, who certainly was not a big-government man. He had been appointed by President Hoover to succeed Andrew Mellon, after serving under Mellon in the department.

Bank President Invited to Confer

We were a gloomy group as we tried to work out some way to stave off disaster. Secretary Mills called Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank of New York, and asked him to come to Washington at once to meet with him, and to bring somebody who was not a banker and who had imagination. Mr. Aldrich replied that he had made reservations for a trip to Bermuda.

"Don't bother to get a return-trip ticket," Secretary Mills said to Mr. Aldrich, "for there will not be anything here that you would wish to come back to."

An exaggeration, but illustrative of the general viewpoint then prevailing. Mr. Aldrich came and rendered great assistance to the Secretary. Something had to be done, and the federal government was the only agency that could act on an adequate scale. The emergency measures of 1933 were supported by Republicans as well as Democrats.

Today some big spenders—liberals, they call themselves, and the terms, unfortunately, have become almost synonymous—try to excuse deficit financing in these prosperous times of peace by reminding us that Roosevelt practiced deficit spending. So he did, but the fact that Roosevelt did it does not of itself make it right. Only a man with no information or with no sense of responsibility can fail to see the difference between the early Roosevelt days and now. Then all banks were closed. The national income was down to disaster level, about $40,000,000,000. Millions of men were out of work, many of them suffering actual hunger. Hungry men are dangerous men. A revolution was on the make then. An evil dictator could have arisen. As a member of the United States Senate I voted eagerly for emergency relief in 1933, and I continued to support relief measures until 1937 when, in my opinion, the emergency was over; I wanted the government to get off the crisis basis, even if the change would be politically painful and maybe economically painful too, for a time.

As a member of the House of Representatives I had taken the same position after World War I, when I participated in the drafting of a bill to repeal more than $15,000,000,000 of wartime appropriations. There was terrific pressure then to retain the appropriations, but divert the money to peacetime programs. Probably that would have been politically expedient. Undoubtedly it would have been politically pleasant. But I did not believe then, nor do I believe now, in crisis government except in time of crisis. *(Continued on page 72)*

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THE PRISONER

By A. J. CRONIN

Harrington Brande had only the love of his young son to console him for all he had suffered. And now he suspected that even this last comfort was being stolen away from him. This is the beginning of a new novel of suspense—the story of a lonely child, and of a man's desperate struggle against disaster

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

THE overnight journey from Paris had been wearisome. An exasperating delay at the Spanish frontier had made them miss the forenoon connection at Barcelona. Now, toward five o'clock in the afternoon as they rattled to their destination on the light railway of the Costa Brava, they were tired and travel-stained. The Consul was in an impatient mood. Seated erect in his corner, he frowned with concern at his young son. For the third time in the past hour, he inquired, "You are all right, Nicholas?"

"Quite all right, Father."

The engine threw them round a final curve and drew into the deserted station of San Jorge. Leaving the rug and the two valises, the Consul took Nicholas' hand and stepped to the dusty platform. A young man in a rather shrunken linen suit and a yellow straw hat stood beside an American automobile; at the sight of the two passengers, he hurried forward nervously, followed by the driver.

"Mr. Harrington Brande? Very happy to see you, sir. I'm Alvin Brotherhood, from the office." He turned to the chauffeur, a dark, thickly built Spaniard. "Will you get the luggage, please, Garcia?"

While the bags were being brought, Brande stood aside, a tall, heavy figure with a slight, distinguished stoop, his long sallow face wearing that air of noncommittal dignity which he reserved for his subordinates.

"I do hope you'll be comfortable at the residence, sir," Alvin was saying. "Mr. Tenney took his servants with him, but I've engaged a good couple. Garcia, the chauffeur-butler"—he lowered his voice—"has exceptional testimonials. And Magdalena, his wife, is an excellent cook."

Harrington Brande inclined his head. "Are we ready?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," Alvin exclaimed, somewhat breathlessly.

They got into the car. As they drove off, the new Consul let his gaze roam over the town, still clasping protectively the thin, damp fingers of his son. It was not, he reflected, so detestable a place as he had feared. The curving water front, along which they glided in the fading March sunshine, had a fringe of clean sand, and the esplanade was planted with flowering acacias. In the plaza a fountain played among the scarlet blossoms of poinciana shrubs. Across from the pink stucco church were one of two good shops; a café with a blue striped awning; and farther down the *calle*, beside the harbor, a solid commercial block in which the office of the consulate was situated.

But the Consul observed that the docks, upon which his work must largely center, had a listless and dejected aspect; he guessed that nothing much would stir there but a sluggish trade in hides, fertilizer, cork bark, olive oil, and Tarragona vinegar. And again the old wave of bitterness swept over him. Why, at the age of forty-five, after eighteen years of sedulous devotion to duty in Europe, was he sent to a hole like this?—a man of his talent, who had long ago earned the right to one of the high positions of the service, in Paris, Rome, or London!

After these last eighteen dull months at Arville, he had hoped that his next move would bring him his due reward. And then—San Jorge. Worse still was the realization that Tenney, his predecessor here and his junior by three years, had been promoted to first Consul under Leighton Bailey at Madrid.

"Look, Father, isn't that pretty?"

They had left the town, had climbed a steep, winding lane between rows of silvery olive trees. A great sweep of Mediterranean sea lay beneath; and just ahead, on the edge of the cliff, almost screened from the lane by a high mimosa hedge, stood a rambling, red-tiled villa with the name *Casa Breza* upon the pillared entrance.

"You like it?" Alvin Brotherhood turned toward the boy expectantly, a little anxiously, and Nicholas realized this was his new home. He had known many changes in his brief eleven years and so had lost something of his capacity to be surprised. Yet this nice old house was unusually attractive. The Consul seemed of a similar opinion: as they got out of the car in the gravel driveway, the appraising glance which he sent over the dwelling was gradually mellowed by approval.

The villa was in Moorish style, with a spacious arched portico and a flat, overhanging tiled roof. The upstairs windows opened on a wide balcony smothered in wisteria and tangled vines. To the left, a cobbled yard, green with moss, gave access to the stables and other outbuildings. The garden lay beyond.

"It's old, of course," Alvin remarked apologetically, watching his chief's face, "and a little out of repair. But Mr. Tenney always felt he was lucky to have it."

"Yes," said the Consul, briefly. He strode up the shallow steps of the portico toward the open doorway, where a stout middle-aged woman, whom Brotherhood introduced as Magdalena, stood waiting to receive them.

Inside, the hall was cool and lofty, the dining room on one hand, the salon, with double doors, on the other. A wide staircase spiraled upward from the rear. The Consul ascended heavily to inspect the upper rooms. There were many more rooms than he and his son, and perhaps an occasional guest, would need; but he liked the sense of space, the inlaid chests, the gilt chairs, the tasseled bellpulls—even the slightly musty odor which pervaded the long corridors. When his heavy baggage arrived there would be ample room for his books and porcelain and his remarkable collection of antique weapons.

When he returned to the vestibule it was evident that he was satisfied, and Brotherhood perked up considerably, expecting some word of approbation.

"I trust everything's in order, sir. There hasn't been much time since Mr. Tenney left. I've done my best."

"Of course," the Consul replied curtly. He knew better than to begin his regime with indiscriminate praise of his assistant. Nothing so easily impaired strict discipline or fostered more quickly the disaster of familiarity. Besides, he had already decided that this raw, nervous young man in the ill-fitting suit was best kept at a distance. And as Alvin hung on, turning his straw hat in his hands, Brande civilly, yet firmly, conducted him toward the door.

Alvin prepared to leave but hesitated on the front steps and stammered, "I hope, sir, that you will honor Mrs. Brotherhood and myself by a visit to our apartment. It's a small place but we've tried to make it a little bit of the good old U.S.A."

The Consul replied with perfect politeness but, when Alvin had gone, his lip curled. No one could question his loyalty to his country, yet was he not now a complete cosmopolitan, refined and polished by European culture, a citizen of the world? Alvin's naïve phrase made him smile.

IT WAS now seven o'clock, and Garcia announced that dinner was served. Seating themselves at either end of the long table, with lighted candles between, father and son began the first meal in their new home.

For the most part, occupied by his own thoughts, and deeply solicitous of Nicholas' fatigue, the Consul kept silent. But the excellence of the cooking and the service and the pleasing atmosphere of the dim, cool room gradually erased the irritations which had tried him so sorely during the day. With his heavy eyes he followed the movements of the butler and finally he raised the barrier of his reserve.

"Your name is Garcia, I understand."

"Yes, señor."

"You have always been in San Jorge?"

Garcia straightened himself without a movement of his impassive face.

"No, sir. I have been in much larger cities. And always with the best people. My previous situation was with the De Aostas in Madrid."

"You mean the Marquesa de Aosta?"

"A branch of that family, señor."

Harrington Brande would have been the first to resent the imputation that he was a snob. Nevertheless, he was strongly conscious of the social order and it pleased him that this person who now served him bore an aristocratic recommendation.

"Tell the cook I will see her in the morning. My son is somewhat delicate and will require a special diet." When the man bowed and departed, the Consul said to Nicholas, "He seems a superior fellow."

The word "superior," whether he applied it to a horse, a servant, or to his intimate friend, Professor Halevy of Paris, was the *(Continued on page 53)*

The butler never removed his eyes from the small boy's face. "I've seen many things," he went on. "Sad and horrible things. The world is full of idiots. Nothing matters to me, absolutely nothing"

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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MIAMI:

How to Improve on a Boom

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

A city of sunshine and health, having mass-produced the Good Time, now strives to produce the Good Life

YOU get your first inkling of something dreamlike about the place when the plane tilts down for a landing and all you can make out in the predawn light is the endless desolation of the Everglades resembling nothing so much as a vast tub of laundry put out to soak. Then suddenly a tropical sun erupting over the rim of the Atlantic turns those same swamplands to freshly minted gold, and against the roseate glare of the east, Miami rises up like Venus on the half shell—fair, inviting and very, very unlikely.

What is that glistening skyscraper city of half a million people doing on a narrow strip of sand between the swamps and the sea—a thousand costly miles from the nation's markets, with an indifferently developed harbor and no natural resources of power or raw material? The answer to that one is the most baffling whodunit in recent American history. And the end is not yet.

Till 54 years ago when Henry M. Flagler pushed his Florida East Coast Railway down the coast from West Palm Beach, Miami was just a wide place on a jungle trail with two houses and a barn. At the end of World War I, it was still a sleepy, overgrown winter resort whose population would fill only half its present Orange Bowl stadium. Then war-rich industrialists who found Palm Beach just a little too exclusive started building themselves new palaces and dabbling in luxury hotels.

Speculators moved in to buy up acreage for subdivision into building lots. Their fancy promotion brochures, backed up by newspaper stories of overnight fortunes to be made in Florida real estate, triggered the boom that reached its height just 25 years ago.

Thousands of cars, many with "Florida or Bust" scrawled prophetically across their sides, converged on the muddy trail that led to the end of the rainbow—Miami. Almost overnight its population doubled, then doubled again, and went on climbing. With freight shipments backed up into Georgia, the then single-tracked FEC brought in 50 to 75 passenger trainloads a day. Promoters ran their own private bus fleets from every U.S. city, chartered yachts and ocean liners to bring in more prospects through a harbor choked with freighters and windjammers carrying desperately needed building materials. Miami, boom center of projected statewide developments sufficient on paper to house the entire population of the United States, quickly ran short of everything except cash, chicanery and carnival.

Thousands unable to find room elsewhere slept in tents and on park benches while the girders of new skyscrapers soared overhead to be riveted into place under floodlights. Judges, policemen, schoolteachers, doctors and workers of all kinds quit their jobs to tap the golden flow from the North. Spellbinders opened their "sales lectures" with prayers and hymns, pepped them up with brass bands, acrobats and dancing girls. Promoters, running out of terra firma, subdivided swamps and sea bottom, and buyers rioted to snap them up sight unseen at any price.

It was no trick at all to make millions in these days—if you were in on the ground floor. For a few cents an acre one Miamian bought 200,000 acres of Everglades wastelands, unloaded the last 50,000 acres of it for $1,500,000. A couple of promoters who paid $3,000,000 for 115 acres of sand and underbrush called Seminole Beach parceled it out two days later for $7,645,000, saw it resold within the week for $12,000,000. One day the Shoreland Company advised a few favored clients it was selling 400 acres of Miami's Arch Creek section, opened its doors next morning to a mob which literally threw $33,734,350 in cash to buy it out by 11:00 A.M.

With money to burn and nothing to worry about, Miami had itself a time. By day it made the rounds of horse racing, dog racing, polo, professional football, auto classics and aerial acrobatics. By night it went to prize fights, the latest Broadway musical comedies, danced to big-name bands in night clubs and country clubs, and tossed $1,000 chips on dice and roulette wheels in casinos patterned after Arabian Nights' castles. Bootleg liquor flowed in freely from Bimini, gold diggers came from New York and sugar daddies from everywhere. In yachts, houseboats and mansions along Miami Beach the Wild Party of the '20s reached its noisy climax—only to break up in an even wilder panic as the whole financial structure of the boom collapsed.

With the gold coast still reeling from its first year of bank failures and bankruptcies, the hurricane of 1926 knocked it flat on its face. By every economic law that's holy the double disaster should have turned Miami into a ghost city, and three years of regional prostration followed by seven years of national depression should have laid even the ghost. Instead of which, look what happened:

Miami kept right on growing. Since 1930 it has just about doubled its population every 10 years, expanded from an area of eight square miles in 1924 to 48 now, and run up new buildings worth a thousand times its total assessed value at the height of the land boom. In the process it has fascinated and flabbergasted the whole nation by demonstrating that in America, at least, you *can* take it with you.

Miami, like the gold coast it dominates, is not just another city but a machine-made heaven in a subdivision of the American Dream. It couldn't have made its amazing comeback but for the fact that Americans, comprising only a fifteenth of the world's population, have acquired a third of its wealth and half of its productive capacity. Life in south Florida today reflects a change in our society more radical than anything the Communists ever dreamed of—the beginnings of a new "leisure class" which may one day comprise a majority of the nation. If the past is a reliable index, Miami's future growth can be pegged on the rate at which industrial progress continues to reduce not only the number of hours per week but the number of years required to earn a livelihood.

Since V-J day, Miami has improved on the secret of eternal youth by growing younger as well as bigger. Half of its hotels and a third of its homes are less than five years old. For this biggest spurt so far, the city that thrives on spare time has had its pick of spare cash.

Emerging from the war *(Continued on page 64)*

This was Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, in 1924, a year before the boom collapsed. Many predicted the city was through. For proof that they were wrong, see the photo on the right. That's Collins Avenue today

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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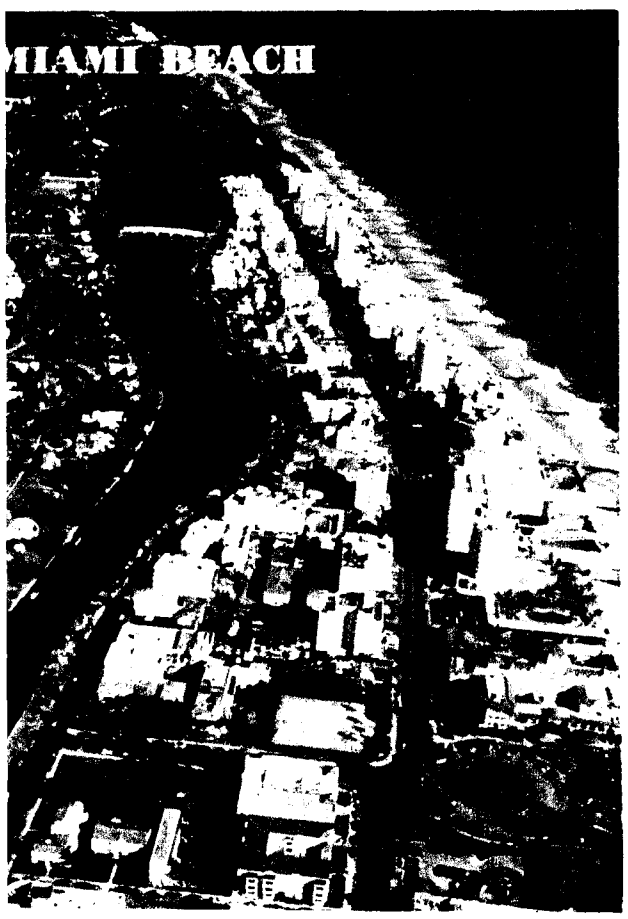
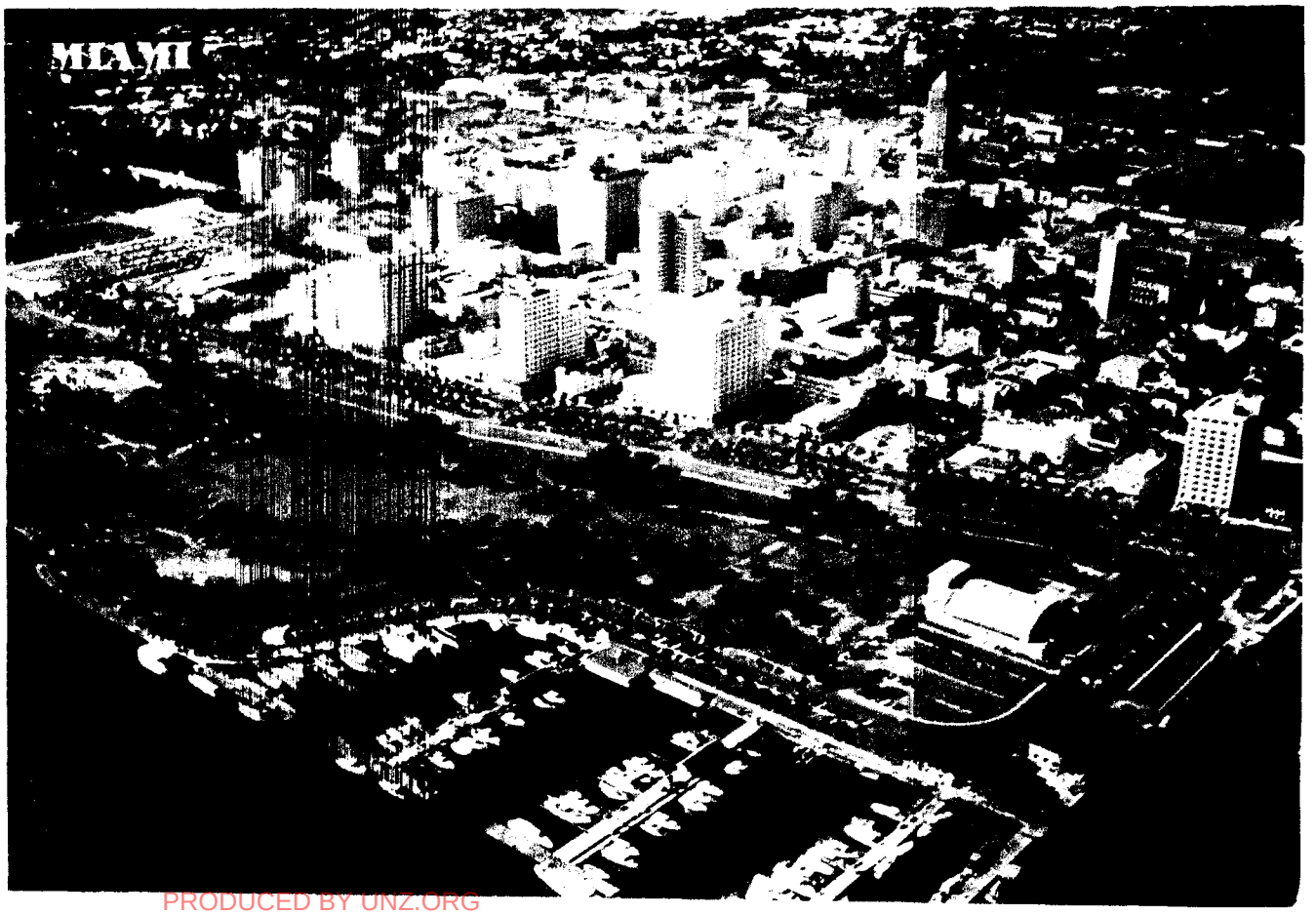
Life in southern Florida reflects the growth of a new American "leisure class"

". . . like Venus on the half-shell—fair, inviting and very, very unlikely"





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I saw them sitting together up on the ledge, and thought of Larry crying: "I won't let you kill him!"

RALPH

I SHOULDN'T have brought it up at dinner—I knew that as soon as I said it. Margaret sat stirring her coffee slowly, long after the crash of the door had died away, and I just sat, disliking myself.

I'd had the dog on my mind all day. When I'd come downstairs in the morning I'd stepped near him and he'd cried; I hadn't touched him at all but even the possibility hurt. He'd turned his old unseeing eyes up at me and I'd patted his head. "We can't keep him like this, you know," I told my wife.

"It'll break Larry's heart," was all Margaret said.

I'd called Dr. Govers that morning, and he'd said he could put him to sleep the next day. All the way home I kept thinking about Larry, and about how he would take the news.

We'd had the dog ever since Larry was five; he was twelve now, and the dog was about the same age. He'd come to us from over the wooded ledge behind our house one night in winter. I'd made inquiries, but I couldn't get any line on him at all; so when he'd settled in with us there didn't seem to be anything to do but let him stay.

He was a great, softhearted brute, with a heavy black coat and a tail like a plume. Most of the time his ears lay close to his head, but when we spoke he pricked them up sharply, like a police dog; his lineage had obviously been casual for a good many generations.

For a few days Margaret and I had called him simply "the Beast," but after a week I'd noticed how Larry spoke to him.

"Why do you call him that?" I'd asked.

"Because Ralph is his name." Larry had wound his arms around the dog's middle and laid his head on the shaggy back.

"How do you know?"

I'll always remember the withering look he gave me. "He told me," he said. They both walked off with an air of injured dignity.

So, knowing how they felt about each other, I don't know why I said it that way. Margaret was cutting the cake when the words slipped out. "Dr. Govers says he'll put Ralph to sleep for us tomorrow."

After perhaps thirty seconds I looked at Larry. All the color had drained out of his face and he was just sitting there, staring at me. He tried a couple of times to get words out, then finally they came in a torrent.

"You can't do that!" His eyes got very big. "You aren't going to kill Ralph—I won't let you!"

"Look, son," I said. "You know we talked about this before. We said Ralph was old and sick, and the kindest thing we could do would be to put him to sleep."

"I don't care." He was crying now. "I don't care. Ralph never did anything to you and you aren't going to kill him! I won't let you touch him—he's my dog!"

He shoved back his chair and a moment later the back door banged behind him. I started to get up, but Margaret said, "Let him go. He's gone somewhere to cry." Then she started stirring her coffee slowly.

"He's got to learn," I began, after a while. "We've talked this all over; about how hard it is for a blind dog, how he's old and can't get any better and someday we'd have to put him to sleep. There isn't anything else we can do."

"I know," was all Margaret said. She began to pick up the dishes.

It was a pretty silent evening. About half past eight we heard the back door open and heard the sound of feet on the kitchen floor. Larry went directly upstairs, and with a heavy slump Ralph located himself for the night on the rug outside in the hall. After a while I went up to Larry's room. He was asleep, his face all dirty and tear-streaked, and a wisp of cobweb was in his hair.

THE next day was Saturday. Generally I got home about one thirty and ate in the kitchen. Margaret shared a pot of tea with me after lunching with Larry earlier. But when I came in that afternoon two places were set.

"He's gone for the day," she said. "He came down after you left and said, 'Can't we take a lunch up on the ledge today—just Ralph and me?' " She stopped serving the stew. "He asked me to put in an extra sandwich for Ralph."

She began to cry, covering her face with her hands. I went and put my arms around her, and after a minute she stopped. "I'm such a fool," she said. "But it's so awful—"

After the dishes were done we went out in the yard to rake leaves. I couldn't get the two of them out of my mind, so after a while I got the field glasses and trained them up toward the ledge. It's only a band of rock, maybe a quarter of a mile wide, that has pushed itself up through the crest of a ten-mile knoll; evergreens and birches and hickory nut trees make it a thick narrow forest, and Ralph and Larry knew every twig of it. I hadn't really expected to see them, but as I watched they came wandering out from the woods. They walked side by side, just as they always did, clearly content in their companionship. They went slowly now, because of the old dog's stiffness, and finally stopped at the big rock. Larry sat down, leaning back, the big black head in his lap.

Margaret took the glasses from me and looked at the two of them there in the sun for a long moment, then handed them back. When I started to raise them to my eyes again she put her hand on my arm. "Don't," she said. "Let's leave them alone. They deserve that much."

They didn't come home at dinnertime, and it grew dark outside. Margaret put things back in the oven and went from window to window, straightening curtains and looking out. "He's all right," I told her. "He knows that ledge like he knows his own room."

"I know." She sat down in her big chair near the fire and took out her knitting. "I'm not afraid of his getting hurt—not his body. It's what's happening to him inside that I can't bear to think about." We sat there for a long time with only the sound of the fire between us.

IT WAS nearly nine when we heard Ralph's nails clicking across the kitchen linoleum. Margaret said, "Larry?"

"Yes." They halted, on the stairs.

"There's lots of hot water, and your clean pajamas are on your bed."

All he said was "Okay." After a while we heard the water running and a little later they came downstairs and into the living room; the big homely dog, and the boy in clean pajamas.

They stood together in front of the fire, and I noticed what a long space there was between the sleeves of Larry's pajamas and the sharp bones of his wrist. He seemed to be waiting for one of us to say something.

"Did you have a good day?" Margaret finally asked him.

"Sure. Fine."

"And was there enough lunch?"

"Sure, Mom."

"There's some supper waiting in the oven," she said. "I guess Ralph will be hungry too after being out all day."

"I guess so." He dug his clean toes into the rug. "It's . . ." He hesitated, and took a long breath. "It's okay about Ralph, Dad," he said.

"That's good, son." I had a funny feeling that he was growing up, right before our eyes, with the firelight on his face.

"We picked out a place today," he went on carefully. "Up on the ledge. Where we'll bring Ralph back to when—where we'll bring him after." Margaret bent her head quickly. "It isn't much fun for him to go up on the ledge any more," he said. "That's why we got home so late. Ralph got tired and we had to wait for him to rest and then I carried him." There was more that he wanted to say, but we waited a long time. Finally the words came in a rush.

"There were rabbits and squirrels right out in plain sight and he didn't even know they were there," he said. "And sometimes he cried when I even touched him, walking along." He looked at us earnestly, wanting us to understand that this was not disloyalty, but love.

"You know, Ralph will be okay again—after. There'll be a place where he can run, and hunt, and he'll be able to see again. Of course he won't be with *us*—" The black muzzle thrust itself into his hand. He swallowed hard. "But he'll be okay again—after—"

I was grateful for whatever it was that had given him this knowledge to hold against heartache, and I asked, "You do believe that, don't you, son?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Why, sure," he said. "Ralph told me." THE END

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Tsepon Shakabpa, Tibet's finance minister, and his family show Lowell Thomas their garden. Those are prayer flags flying from the roof of their modern house

The traveling Thomases find that life is gay in Lhasa. Parties sometimes last three days when Tibetans gather to make merry. In this installment, the broadcaster-explorer and his son visit Tibetans of all castes, and unfold an intimate story of how folks live on the roof of the world

A Beaker of *CHANG* is Fun in Tibet

By LOWELL THOMAS *with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.*

IV

THE one thing that impressed us most about our stay in Lhasa was the extraordinary hospitality of the Tibetans. During our 11 days in the capital of Tibet late last summer, our hosts kept us on a continual merry-go-round of interviews, parties and sight-seeing.

Parties, with plenty of food and chang (barley beer), are the chief recreation of the people who live in the highest country on earth. Since they have no theaters, no radios, no books or magazines and no organized sport, these gala gatherings, often lasting for three days, are the most frequent source of amusement and relaxation.

There wasn't a night that we didn't return with heads spinning and stomachs overstuffed to our quarters at Treda Lingka, one of the government-owned villas close by the Kyi Chu River.

The affairs we attended were at the homes of high nobles, or were official government receptions and, as such, were quite proper. However, similar gatherings throughout the country often are an excuse for amorous skylarking by the Tibetans. By Western standards, morals are loose in Tibet. Both polygamy and polyandry, for example, are legal and widespread.

Polygamy is practiced only by those who, desiring it, can afford to support more than one wife. But polyandry is quite common among nomad herdsmen and peasant farmers. When a girl marries one of these commoners, she often is automatically wed to all his younger brothers as well. The latter may avail themselves of all husbandly privileges until they decide to leave and get married on their own. All children of such a union are declared the legal offspring of the woman's number one spouse. It seems paradoxical that, in a land where nearly one fourth of all males become priests pledged for the most part to a life of celibacy, one girl would be permitted to have more than one husband.

In Tibet it also is customary for the host to give up his place on the conjugal couch to any friend from afar who stops overnight while traveling. And in certain parts of the forbidden country they still observe the Tibetan "hat festival," a sybaritic holiday on which all the adult women in a town, both married and single, don their fanciest headdress and parade down the street. Each man on the side lines selects the girl of his choice, grabs her hat and runs to his quarters. In order to retrieve her bonnet, the girl must visit the man there that night.

There are, too, a few monasteries in the forbidden country where the monks and nuns live together. Although the majority of Tibetan monasteries impose strict vows of celibacy, there are two at Gyangtse, and another at Ralung, where both sexes dwell together, bringing up all babies born there in the service of Buddha.

A famous story based on Tibetan morals is told about a zealous newcomer to a British trading post some years ago. Horrified by the loose conduct on the high plateau, the reformer buttonholed a walrus-mustached veteran of the post. "If we instituted some organized games for these people, they would soon give up their wanton pastimes," the newcomer insisted.

"I'm not at all sure that the Tibetans would take kindly to the substitution," said the veteran dryly.

Unlike most Eastern countries, Tibet grants its

Using chopsticks, the author lunches at the Lhasa Foreign Office with five Tibetan statesmen. Mail and papers are "filed" by hanging them from walls

Continuing OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA

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The Dalai Lama's mother, with her eighteen-year-old son Losang, exhibits her fabulous gold- and jewel-studded court dress, worth at least $25,000

A servant shields three members of the Dalai Lama's royal family from the blinding Lhasa sun. They are (l. to r.) Tsiring Doma, his married sister; Dhekye Tsiring, his mother; and Losang Sumten, his brother. They were photographed on the roof of their home, near the Potala where the Dalai Lama presides

Those who worship the Dalai Lama take the sacred walk around the towering Potala in Lhasa at least once a year. It's a five-mile hike for the devout

weaker sex equal rights with men. The women are not forced to wear veils, nor are they kept behind harem walls.

When a Tibetan boy and girl marry, they do so on equal terms. Then and there an agreement is made as to what it will cost either party to get a divorce, should circumstance make separation desirable. If they do part, the one on whom the blame falls has to pay.

Among the peasants, the women do the housework, look after the livestock, carry fuel and work in the fields beside the men. As a matter of fact, after my accident on the journey out of Tibet, when I was carried on the shoulders of Tibetan villagers, my teams of bearers sometimes included two or three women. They apparently were just as strong as the men, and withstood the rough trip without complaint.

The women of the nobility do everything possible to keep their faces light in color. They stay indoors whenever possible during winter to avoid the fierce winds that toughen and darken the leathery faces of peasants and nomads. In summer they usually carry parasols to shield their faces from the sun's intense ultraviolet rays at those high altitudes. Cosmetics, both of Oriental and Occidental varieties, are in great demand.

The dress-up costumes of both the peasant and noblewoman are much alike. Exquisitely made of rare silks and studded with gold and jewels, these rich gowns are worth hundreds—possibly thousands—of dollars. Each peasant woman has at least one such dress reserved for special occasions. Every noblewoman owns many. The Dalai Lama's mother, for example, has one magnificent outfit in her wardrobe which could not be duplicated in America for $25,000.

Shortly after our audience with the Dalai Lama, Tibet's fifteen-year-old priest-king, we were invited to call on the young ruler's family. His father —who had been a peasant in eastern Tibet before the day 11 years ago when his son was "discovered" to be the reincarnation of the late thirteenth Dalai Lama—was given a four-story, whitewashed, stone house near the huge castle of his sovereign son. There he lived in aristocratic splendor until his death recently. The house is now in the hands of the ruler's mother who lives there with two other sons, two daughters and several grandchildren.

When we came to call, we found the same festi-

Here's the "Rockefeller of Tibet," elder statesman Tsarong Shapé, standing with his wife and son "George" in the garden of their Lhasa home. Born the son of a peasant, Tsarong acquired great power and wealth

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Three small-fry relatives of the Dalai Lama get a big kick out of talking with the traveling Thomases. From l. to r., they are Kando Tsiring and Tenzin Ngawang, niece and nephew of the god-king, and Jizon Pama, the ruler's younger sister. If it had not been for the Dalai's elevation, they still would be needy peasants

A Tibetan noblewoman and her child, wearing some of the colorful costumes seen in Lhasa, pose for Lowell Thomas, Jr., who took these pictures

val dancers, who earlier had performed for us at the Dalai Lama's summer palace, putting on a different play in the courtyard for the god-king's family. Pushing our way through the dense crowd of townsfolk and monks watching the show, our guide, Dorje Changwaba, led us up a dark staircase to the second floor of the family house. Here we were greeted by the Dalai's eighteen-year-old brother, Losang Sumten, in his monk's orange robes. Losang gave us a warm handshake and a broad smile before he bade us enter a large front room where the rest of the family was gathered around open windows watching the dance in the yard below.

After introductions were made, we took the whole family to the roof of their home to photograph them in color. Most striking of this group were the Dalai Lama's mother, Dhekye Tsiring, and his plump thirty-one-year-old married sister, Tsiring Doma. Both wore multicolored silk robes, Tibetan fur hats and had jewel-studded charm boxes hung around their necks. These charm boxes, usually set with turquoise and other precious stones, are standard jewelry equipment for most wealthy women in Tibet.

From the roof, Dorje led us down to the courtyard to take some close-ups of the actors, and to make a recording on our battery-driven portable tape recorder of the weird music and chanting that accompanied the drama.

When Lowell, Jr., walked onto the stage with the recorder over his shoulder, the tiny mike held in his outstretched hand, the play practically came to a halt. The actors, wearing their grotesque masks, utterly forgot themselves as they stood gaping at the strange instrument. All the while, the Tibetan audience howled with laughter. Something new had been added to one of their ancient dramas, and they seemed to like it. Some even thought the filming and recording were meant to be part of the act!

Lowell, Jr., unwittingly made quite a hit as a Tibetan actor. "The next time these folks see that play," he said later, "they'll suspect the management of cheating them when I don't make an appearance in the third act."

Much of our time during each day in Lhasa was spent chatting with various officials of the Dalai Lama's government. Before going into any details on these talks, we had better explain how this theocratic country is run. First, *(Continued on page 45)*

Lowell Thomas, Jr., chats at Jewel Park with five of the high lamas who serve as advisers to Tibet's god-king. Although they fear what modern inventions will do to their land, they have a greater fear of Reds

All capital punishment has been outlawed in Tibet. This shackled prisoner, a convicted murderer, must spend the remainder of his life in a Lhasa dungeon

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The old sedan spun across the curb to crash against a store front. Crude o

BURDEN

No one guessed the secret of how Police Chief McClary kept River City clean—

By JOHN and

PETE SIMMONS, the police reporter, was asleep in the chief's office when Chief of Police Walter McClary came in. Simmons was gray and mussed, an untidy mountain of a man who completely filled the visitor's chair beside McClary's desk. His feet were propped on the wastebasket, his hands were folded across his middle. For all his size, he slept as quietly as a child and wakened as easily. He opened his eyes at the sound of McClary's heels upon the floor. He yawned and rubbed the gritty stubble on his cheeks.

"I needed a nap," he said. "It was a hard night."

Chief McClary said, "I heard about it."

"After it happened," Pete Simmons said. "If you'd heard about it before, it wouldn't have happened. As a duly accredited member of the press I had a front-row seat. It was quite a show. Cooper used an ax on the door. We were in so fast the money was still on the tables. Cooper impounded all of it. He grabbed the slots, the crap tables, the roulette layout. Then—for a topper—he slammed Pat Ryan in the can."

"I know that," McClary said. Cooper was the local district attorney.

Pete Simmons said, "How about a statement, Chief?"

"No comment," McClary said.

"Here's something you may not know," Simmons said. "Pat's screaming. There was a time when he didn't object to spending a night in the bucket. It was part of the work, Chief. But not any more. And what the kid did to the Red Wheel was very rough indeed."

"Why tell me this?" McClary said.

"I've worked City Hall for thirty years," Simmons said. "I hate to see my friends get hurt. Cooper's sitting up there in the D.A.'s chair. He's your boy—or he was. He's a nice kid but he's full of beans and he's about to pull the roof down—on you, Chief, along with some other guys. Maybe it's time he learned the facts of life, like how he got up there where he is."

McClary said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"So we'll change the subject," Simmons said. "After this thing at the Red Wheel last night, what's going to happen to your deal?"

"What deal?" Chief McClary said.

"Be a clam." Pete Simmons' eyes were blue and bright as ice. "But get braced. Like I told you, the roof is coming down." He left his chair and lum-

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ıd been dumped at the hilltop; the pavement and walks were slick as ice

of GUILT

o one, except the suave underworld boss and the

WARD HAWKINS

bered across the room. "For your information," he said, "I knew Madge Sorenson very well. I know how come she adopted Hal Cooper when he was a tough young kid. I talked to her the day her husband died. He didn't leave a dime."

"Close the door when you go out," McClary said. Simmons closed the door.

McClary turned his chair to face the tall windows behind his desk. He was a stocky, thickset man, red of face and broad of hand. He'd been a cop all of his working life; he'd been chief of police for eighteen years. He looked out across a stretch of lawn to the windowed face of the building across the street.

Once, long back, there'd been a row of tall and friendly elms out there. He missed those trees. He had hated to see them come down to make room for the new business block. But towns grew up. His town had grown when the wartime shipyards moved in, doubling in size, doubling again. The Chamber of Commerce had yelled with joy, until the trouble came. . . .

The papers had called it a crime wave, but it was more than that. It was a war, with the police on the losing side.

The old River City, the quiet and pleasant place was gone, along with the friendly elms. Shack Town sprouted out of the barren hills overnight, and there were more miles of street out there than in all of River City before the boom.

There weren't half enough men on the force to do a policing job. The budget was too small. There weren't enough prowl cars, or beat men, or jail cells—there wasn't enough of anything.

Shack Town had it first. Big Charlie Donechek moved in out there with games and girls and slots, and as fast as one of his joints was slapped down two others opened their doors. Nor was Shack Town enough; the trouble spread. The men of the force were tired, overworked and underpaid; there weren't enough of them to go around. The games and the girls came across the tracks, and then no street of River City was safe for a woman after dark. The shipyards ran twenty-four hours a day and so did the places on Mulvaney Avenue—Big Charlie's Avenue. Big Charlie took the town; he owned the town. He had all the quick and easy money right there in the palm of his meaty hand—until he died. . . .

"Chief." It was the desk intercom. "Pat Ryan's here to see you." *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN OEHMEN

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Allison in Wonderland

By BILL FAY

Put a lissome lass named Fran Allison with a couple of talking puppets—round-nosed Kukla and a one-toothed dragon called Ollie—and you have the hottest television team on the coaxial cable

FRAN ALLISON is a charming ex-schoolteacher from Iowa who ranks with Hopalong Cassidy and Milton Berle among the phenomena of television. However, Fran does not ride a horse like Hopalong, or make with jokes like Berle: She talks to a non-fire-spitting dragon named Ollie.

Ollie is a puppet dragon with one cotton tooth, and he has a wistful puppet pal, Kukla, who also takes part in the coaxial conversations with Fran. In the last six months, their Kukla, Fran and Ollie show has become one of the hottest fireside entertainments since popcorn.

Upward of 5,500,000 video sets per week are channeled in on their five half-hour programs of song and whimsey over the National Broadcasting Company network. And not only children stop, look and listen to K. F. and O. Adults find the life-like dolls with the real-life doll just as fascinating. The fan mail of this Monday-to-Friday show tops 6,000 letters a week—plus some astonishing gifts. For example, a Brooklyn dentist sent Ollie a set of false teeth. Kukla's admirers have contributed 79 potatoes of varying sizes, all of which resembled him, and some of which (Ollie insisted) were downright flattering.

So far, Fran has not been deluged with dentures or garden produce. Shortly after Christmas, however, a lady from Peoria walked right past Charles Boyer without a side glance, so intent was she on getting Miss Allison's autograph. The incident did things for Fran's morale, which had been pretty badly deflated by 10 highly anonymous years in Chicago radio. During this bleak period she suffered interminably in soap opera, trilled singing commercials and portrayed a good-natured old gossip named Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.

Aunt Fanny once told her listeners that she was around twenty-five years old, then added, " 'Course, it's the second time around." Actually, Fran is much younger than she makes Aunt Fanny sound. She has piquant colleen features, black hair, blue eyes and a willowy figure. Along with all this, she has a quick tongue which is thoroughly at home in almost any dialect or situation. She can ad-lib with anybody—even Burr Tillstrom, Ollie's ambidextrous and multivoiced employer.

The charm of Kukla, Fran and Ollie is its unrehearsed, scriptless spontaneity. One evening a few weeks ago, Fran and Burr walked into their tiny studio in Chicago's Merchandise Mart at three

Burr Tillstrom, owner and operator of Kukla and Ollie, rehearses with Fran Allison and the show's music director, Jack Fascinato

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minutes to six, Central standard time. Fran looked glamorous in a brown corduroy skirt and a red blouse. Tillstrom, a slender young man with a crew haircut, who was clerking in a department store a few years ago, looked comfortable in his usual work clothes—white T-shirt and slacks.

Director Lou Gomavitz, in the control room, made a quick light-check on Fran's blouse as she moved over to the puppet stage in front of the cameras.

"Okay, it makes a good picture," he said. Then: "Sixty seconds—quiet, everybody."

"Time to go to work," Burr Tillstrom murmured. He eased around behind the stage and reached for a round-nosed puppet. "Hello, Kukla," he said, slipping the puppet over his right hand like a glove. "Where's Ollie?"

"Hanging on the wall," he answered with Kukla's voice, a wistful falsetto.

"Thanks, Kukla." Tillstrom's left hand reached up and came down enclosed in the form of a small and rather handsome dragon. "You feeling all right, Ollie?"

"I feel wonderful," Ollie replied in a throaty baritone which also belonged to Tillstrom.

"That's good. I have a hunch you're going to need all your strength for this show."

Out front in the studio, the announcer finished the opening commercial—the show's current sponsors are Sealtest, Ford Motors and RCA. And then Kukla, Fran and Ollie was flashing along the coaxial cable.

Kukla popped up on the tiny stage and called out, "Fran."

"Coming." Fran moved into camera range, standing just to the left of the stage, almost cheek-to-cheek with Kukla. "Goodness!" she said. "You look worried. What's wrong?"

"It's Ollie," Kukla explained. "He went shopping at four o'clock. Said he needed a new pair of rubbers. And he hasn't come back yet."

"I wouldn't worry about him," Fran soothed. "Ollie knows how to take care of himself."

A telephone rang. "I'll get it," Kukla said. He disappeared below stage, bobbed up again holding a receiver. "Hello."

"Kook," said an out-of-breath baritone, "this is Ollie."

"What happened?"

"Something awful—I got stuck in an escalator."

"Where are you now?"

"Glockenspiel's bargain basement. I had to stand in line 10 minutes to get to this phone. Honestly, Kook, the way these women push and shove. *Madam*"— *Ollie's voice deepened indignantly*— *"Madam, please!"*

The line went dead. Kukla turned to Fran. He sighed, "Well, I guess they trampled poor old Ollie."

Busy Dragon Gets Lots of Sympathy

Poor old Ollie! At that moment, TV fans sitting before more than 17 per cent of the television sets switched on in America—an amazingly high percentage—were sympathizing with the tiny dragon's unseen plight. Ordinarily, people do not worry much about what happens to dragons, but you can't help worrying about a friendly, hard-working character like Ollie, who is fond of buttered popcorn and occasionally puts his hair up in curlers. He also edits a newspaper, punching out copy on a typewriter with his tooth. In addition, Ollie works tirelessly to improve his diction, repeating over and over in pear-shaped tones, "Gloria, come back. I can forgive but never forget."

Now, all this may sound fantastic—almost as fantastic as a dragon shopping for rubbers in the basement of Glockenspiel's department store—but it doesn't seem that way to Ollie's friends. They believe in Ollie, probably because Fran believes in him. Her warmth and kindliness work a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland magic, which transforms a television screen into the Looking-Glass, and makes Tillstrom's cloth-and-cotton puppets as real and believable as the Walrus or the Red Queen.

When Kukla and Ollie are occupied elsewhere, Fran sings a song, or visits with the other Kuklapolitan puppets who inhabit Tillstrom's Wonderland: Fletcher Rabbit, the mailman who starches his floppy ears; Madame Ophelia Ooglepuss, the haughty retired opera singer; gallant Colonel Cracky of the deep South, who calls every woman (even Madame Ooglepuss) his fragile magnolia blossom; Beulah Witch, who patrols the air on a gold broomstick; beautiful-but-dumb Clara Coo Coo; Mercedes, a very naughty girl, and stagehand Cecil Bill, who speaks a language only Kukla understands.

The Kuklapolitans divide their time rather evenly between gossiping with Fran and putting on plays. Kukla usually sings the romantic leads in their adaptations of musical hits like Brigadoon and High Button Shoes. Ollie, who is something of an extrovert, prefers meatier melodramatic parts. The robust manner in which he played Ferdinand to Fran's Isabella last Columbus Day was acclaimed the outstanding performance by a male dragon of the 1949 *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DICK BOYER—KLING

Bennett Chapple, shown chatting with the puppets' girl friend, gave Fran her NBC start by arranging an audition back in 1937

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They were all driven by hunger: the fierce cougar, the giant mountain goat,

and the man who had high stakes in the outcome of this strange battle

Mountain Choice

By KENNETH GILBERT

CAREFUL not to waken Martha, because he knew that she'd argue against his purpose, Martin Fears got out of bed and peered through the cabin's single window at the winter-locked Cascades which lay white and breathlessly silent in the weak morning light. Hunger which seemed permanently camped deep inside him was already awake and stirring, but it wouldn't be much longer if luck favored him today.

Up on the snowy heights was nourishing red meat that would stick to a man's ribs, and even the risk of a three-hundred-dollar fine wasn't going to stop him this time; not even the risk of six months in jail would stop him—for there was no money left to pay a three-hundred-dollar fine, or even one of ten dollars. The law said that was the price for illegally killing a mountain goat, one of the Old Man's band, but did the law expect a body to starve? This place had been snowed in for weeks, with Gunsight Pass drifted so full that a squirrel couldn't get through.

Anyway, he and Martha wouldn't be up against it like this if they hadn't been robbed. But the last two chickens were gone; some sneaking thing had come during the last blizzard, leaving no trail; there was nothing left but watered-down flapjacks, and he doubted that Martha could stomach them longer. Martin felt his own insides churn around just thinking of them. A man craved meat.

He came away from the window and looked down at her quiet face, which seemed thin and waxy, and for one horrifying moment he thought that maybe she had died in her sleep. But when he bent his shaggy head—it had been weeks since she got around to cutting his hair—he heard her soft, even breathing, and he straightened up, smiling, as though at good news. She was as hungry as he was; maybe hungrier. He saw the pallor about her mouth and the pattern of blue veins under the skin at her temples; her closed eyes were deep in their sockets and her lips had a purplish tinge. She was plainly starving, and yet if she knew what he was going to do she'd be scared of the risk; she had a woman's knack, too, of arguing against something she didn't like, for sentimental reasons. Thank God *he* wasn't sentimental; merely hungry.

The Old Man—the boss mountain goat—and his band were their only neighbors, she often said, and it wasn't right to murder a neighbor. Martin realized that if Chet Haley, the district game protector, heard about it there'd be hell to pay. Not only would Haley sock him with the law, but he'd likely try to get Fears's lease on this government land canceled because he was a violator.

Haley had been dead set against letting anybody lease land in these high valleys and try to farm it; the man was sort of cuckoo about poachers and ready to suspect anybody he found packing a gun in the hills out of season. But if he and Martha could get by this first winter—already the calendar on the log wall said that spring was on its way to the lowlands—they'd make a crop and never know hunger again, nor worry about game laws. Everything had looked easy enough to Martin when he had built the cabin the previous fall.

Anyway, how could Haley find out? Gunsight Pass was still closed, and although a thawing chinook had been blowing in from the Pacific Ocean for days, the drifts were still deep, and it wasn't likely that Haley would be around soon to see how the Old Man and his band had come through this unusually tough winter. When Haley did arrive there wouldn't be any illegal meat lying around for him to find—and there wouldn't be any hunger in the cabin, either. A mountain goat, Martin had heard, was in reality a sort of antelope, and good eating. When it was over and Martha had something to eat besides the damned flapjacks, she'd admit that her husband had been right from the start. He knew that a man got along best with a woman if he put his foot down now and then.

He tiptoed around, getting his gear ready, and at last he closed the door carefully behind him. He made sure the magazine of his carbine was filled; then he slipped the toes of his shoepacks into the loops of the round, bear-paw snowshoes and set his face toward the heights. Martin had often seen the goats at a distance—white ghosts against brown rocks where the snow had blown away. Morning had already broken up there, and they would be stirring about in search of lichens and stringy grass to be found where wind and sun had cleared the south-facing slopes. With this harsh fare they would be content; they didn't ask much, only survival. Fears thought: *That's all anybody asks.*

He figured that by keeping out of sight as well as he could and by going upwind, for at this hour the air currents off the slopes would work in his favor, he'd surprise the Old Man and have it over with in a hurry. He had already decided that he'd kill the boss goat himself, because it would be hard to pick out a young billy from among the nannies. With their spiky black horns and cream-white coats they all looked alike.

But there would be no mistaking the Old Man, because of his size, although it wasn't likely that he'd prove as tasty as one of the others. But Martin knew he wouldn't dare risk killing a nanny, for within a few weeks they'd be ready to drop their kids, and Martha would never forgive him no matter how hungry she was. He moved on up the slope, feeling the gentle morning wind stroking his cheeks, and after he had climbed for nearly an hour he came on a sign that was puzzling.

SO FAR he had seen nothing of the mountain goats, yet he found a shallow V-shaped trench made in the snow since the last blizzard, as though some beast had found it hard to wallow through the soft drifts. It didn't seem to be a sign such as would be made by the Old Man and his band, and Fears stopped for a long moment to study it. He remembered what had happened to the chickens, and he wondered if this find had anything to do with the raid.

It might be the trail of wolves, yet he guessed that they didn't travel single file when on the hunt. Besides, wolves being smart critters, they were most likely down in the lowlands at this season, doing their hunting where the going was easier. The trail could hardly have been made by a bear, because any bear which had wintered up here must still be tucked away in his sleeping cave. Fears went on presently, and a little while later he struck the trail of the mountain goats.

The climb had taken him into a region which any sensible man would avoid unless there was a good reason for being here. The slopes had given way to rock faces with a narrow ledge along which he had to take it easy, not looking down where the lip dropped away into nothing but empty air. With the thaw growing so rapidly there was danger, too, of early spring avalanches which could sweep a mountainside quick as scat, taking with them every stick and stone down to bedrock, and any living thing which might be in their path.

Up above were masses of snow and ice which hung precariously, for they had been undercut by hidden rivulets caused by the thaw and were ready to be released as their frosty anchors melted. The mountain goats survived because they seemed to sense such dangers; a man had to figure out for himself where disaster would likely strike.

FEARS came at last to the spot where the band had bedded down for the night, and by the number of tracks he guessed that there must be at least a dozen of the mountain goats. The huge tracks of the Old Man were everywhere, as though the big leader had been keeping an uneasy watch over his folks, knowing that some foe was near. Fears had heard that the eyesight of mountain goats is none too good, although that of mountain sheep is telescopic, but it was possible that they had seen him toiling up the slopes.

The fact that the band had been moved from their bedding spot to more rugged and inaccessible heights, as their trail proved, was indication to Fears that the Old Man knew something was wrong. Obviously the thing to do was to get above the band, which would be expecting danger from below. But in a straight test of ability to climb, Fears was aware that he would come out second best. He'd have to be cunning, or he'd never come close enough to the goats for a gunshot.

Even up here on the heights the spring warmth grew apace. The rumbling of snowslides, near and far, came more frequently as the thaw progressed.

The brilliance of reflected light from the snow fields hurt Fears's eyes, but that was a matter which wasn't going to turn him back now. He tightened the slack in the wet thongs which bound his feet to the bear-paws and turned into the lee of a granite cliff which reached upward for maybe five hundred feet. The goats, he reasoned, were still well above him, and probably the Old Man was watching the slope up which a pursuer would naturally come. Yet it seemed odd to Fears that the band was uneasy; in times past they had apparently given him little heed and sometimes had come fairly close to the cabin.

Noon found him still climbing, and hunger had become a gnawing ache in his middle. But he kept moving along the cliff face, out of sight of the band which he guessed would be clustered about a rock spire up above, expecting him to follow the same ridge along which they had come. But he was going to fool them. The boss goat might be smart, but he couldn't outthink a *(Continued on page 36)*

The big goat moved ahead on jolting legs toward the cliff edge as though he had chosen suicide. It seemed certain both would tumble into space

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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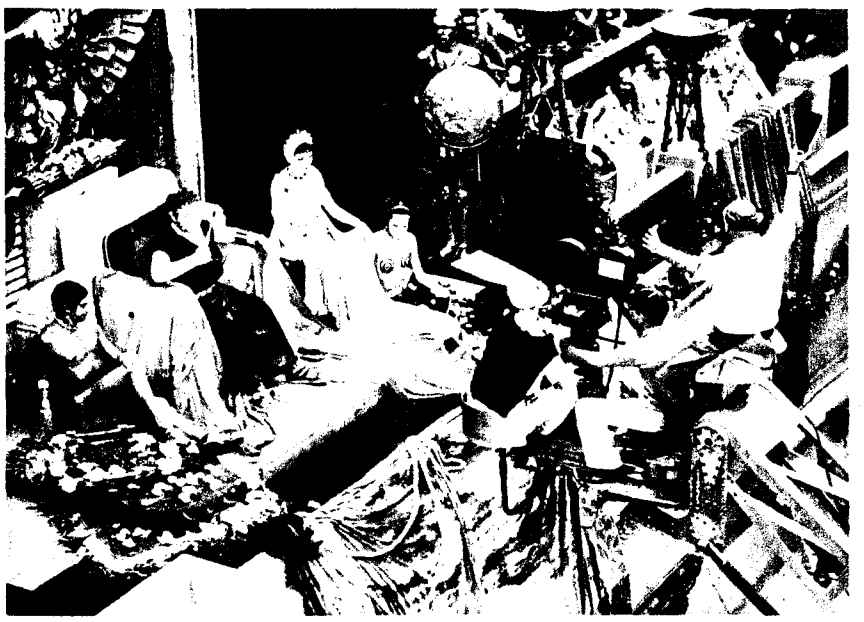
The De Mille Epic Through Three Decades

CULVER

SQUAW MAN Produced in 1913 in a barn a block from what is now the intersection of Hollywood and Vine, this was De Mille's first picture. It cost $25,450 to produce, and grossed $255,000. He has remade it twice

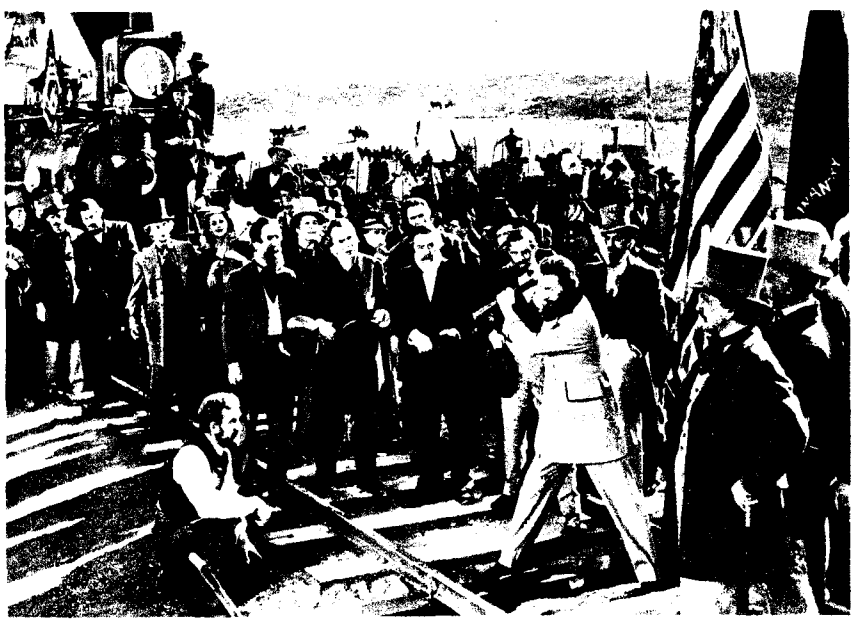
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS One of De Mille's great early triumphs, this film, released in 1923, established box-office records that still stand. It ran in New York three years; cost a then unprecedented $1,400,000



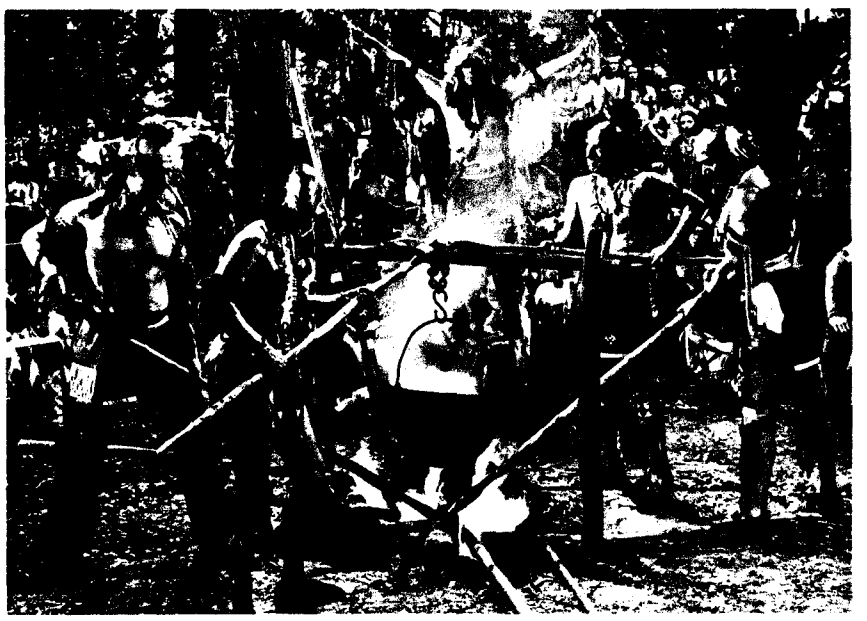
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS De Mille's passion for historic accuracy in backgrounds led him to construct exact reproductions of ancient Roman streets, houses and baths. This was his first sound picture (1932)

CULVER

CLEOPATRA Claudette Colbert as Cleopatra (1934) wearing a sun disk headdress symbolic of the Egyptian goddess Isis, with long golden wings. Her costume was made of black metal cloth, the jewelry of beaten gold



UNION PACIFIC To shoot this drama of the growth of American transportation, De Mille bought or rented enough equipment to start a short railroad line. Painstaking historical research went into this 1938 production



UNCONQUERED Six researchers examined 2,500 volumes to get material for the De Mille Epic of 1946. Workmen spent two months building a replica of Fort Pitt. The cast included 150 Indians from 15 tribes

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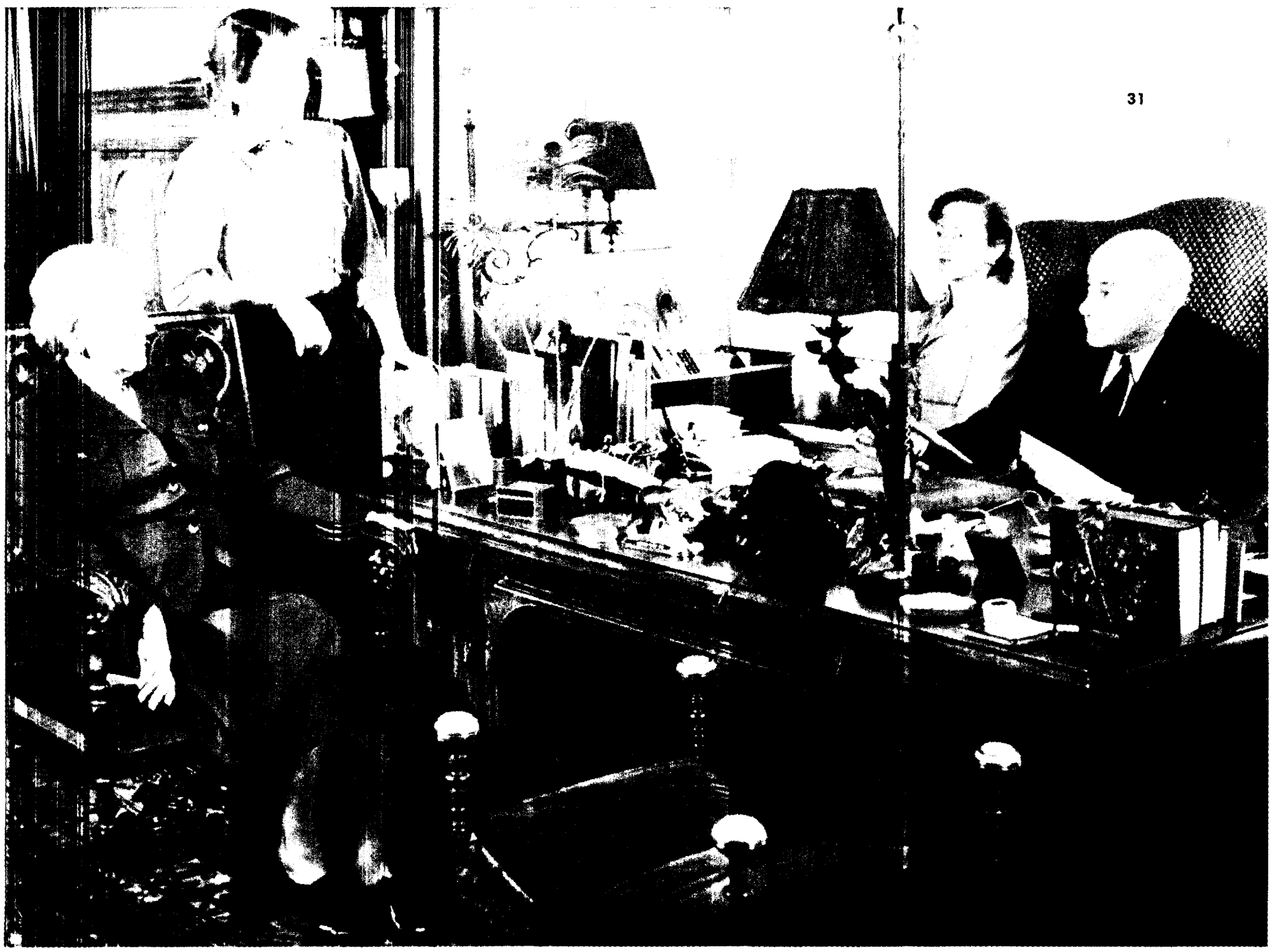

Mille [illegible] weekly meeting [illegible] board of directors." They are, left to right: Mrs. de Mille, a daughter [illegible]s. Cecelia Harper, and his secretary, Miss Gladys Rosson. Miss Rosson has worked for the producer 30 years

Man in the Middle of a Spectacle

By COLLIE SMALL

S HOLLYWOOD'S elder statesman and a man with a good deal to reflect upon, Cecil B. de Mille is given to moments of quiet introspection. Having succumbed to the mood and placed himself, so to speak, beneath the microscope, he is invariably entranced and a little bewildered to see himself dividing into two people.

On the one hand there emerges, slowly but inexorably, the unmistakable caricature of a man-eating Hollywood director, booted, megaphoned and ready for action. "Quiet, everybody!" the figure bawls. An ominous silence settles over the set. "All right, roll 'em!"

De Mille Number Two, or Citizen de Mille, has none of the characteristics of the ferocious director. On the contrary, he is a gracious, soft-spoken, well-turned-out gentleman who is in communion with the poets, is properly devoted to a large and flourishing family, and is, generally speaking, the ultimate embodiment of dignity, gentility and well-earned prosperity.

This sort of occupational schizophrenia is not uncommon, particularly in Hollywood, where it is customary for those in exalted places to stand off at a respectful distance and regard themselves with a curious, and even affectionate, detachment. In the case of De Mille, however, the situation appears to be more confusing than it ought to be. There is, in fact, evidence that De Mille does not always recognize his own alter ego, and vice versa.

Some years ago, during the filming of a violent scene in which an actor-cowboy was to be tumbled from his horse by a rifle shot, De Mille gave every indication that he was coming unstuck. In his favor, however, it should be pointed out that he was jumpy. Sound had just come in and he was not on easy terms with the new medium. The picture was a remake and he was especially anxious for it to be a good one. Besides, it was a dangerous scene and he was not convinced the cameraman would hold up under the strain.

"No matter what happens," De Mille told him, "I want you to keep grinding. Understand? Don't stop for anything!"

The scene went perfectly. It was so realistic, in fact, that a substitute studio doctor, on a movie set for the first time, himself came unglued. When the cowboy toppled from the horse, as the script directed, the doctor assumed it was an emergency. He therefore sprinted out to administer first aid.

At first De Mille was startled. Then he was enraged. With a bellow, he dug out after the doctor. The doctor, catching a glimpse of the furious director over his shoulder, picked up speed and wisely kept going, past the forgotten cowboy and off the set entirely. Winded, but still shaking his fist, De Mille gave up the chase *(Continued on page 49)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Red Rolfe
INTERNATIONAL

No Alibis for RED

By TOM MEANY

Freshman Manager Rolfe had a highly satisfactory 1949 season with the Tigers—and he's determined that 1950 will be better

Collier's Hot Stove League

AMONG other assets, Walter O. Briggs, Sr., owns the Detroit Tigers. He is a rich man—a very rich man. It was in his capacity as president of that American League baseball organization that he sat in executive conference with Billy Evans, his vice-president and general manager, one day in early November of 1948.

The matter before the meeting was the selection of a Tiger manager for 1949. Steve O'Neill had been dismissed after six years, and applications for the vacant post had poured in by wire and telephone, by mail and by courier. It was Evans' job to winnow out the applications and serve up the cream of the crop to Briggs for a final decision.

With a half century of baseball behind him, Evans had narrowed the entries down to a dozen men, any one of whom would have been acceptable to him. All who survived in Evans' book had managerial experience, either in the majors or the minors, and all had played major-league ball at some time or other. He informed his boss of these facts, considering it pertinent to their qualifications.

"How come," Mr. Briggs wanted to know, "our farm system can't develop managers the same as it does players?"

"It can in time," said Evans, "but, unfortunately, we have had our current farm system in operation only for a few years."

"Do you feel," was the club owner's next question, "that managerial experience is absolutely necessary?"

"Not absolutely," hedged Billy.

"Well," said the owner, "you're willing to gamble on anything else, why not this?"

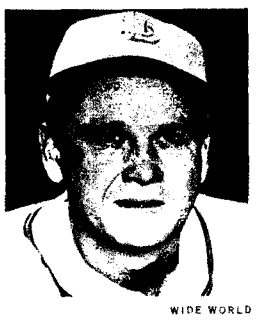
"If you're willing to take a chance on a man with no previous experience," said Evans, "I have the world's greatest novice for you, a fellow whose only experience has been coaching a college team."

"Who?" Briggs asked.

"Red Rolfe," Billy Evans told him.

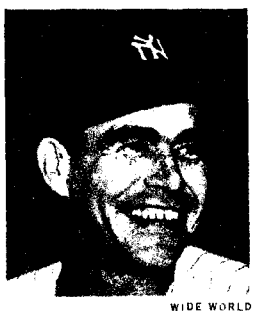
"Why not?"

That brief conversation made Robert Abial Rolfe a major-league manager, and his work last season hints strongly that it also brought the Tigers into competent hands.



WIDE WORLD

Gerry Priddy



WIDE WORLD

Charlie Keller

ACME

Dick Kryhoski

Red's name had not been among the dozen selected for final consideration, since he had never applied for the post. But in suggesting Rolfe, Evans knew how successfully Red had functioned as manager of the Detroit farm system and general trouble shooter for the organization. He knew, too, that Rolfe had earlier been brought out of virtual retirement to serve as assistant to the successful Joe McCarthy with the New York Yankees. Furthermore, Evans, although he never before had considered Rolfe as a managerial prospect, was aware of other kindly virtues in the candidate he so impulsively sponsored.

When Rolfe was told that he would be acceptable to Mr. Briggs as a manager, he asked Evans for a day or two in which to think over the proposition. Generations of Yankee ancestors have ingrained in Rolfe the New England habit of looking at both sides of a bridge before crossing it. This particular bridge looked inviting from all angles, however, and the next day Red told Evans he was ready to try the job on for size.

"All right, Red," said Billy, "but remember this—if you flop, I'm down the chute with you."

However, nobody—including President Briggs—went down any chutes. The Tigers set up a new home attendance record (1,821,204) and finished a surprising fourth, winning 18 out of 20 games in September to remain a factor in the 1949 pennant race long after the world champion Cleveland Indians had fallen by the wayside. It was an eminently successful season for Rolfe, particularly when one considers that the only other ball club he ever directed was that of Yale University, in a somewhat less demanding competitive circle.

Rolfe took a realistic and open-minded approach to his new duties in the spring of 1949. He realized that much of Detroit's chances hinged upon Johnny Groth, the minor-league phenom, and he told the rookie while the club was still at the Lakeland, Florida, camp that he would be the regular center fielder. Dick Wakefield, who eventually was traded to the Yankees last December, was told at the same time that he no longer held a privileged position with the Tigers. Dick, whose signature on a Detroit contract cost Mr. Briggs $52,500 in

(Continued on page 70)

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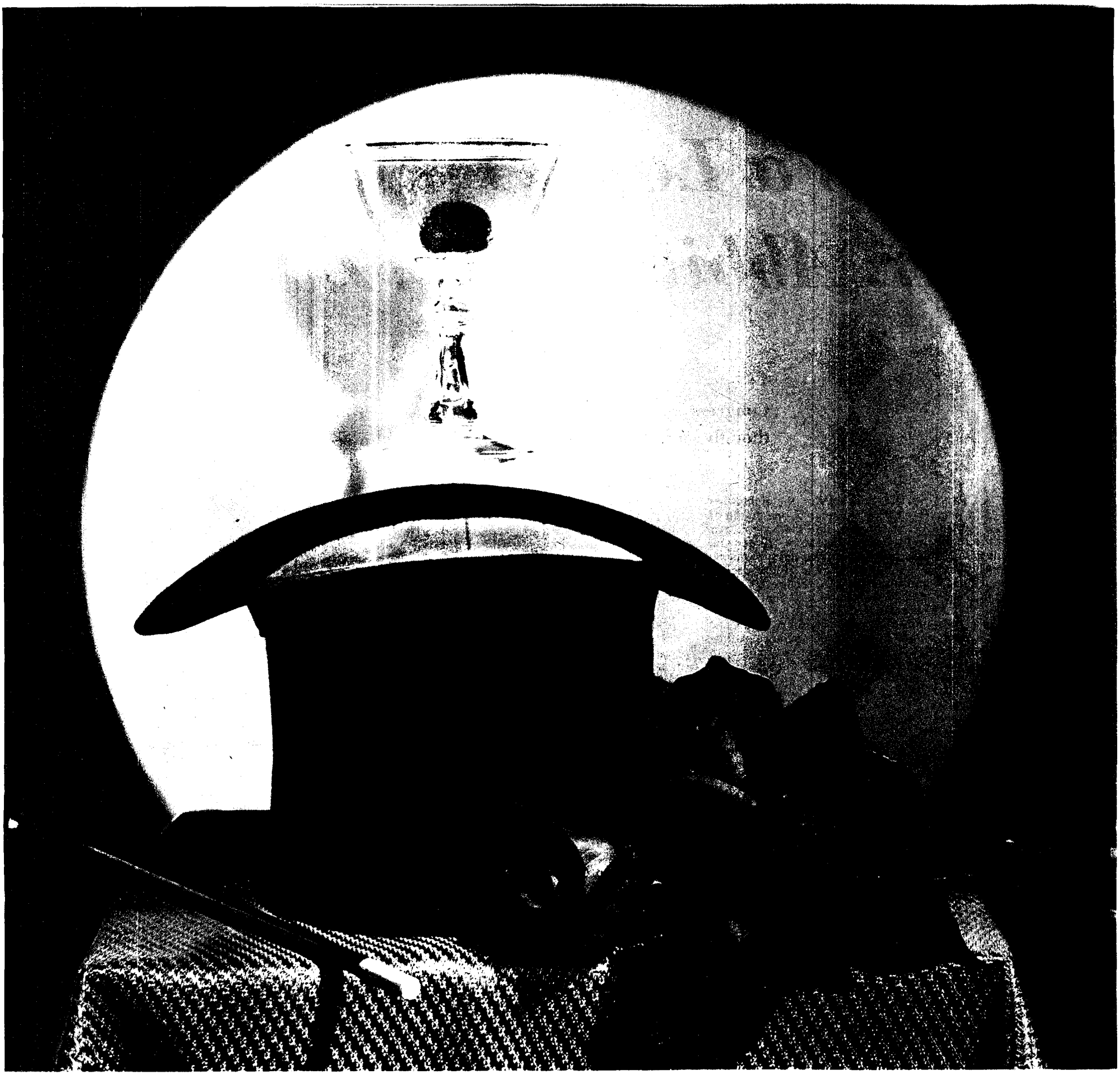

Manhattan magic

Four Roses does wonders for a Manhattan—as you know if you're one of the many who'd rather drink this matchless blend. It gives you so much more in quality at such a reasonable price.

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY
90.5 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

Wouldn't you rather drink FOUR ROSES?

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It's a Long Time from Mr. Abbitt to Mr. Zablocki

By JAMES C. DERIEUX

Congress wastes a month each session taking roll calls, though a machine would tally all 435 votes in seconds

DURING its last, long session, the eighty-first Congress spent approximately one month of its time calling the roll, and that's about par for the chore. In the Senate there were 413 quorum calls and 226 calls for the yeas and nays, requiring from 10 to 15 minutes each. The House droned through 115 quorum calls of perhaps 20 to 25 minutes each, and 121 yeas and nays that used up about 40 minutes each.

Do a little multiplying and dividing, figure five days a week and five hours a day as normal time spent on legislative floors, and you will come up with the surprising fact that Congress could cut its sessions by three, four or even five weeks if it did not have to go through with those slow-motion roll calls by clerks.

And it doesn't have to go through with them. It could use electric roll-call machines that would reduce minutes to seconds. It could do this without the loss of a single filibuster, without eliminating or shortening a single speech, without "damage to the Constitution" or to any other "Bulwark of Freedom," without "peril to this *great* nation established by our fathers," and without impairment of the right of any member to "view with alarm" or "point with pride."

The cost of installing electric roll callers in both Houses probably would be between three and four hundred thousand dollars, which is not even piggy-bank change in these days of billions.

Directly, the saving of money by use of electric roll calls would not be great, because members of Congress and their clerks are paid by the year, not by legislative piecework. But saving money is not the main point in favor of electric voting. The impression Congress makes on the public is the big consideration.

Liberty resides in representative lawmaking assemblies. Any serious disrespect for Congress is a threat to our system of liberty. This fact, therefore, imposes on the public the obligation to be intelligent in its appraisal of Congress, and on Congress the obligation to transact its business—which is your business—in the most effective and impressive manner compatible with freedom of deliberation.

A legislature cannot be efficient in the narrow sense. It should not make instantaneous decisions. It needs all the time it can get for its deliberations. There must be study and debate and consultation and, often, compromises. One way to do this is to speed the roll calls.

Tens of thousands of American citizens, including school children, visit the legislative galleries in Washington every year, and too many of them go home disappointed. To them the Congress seems a casual, dull body that drones along in nasal tones. This impression is due partly to the fact that legislative procedures are not thrilling. Even when there is political intrigue, it usually is obvious and seedy. Adventure stories are not written around the behind-the-scenes work of committees. But visible and instantaneous results in roll calls, instead of the drugging effect of oral calls, would do *something* to create the impression that Congress moves alertly, and lives and has its being in the twentieth century, not in the nineteenth.

Seventeen state legislatures use the electric roll call in one or in both Houses. They are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, North Dakota, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin. The earliest of these installations was made in 1916, others were made in the 1920s and onward. The machines have been progressingly improved. No state that has tried this modern technique has thrown it out, and in none of the using states have the people, so far as is known, lost any liberty because of the device.

Here is how the device works: Each member would have a regular seat, which is true in the United States Senate now, but not in the House. At each seat there would be an electric switch box, to which the member would have a key. When voting time came, he would insert his key—no other key would work his switch—and throw the lever to record his vote. On an illuminated roll board up front, which would display the number of the bill being voted on, a light beside his name would show how he voted—if he voted.

The result would be totaled and shown immediately on the board, and a perforated card would come out giving the printed record of who voted, and how. Corrections would be easy if errors should be made. The presiding officer, who faces the legislators, would have a miniature of the big board in front of him on his desk, *(Continued on page 71)*

Electric roll-call indicator in New Jersey Assembly has lights beside members' names to show how they vote. Lights on left mean yea. A smaller board is on presiding officer's desk

Majority Leader James E. Fraser at his desk on the Assembly floor presses a key to register his vote. Seventeen state legislatures now use the electric roll call in one or both Houses. This evidence of up-to-dateness impresses visitors. But the thousands who watch Congress in action each year leave with a memory of old-fashioned methods. Sentiment for reform, however, is gaining

COLLIER'S PHOTOS BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

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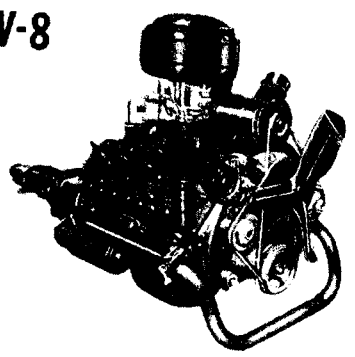

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"TEST-DRIVE" A '50 FORD
It'll open your eyes!

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Mountain Choice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

man! There was a rockslide ahead which couldn't be seen from the spire, and once he was across it he could climb and come up on them from behind. But he'd have to be careful not to dislodge a loose rock, because there were tons of snow triggered on the heights at the head of the slide.

He kept inching along, feeling that it wasn't safe to take a full breath. The sun beat down on him with summery warmth, and he could hear the tinkle of snow water running through the rocks. Soon the snow became too thin for the bear-paws, and he took them off and tied them to his back. It wasn't far to the top now, and he was sure that the Old Man had not spotted him.

SUDDENLY he heard a whispering sound above. He looked up, then flattened himself behind a rock sticking out of the slide. There was a mass of snow coming down, and it looked to be headed his way.

The whispering swelled to a ground-shaking roar. It seemed that the old slide itself had come alive and was moving; he closed his eyes as chunks of wet snow and bits of gravel pelted him, figuring that his number was up and that Martha was going to have a tough time if the avalanche hit him and buried him. But at the instant which he guessed was his last he felt a tornadolike gust as the slide thundered past him and went booming on down below.

He raised himself and looked upward, expecting that another slide might be due. But above was only a bare streak which ran upward to the edge of the great snow field. Then he caught a glimpse of something disappearing behind a rock, and he decided that the slide hadn't been started of its own accord.

The moving thing he had seen might have been the last of the Old Man's band crossing the snow field—the impact of their hoofs being enough to set things going.

After a moment Fears pulled himself together and resumed his way. He got across the rockslide at last, and now he saw a new ledge leading upward along the face of the mountain. He fingered his carbine, making ready, for he could come upon the mountain goats at any moment. He went a little farther, then stopped as he heard a light, clattering sound up ahead.

He lifted the gun halfway to his shoulder and leaned against the rock face, not liking the situation too well. To the right was an almost straight-down drop for maybe two hundred feet, while on the other side the rock was too steep to be climbed. He realized that he might be in a tough spot. He looked down to make sure of his footing, and when he had looked up again the clattering sound had stopped.

Less than twenty paces off was the band, strung out in single file and with the Old Man leading, all of them standing with heads lifted and blinking as though they'd got the surprise of their lives. He had a fleeting moment of triumph: he *had* fooled them! The gun steadied against his right shoulder, and then he tried to figure what would happen when he pulled the trigger.

If the shot killed the Old Man, he would probably go rolling off the cliff, and there wouldn't be much left of him that would be fit to eat. There was a possibility, too, that if he was merely wounded he could be plenty ornery, and he might decide to charge, in which case there'd be hell to pay. A mountain goat that big could probably take a lot of lead. He was bigger than Fears had ever suspected; he must weigh all of four hundred pounds. He looked plenty mean, too, with his sharp, slightly curved horns, the matting of long, cream-white hair that swathed him. As Fears hesitated the Old Man himself made his decision.

Abruptly he made a half turn and, like a file of trained soldiers obeying a command, the others did likewise. Before Fears could blink they were gone in the direction from which they had come, behind a rock shoulder that hid them from view. Fears felt like swearing aloud, realizing that by his slowness he had missed his chance. Now it was probable that the band had been spooked and wouldn't stop until they had climbed another mountain. He knew that he'd have to hustle if he hoped to get another crack at them, and he started recklessly along the ledge. As he turned the rock shoulder he stopped again, for he saw them coming back. Once more he raised the gun.

But again he had that feeling of indecision, because there was something queer about the situation. *Why had they come back?* There had been opportunity for them to get away, and yet they had returned despite the fact that they knew the man was waiting for them. Likewise, Fears saw that they were facing away from him, and at the far end of their line the Old Man stood with head lowered in his curious fashion. There was something behind them which the mountain goats feared more than they did a man.

Beyond the band was a rock jutting into the trail and narrowing it, and in the lee of this rock something crouched. Fears knew why the Old Man and his folks had been

"You want to talk to me about the facts of life? You mean like my allowance isn't big enough?"

COLLIER'S KIRK

unable to escape when they fled from him. Blocking their route was the biggest cougar Fears had ever seen. When the goats had gone hustling back along the ledge, they had been halted by the sight of death beside the rock. Now Fears surmised the identity of the critter which had raided the chicken pen during the storm, and which later had left that V-shaped trail in the snow. He marveled that the cougar was up here at this time of year, but he understood why the goats had been uneasy, for they had known that the big cat was about and stalking them, driven by hunger to take a chance against their sharp horns.

AT THIS season the killer should be haunting the lowlands where deer, its natural prey, could be found. But maybe the deer had become overhunted and scarce, and maybe the cougar had decided to have a look at the heights and the upper valleys which it prowled during the summer. And so it had discovered the remote home of the man, and the chicken pen, and later the mountain goats; since then it had been haunting the band, trying to get close enough to pull one of them down.

Fears stared in fascination at the tawny shape, back arched a little in cat fashion; he marked the stark hunger blazing in its changeless yellow-green eyes, the ears flattened warningly. He guessed now that it was the cougar, moving across the snow field above the rockslide, which had started that avalanche by the weight of its body touching the thing off.

He saw fleeting shivers go through the cat's body as muscles rippled under the gray-brown coat; he saw the Old Man stiffen and rise a little on his hind feet—then the two of them came together so suddenly that human eyes could not follow the movement.

Given a choice, the cougar cunningly would have preferred to tackle one of the smaller members of the band, but it was plain that first he would have to reckon with the Old Man. It seemed to Fears that the odds were strongly against the white goat, no matter how big he was; the powerful cougar was armed with claws that were like small skinning knives, curved and sharp, and his long fangs could sink deep.

Yet Fears had heard stories about the ways of mountain goats, and how, during the rutting season, the big billies rolled themselves in snow until their fleeces were wet and then froze into iron-hard armor that protected them in their battles over mates, but at this moment the Old Man merely had the thickness of his winter coat to guard him against the ripping, tearing ferocity of his four-footed enemy.

During the summer he might fend off wolves, and likewise bald eagles which are fond of a newly dropped kid. But maybe he had never fought a mountain lion before, or in a spot like this, where all advantage lay with the lightning-fast cat. Once let the cougar crook a paw about the Old Man's neck, and another across his muzzle, and bones would snap like rotten twigs.

To the watcher it seemed as though the Old Man was as good as licked. The movements of the battlers were too quick to follow in detail, but Fears saw the Old Man, apparently confused, shaking his lowered head as though trying to yank the cougar loose. Bloody streaks showed lividly on the goat's shoulders and neck; the weight of the clinging cat seemed about to pull his prey off balance. But Fears knew that the Old Man was rugged and wasn't likely to give up so soon. Other members of the band were backed off from the fighting pair, but still they ignored the man behind them on the ledge.

For a moment Fears had forgotten the gun gripped in his hands. There was no chance to shoot either of the battlers, and he wasn't too sure that he could kill them both. They moved too fast. He didn't intend to let the cougar live—at the same time he wanted goat meat. Yet the thing which held up his decision was a sort of amazement that he was seeing something few men have seen and something he wouldn't see again. He felt, too, that he didn't belong in this battle; that it lay between the goat and the cougar.

He saw the Old Man summon strength such as he might have in jumping some wide gap from rock to rock where death was the penalty for the slightest error in footing or timing. The Old Man reared, carrying the cougar clear. Fears saw that the cat was impaled on those black horns.

The big goat moved on jolting legs toward the cliff edge as though he had chosen suicide, but just when it seemed certain that both of them would tumble into space, the Old Man jerked backward with an abrupt lunge. The movement tore loose the clinging legs of the cougar, and the cat struck on the lip of the precipice, scrambling in a vain effort to regain his footing. Then he squalled, more in defiant rage than fear, as he vanished. But he took with him a patch of bloody pelt which his claws had torn from the Old Man's right shoulder.

For a long moment the big goat stood there on the rimrock, his head lowered and motionless as though he were listening; and when Fears heard a muted rattling far below and a succession of soft, thudding blows, it seemed to be the thing the Old Man had been waiting for. Now he turned as though he had just remembered his remaining enemy.

Fears stared at him, and the Old Man stared back with eyes set in a gory mask of reddened hair and raw flesh that lay open and oozing. The front half of the goat seemed to have been slashed by many knives, yet there was no defeat in his manner as he faced the man.

Fears knew that the Old Man was debating whether to make a finish fight of it, and Fears likewise knew that one bullet or maybe several might not stop the Old Man in time. Those curved horns wouldn't feel good in a man's belly, and plunging hoofs would drive the life out of him when he was down. The situation was balanced on a knife edge, and Fears had no intention of tipping it the wrong way. He'd be a fool to try it. Even if he shot one of the other goats for meat, it meant a battle with the Old Man.

He looked at the grisly horror standing there in the reddening snow, and he began backing away, step by step, keeping the gun ready, thinking defensively: Nobody would eat a piece of chawed-up meat like that! When he went past the rock shoulder he moved more swiftly, with many quick glances behind. His confidence came back: The Old Man hadn't put the run on him! Fears had a better idea, and he'd had it from the moment the battle ended. . . .

LATE that afternoon he reached home, weak with hunger but carrying the cougar pelt, and one of its haunches. Martha met him at the door, saying nothing, but he could read doubt in her eyes. He threw down the cougar pelt and said matter-of-factly, "There's the critter that stole our hens. Figured I'd go out and get him. There's a fifty-dollar bounty on his hide, but otherwise it ain't much use. Ripped up pretty bad. He fell off a cliff and bounced some. But we got meat—of a sort, and with fifty dollars we'll eat good again, and I'm startin' for the settlement tomorrow, snow or no snow!"

Martha sighed. "I thought sure you'd gone out to kill one of those mountain goats. Martin, there'd been trouble! Chet Haley was here this noon to see how the band had wintered. He's up there now, looking around, but he said he'd stop here on his way back. I'm happy that he won't find us with illegal meat." After a moment she added, "He said the thaw has opened Gunsight Pass. You shouldn't have much trouble reaching the settlement tomorrow. "I declare, Martin, you had me worried and fooled completely!"

Chet Haley here? Martin felt his muscles jerk, and he looked away, swallowing a couple of times. Haley poking about here so early in the season? Anger stirred in Martin. The man sure took his job seriously! Too seriously. Well, damn him anyway, he'd be disappointed when he came back to the cabin and looked around and found nothing but a lawful cougar hide and haunch. Might teach him a lesson about being so suspicious. Probably it was because he was so hungry and tired, but somehow Martin felt just a little weak . . .

Then his strength came back, and he straightened, a little ashamed of himself, realizing now that the whole thing was a matter of a man's luck changing and getting better. He'd picked up fifty dollars without much trouble, and he hadn't killed the Old Man or any other mountain goat, and Chet Haley couldn't sock him with the law. Also, he'd sure fooled Martha! But that was the way things went when a man took hold and made his own decisions. Any woman, even a patient one like Martha, wouldn't understand. He faced her again and replied in mild reproof, "Fooled you? Well, now, Martha, I'm not surprised. You shouldn't get notions!"

That was the way to handle it, the only way. He had hold of himself now. He stood his gun against the wall of the cabin and said impatiently, "Well, put that meat on the fire and bring on the damned flapjacks!" THE END

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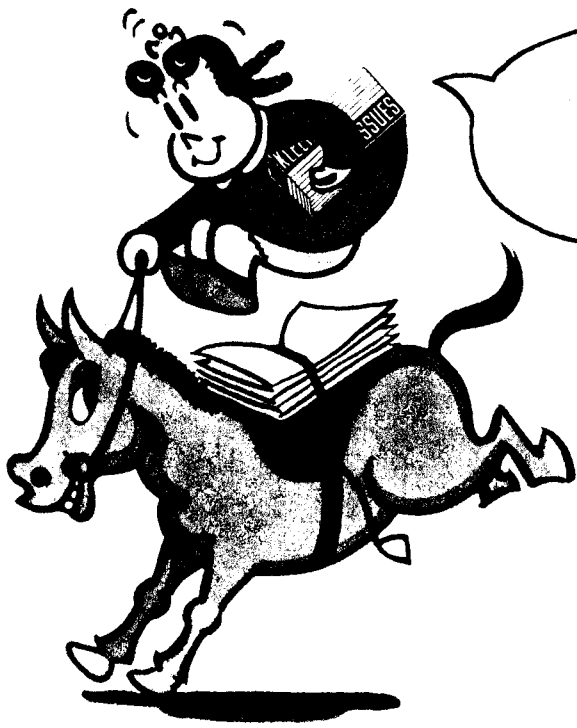

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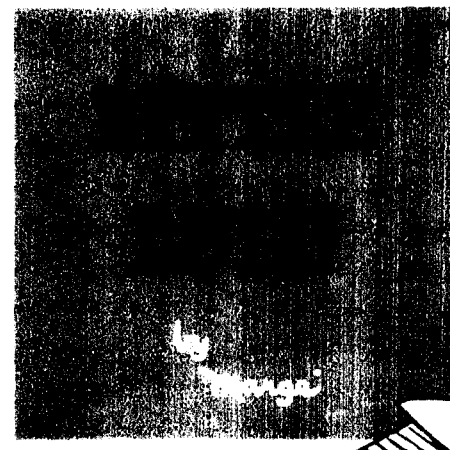

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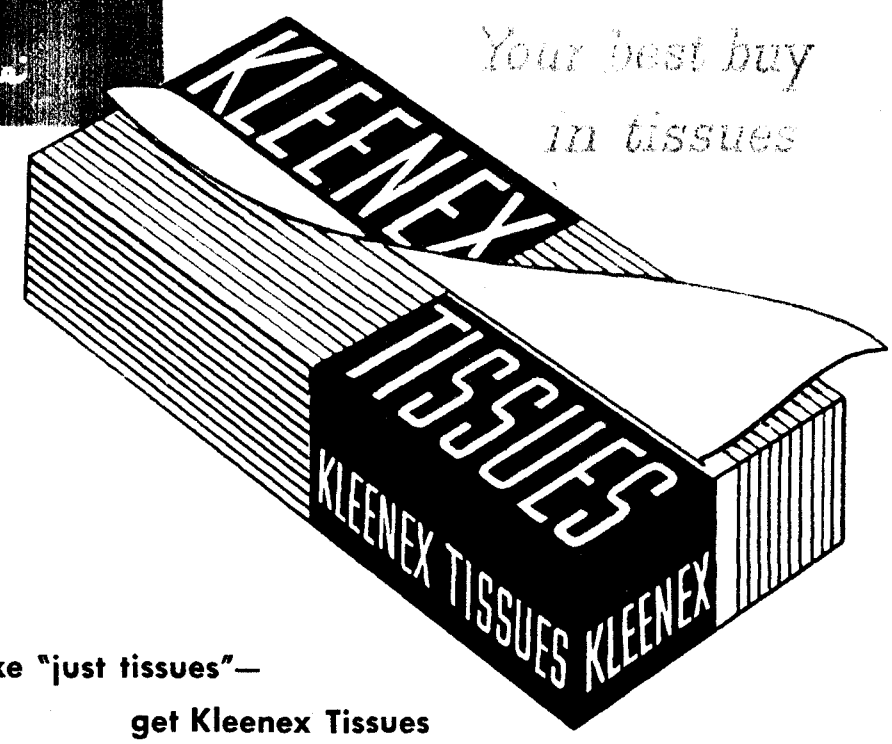

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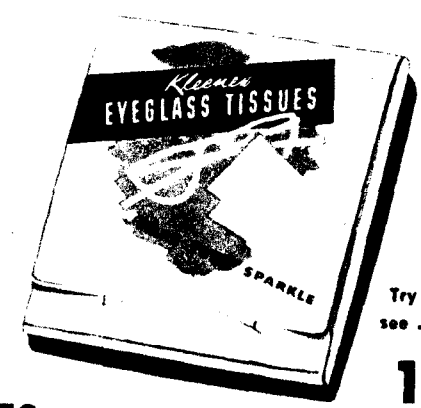

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The strange procession advanced slowly toward the church. The men held their revolvers at the ready and their eyes were watchful

City beyond Devil's Gate

[illegible]

By LILLIAN JANET

The Story: JASON FEATHERS had capitalized on the sudden wealth of the fabulous bonanza town, Virginia City, by opening a bank; his intention was to acquire all the mines he could, by whatever means, and grasp power in the projected Pacific Republic.

With him in this campaign was young DANIEL MACGRATH, once an abolitionist preacher and pastor, under Jason's sponsorship, of a fashionable church in Sacramento. Leading the independent miners against Jason's depredations was beautiful EMILY FIELDING, who had once heard Daniel preach, and been in love with him ever since. When Jason stooped to employing the services of a murdering gunman to obtain the additional mines he coveted, Daniel, moved by love for Emily, felt obliged to warn her of her own danger. But he did not swerve from his strange loyalty to his employer, even when Jason's unscrupulousness and political ambitions were shrewdly appraised for him by CLARENCE K. MULLINS, a mysterious little gambler who had once befriended Daniel, and who was now crusading for Lincoln and the abolitionist doctrines.

Only when the good REVEREND FLAVIUS GRIMES, who was serving the independent miners with his ore-reducing mill, was murdered by Jason's thugs, did Daniel rebel against his endless and unqualified villainy. Desperate, and frightened by Jason's hatred, Emily sought out Daniel, to acknowledge the emptiness of her life without him, only to find that he had fled the city. In her near-hysterical state, she was taken care of by Clarence, who revealed to her the true circumstances of Daniel's marriage to MARY, sister of Jason's first wife; it had not been so much tragic as sordid. Mary had been with child by Jason himself, and a crude attempt at abortion, three days after the wedding, had resulted in her death. Emily, for her part, knew that Jason's present wife, REBECCA, was betraying him with his son by his first marriage, a kind of ironic punishment for his having foisted Mary off on the innocent Daniel.

Clarence also tried to explain Daniel's attraction to Jason in terms of his wish to work a kind of miracle of chastisement and salvation. His failure had caused his despair, and a desire to wipe out the entire past and start a new life. But that, Clarence told Emily, was impossible, and Daniel would recognize it. He would come back, perhaps to face Jason's ruthless vengeance.

DANIEL had said nothing to Jason about his decision to leave Virginia City. Indeed, the decision was still an imperfectly formed thing, hastily reached, when, on the day of Flavius Grimes's funeral, Jason stopped at his desk late in the afternoon. Some of the customary easy imperiousness was missing from the older man's bearing, Daniel thought. There was a shadowed quality, a wistfulness that was unfamiliar. Sensing it, Daniel felt some of its uneasiness communicated to him.

"So you're leaving us, eh, Daniel?"

"Yes—I'm leaving." Abstractedly Daniel wondered why this prescience of Jason's no longer caused him surprise or wonder.

"When?"

"At sunup."

"Where are you going?" Jason had taken his familiar position on the corner of Daniel's desk, one leg swinging easily back and forth.

"As far as Sacramento with Billy Thursday and his team. After that I don't know."

Jason paused. "Why are you going?" When Daniel did not reply he *(Continued on page 58)*

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THE COVERED WAGONS PAUSE AT CROW'S DISTILLERY

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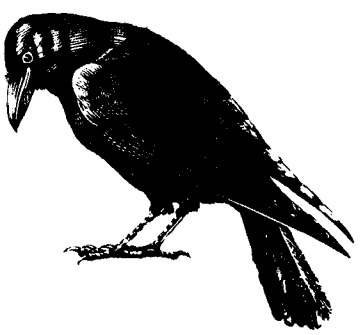

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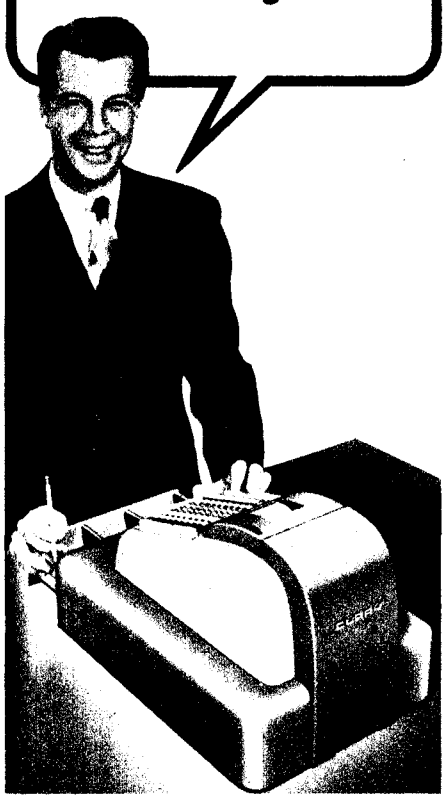

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National Honeymoon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

suggest that if you'd known, you'd have—Don't you love me that much? And us married just a few hours ago?"

He made a helpless gesture, conceding all that she wanted to know. She put her hand on his arm.

"Darling. Listen, oh, please be nice."

She motioned toward the brightly lighted stage, where the man at the microphone was changing his personality.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together," he said reverently, and then brightened, "for another excursion of romance and happiness on National Honeymoon, and this is your favorite father-in-law, Gail Burke Himself, broadcasting to you from Hollywood, California, the honeymooners' dream city, over USA, the United Stations Association, with another brand-new bride and groom to present to all America, a fine young man and a beautiful young girl, who are going to tell us their story, and share their happiness with everyone, and when they are through, we have some surprises for them that will take their breath away, and yours too."

BACKSTAGE, the bride smiled brightly at her husband to make him accept such promises of good fortune. "See, darling?" she whispered; and then she clung to him for safety, for their time was about to come, and excitement, stage fright and strangeness overwhelmed them.

The orchestra began to build up to their entrance with brassy chords and flying runs on violins. At the microphone, Gail Burke Himself, enriched his voice, and cried,

". . . ladies and gentlemen of America's favorite wedding party, *our honeymoon couple!*"

He pointed to the wings. Someone came up behind the bride and groom, gave them a pressing caress at their waists and sent them walking out into the glare.

Burke advanced to meet them, leading the applause. Low cries of pleasure arose amid the clapping when everyone saw how beautiful today's honeymooners were. The young man's hair shone like polished gold when he turned his head under the stage lights. He stood with physical pride, in the new suit whose lines showed how comely he was and strong. He held his wife's arm, which was trembling. She wore a little flowered hat on her silky brown hair. There was an orchid on the shoulder of her gold suit. Her eyes were blue. Her small hands gloved in white held her huge, green leather bag with her initials—the new ones—in gold. She kept close to him, looking up at him for safety and forgiveness. Her face, lifted so, was an imploring mask of sweetness.

Burke observed this. He sliced the audience noise into silence with a sharp cut of his hand, and said as though confidentially to the packed rows of seats, "She can't take her eyes off him for a minute!"

The audience roared.

"She hasn't had him long enough," added Burke, and they roared again. "Aren't they sweeties?" he asked, pressing home the aching spectacle.

"Now let's see how they are, shall we, people?"

The crowd cried, "Yes!"

Burke turned.

"First, our groom. My, what a fine-looking young fellow, about six feet two, a hundred and eighty pounds—am I right?" The young man nodded. "Blond hair, good-looking suit. All right, what's your name?"

"G. A. Earickson."

"Aha! What does the G stand for, Mr. Earickson?"

"Gustavus."

"Gustavus!" cried Burke at the audience. "Get that? And what's the A stand for?" he asked the bridegroom.

"Adolphus."

"No! Gustavus Adolphus, Gadolphus Astovus," chanted Burke in delight. *"People, do you love it?"* he cried to the audience, and his listeners responded with applause. When he could, he resumed. "What do people call you?"

"Gus."

"Adda-boy, Gus; mind if I call you Gus? I never would get around that Gavvovvus Gusdolphus routine. Say, you must be a Swede. Are you a Swede?"

"No. My grandfather was."

"He was? *Vas* a *Svaydish jan*tle-*mann* from *Svay*den?"

"Yes."

"And what're you, Gus?"

"I'm an American."

"People, get that?" Burke said. "He's an American!"

The people cheered back at him.

"Oall right, Gus, what do you do for a living?"

"I travel in wholesale produce."

"Wholesale produce—you mean groceries?"

"That's right."

"How do you travel?"

"By car. I use a company truck."

"Where do you go?"

"I make all the valley towns."

"Aha! That's fine, simply fine," murmured Burke. "I suppose you have to be away overnight sometimes?"

"Sure."

Burke whirled on Roberta May and called over her head at the crowd, "She'll have to watch that, won't she, people? Hubby off by himself, who knows what he might get into, hey?"

This brought a kind of innocently cynical laughter.

Turning back to Gus, Burke said, "Wonderful, wonderful. Now tell us, Gus, how long you been married."

"Today."

"Today?" said Burke with sudden quietness. "You mean you have been married only a matter of hours?"

"That's right."

"And how have you spent the time between getting married and now, Gus—would you tell us that?"

Gus, seeing the import of the question, began to blush.

"Say, people, he's *blushing*," cried Burke, making a magician's pass over Gus's head. "What could he have to blush about? Shall I ask him?"

Roar.

"Oall right, oall right. Gus, what are you blushing for—is there anything you can't tell us?"

"No. I'm not blushing."

"Oh, he's not blushing, eh? Very well. Oho, that's fine. Then just tell us, Mr. Earickson, how you have spent the day."

"In an airplane."

"Getting here?"

"Getting here."

"I see. And what did you do?"

"Nothing."

"*Nuth*-thing?"

"That's right."

There was a dry edge to Gus's voice. Burke got it. He decided it was time to switch.

"Thank you very much, Mr. G. A. Earickson; we'll ask you some more questions later. But now, to this lovely, lovely girl standing before me, holding on so tightly to her new husband's arm— Let us ask you your name; will you tell us that?"

"Roberta May."

"Roberta May!" Burke pointed straight at the audience. *"Isn't that wonderful?* Let's give her a hand on that!" And they did, to her dismay. But they made her a heroine, and she felt her heart pound more easily, and she looked up at Gus as if to tell him, "You see? This isn't so bad—it's sort of fun, and happens to not many boys and girls in the United States!"

"Now, Roberta May," continued Burke, "where did you two meet? Tell us that."

"At home. We grew up together."

"You did! Did Gus carry your schoolbooks back and forth for you?"

"No."

"Did he put your pigtails in the ink bottle of his desk in the schoolroom?"

"No. We didn't go to the same school, at first."

"Where *did* you see him, then?"

"Down the street. His house and my house were only a couple of blocks apart."

"I see. And did he ride by on his bike and take you for a spin?"

"No. He just rode by."

"Didn't stop?"

"No, he didn't."

Burke faced the crowd with dismay.

"Say, how're we ever going to get these two together?" he asked, and then turned back to his work. The audience was touched by the simple pride and dignity of the bride and groom, who just stood up there and said what they knew.

"Did he have other girl friends?"

"I guess so."

"Did you, Gus?"

There was a little pause, and then Gus decided to answer, and said, "Yes, when I got to high school."

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Burke. "And did Roberta May go to high school at the same time?"

"Yes, a class behind me."

"Did you fall in love with her then?"

Gus looked at him and kept silent. Burke shifted to her.

"Did you fall in love with him then? In high school, Roberta May? Want to tell us that?"

"Why, yes, I'll tell you. No, I didn't fall in love with him in high school."

"But you saw each other every day?"

"Oh, yes."

Burke turned in comic silence to the audience. They laughed in sudden friendliness; there was a sense that a silent, fleeting wing of life itself was brushing through the big red-and-gold plaster room, and they stirred unconsciously in response to it.

"Well, when—did—you—fall—in love with him?" chanted Burke. "Can you remember that?"

"Yes, I can remember," said Roberta May. "It was when I heard he was reported missing in action, overseas."

THE beat of the wing grew heavier. There was a second of absolute stillness. Presently Burke asked in quiet masterly calm, "Would you consent to tell us a little more about that, Mrs. Earickson?"

She looked at Gus, who lifted his chin a trifle, as though to say, "Go ahead and tell him." Her heart thumped at his loyal wish that she do well, now that she was there.

"All right," she said. "Why, I was home from the office that day; it was a Saturday—"

"Pardon me, Roberta May," interrupted Burke, whose duty it was to bring out all possible facts in his interview, "did you have a job?"

"Oh, yes."

"What was it?"

"I worked as a secretary at the Building and Loan."

"And do you still?"

"Oh, no. I wanted to keep on, but Mr. Earickson wouldn't let me."

"Wouldn't let you!"

"That's right," said Gus levelly.

"Why, Gus? Would you tell us why?"

"I can support both of us."

At Burke's gesture, applause exploded.

"Thank you. Now go ahead, Roberta May."

"Well, we didn't stay open on Saturday afternoon, and so I was home that afternoon, and the phone rang, and I thought Mother would answer it, and it rang and rang, but she didn't answer, so I went and it was Mrs. Earickson."

"Gus's mother?"

"Yes. Well, she wanted to talk to Mother,

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and I said she wasn't home, and she didn't say anything for a while, and I said, Is there anything wrong, Mrs. Earickson? And then she said, Oh, Roberta May, and then I heard her voice sort of close up. So I said I would be right over. Well, I hung up, and I went right over, and she was waiting for me on the front porch, sort of hiding behind one of the fern baskets out front there and crying. She had this telegram in her hand and she just shoved it at me, and that was how I found out."

"What did you find out?"

"It said he was missing in action over Germany, and it said they would send more news as it was available."

"Then what did you do?"

"I kissed Mrs. Earickson and took her inside and we sat down and we talked and we talked—she needed to have somebody to talk to. There was a picture of Gus in uniform on the piano, and she pointed at it and said she couldn't bear to look at it. I asked her if she wanted me to turn it around and she said, No, let it alone. But I looked at it, and thought about things, and I knew I was in love with him. I thought it was too late. But I just couldn't get used to the idea of there not being any Gus, anywhere, any more. It left a hole."

SHE paused. Burke kept quiet; the audience leaned forward, rapt. She resumed:

"So then I decided Mrs. Earickson needed a daughter—she didn't have anybody else. I was there day and night, and we never gave up believing he was safe and would get back to us. But the funny thing—Mrs. Earickson was worried about me, too."

"Why, Roberta May?"

"Why, you see, she found out I was in love with him, and she tried to make me think what would happen if he got back and wasn't in love with me. We just knew each other as kids before, you see, and his mother didn't want me to be let down. So she worried and worried. But I didn't worry."

"You didn't?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Why, I said to myself, if he comes back, and he doesn't —*you know*—why, I'll just be sensible and look around elsewhere."

It was a relief to crash with laughter and applause at the innocent realism and strength of this statement, which now struck Roberta May as faithless so that she rode above the applause saying loudly, "But the real reason I didn't worry is because I just knew he would feel the way I did when he got back."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't know. I just did."

"And did he?"

"Even before he got back."

"He did? Tell us!"

"Why, when he escaped back through France and got back to his outfit, he wrote to Mrs. Earickson, and at the end of the letter, he said, Give my love to everybody, and especially Roberta May when you see her. So I knew then."

"So what did you do?"

"So I began writing to him regularly, and he began answering, and that was all there was to it."

"Isn't—that—wonderful! Come on, everybody!" The audience obliged with deafening applause. Burke added, "And when he got home, what did he do?"

"Oh," she said. "Why, he shook hands."

A short laugh.

"Didn't he *kiss* you?"

"Not right away."

"He *didn't*? When *did* he?"

"It took him two weeks, about."

"Two weeks to make up your mind to kiss a honey chile like this one! What are we coming to?"

"Oh, no," said Roberta May with reproof, "he was serious. He wanted to be sure."

"Serious—wanted to be sure. People, do you love it?" demanded Burke, and they did. "Wonderful, wonderful," he continued. "And then did he pop the question?"

"Oh, no, not then. We went together, but we got engaged just last year."

"You waited all that time? Why'd you wait?"

She looked down as though in utmost modesty over something which she could confess, if at all, in the most refined way.

"Why," she finally said, "we couldn't afford to get married at first."

Oddly, there was an instant of fixed silence, and everyone seemed to feel ashamed. Burke was equal to this failure, and said reassuringly, "But you finally made it, didn't you, and got engaged? Will you tell us how you announced it?"

She brightened at once, happy and proud of what she could remember and tell.

"Oh, why, yes—we had a party at my house for all my girl friends. It was cute."

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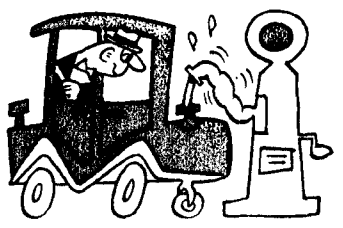

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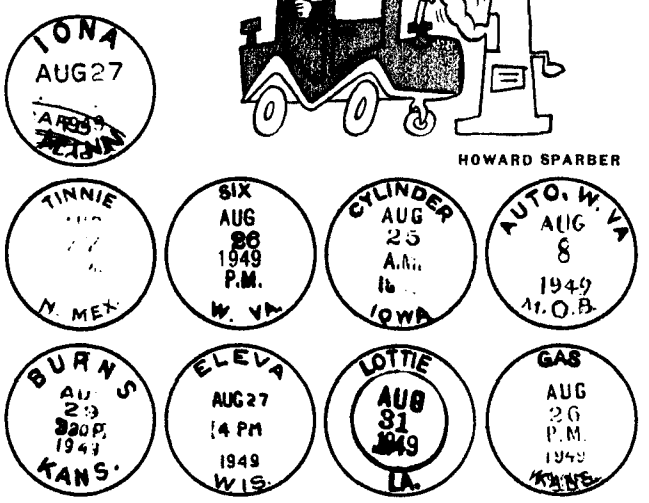

FROM SAM PAVLOVIC, ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Cute, so're you," said Burke imitating a cartoon convention of a bashful boy who scrapes his bare toe in the dirt and twists from side to side. "What'd you do?"

"Why, Mother helped me fix it up, and we had all the drapes drawn, and candles, and refreshments, and—this was the cutest part —we had the mantelpiece in the living room fixed up with a wide white satin ribbon painted with gold paint, and it said, Gus and Roberta May, June twenty-second. And on the mantelpiece there was a toy white kitten just like it was just getting out of a bag—we had a brown paper bag tipped over, and that was our idea to tell the news."

Burke clutched his brow. "You mean *the cat was out of the bag*? Is that what it meant?"

"Yes."

Burke whirled on the audience.

"D'you get it, people?" They did. "Isn't it wonderful? Thank you, Roberta May, thank you. And now—" He turned to Gus. "Now, Gus, can you tell us a little something about how you courted this lovely, lovely bride of yours? Could you tell us a little about that, h'm?"

"We just had dates, I guess."

"Aha, dates. And what did you do on your dates?"

"Oh, ride out in the country, mostly."

"Use a little moonlight, and play the radio, is that right? Park under some trees and thissa and thatta, like all the boys and girls, h'm?"

Gus murmured something. Nobody could hear it.

"What was that? A little louder, please —right here, right into the microphone, please."

"I said, yes, I suppose so."

"Thank you. And what else did you do on your dates?" Burke asked. "Go to the movies?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Fine. Tell me, Gus, did you ever have a fight over anything? You know, little lovers' quarrels, disagreements?"

How hungry the listeners were to taste the experience of that pair of lives!

"Well, sure, I guess so, yes."

"Oh, you did, eh? What about?"

"Oh, little things—they didn't mean anything."

"Like what, though, son? Tell us."

"I told you they didn't mean anything," said Gus.

"Oh, so you won't talk, eh?" snarled Burke in a burlesque of severity, because what he and his national instrument feared most was a moment's silence.

He was saved by a flushed inspiration from another quarter. Roberta May, swept along by the contagion of the moment, broke in, saying, "We had quite a row over that job question. I was really worried, there, for a while."

"*Sweet-heart!*" cried Burke, "Tell us!"

She felt lightheaded, but even so, she knew now that she was betraying her husband in public. Trembling for what she did, she could not, under the lights, the power, the applause, the national hookup, help doing it.

"Why, he sprang it on me without warning," she said, "that when we got married I would have to quit my job. So I said I didn't want to, he'd be gone all day, what would I do all day, and I said I could help with payments on the house, and our things, and besides, I liked my job, it brings you in touch with lots of people and everything. So I said no."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing. He just didn't come around, or call up or anything."

"Why, Gus! Gus, you old meanie," said Burke, trying to make him laugh. Sick for her betrayal, Gus decided to share in it for her sake. He laughed.

"Go on, go on, I can hardly stand it," Burke said to her. "Did you ever marry the guy?"

Smiling, she went on, enjoying the occasion now to the fullest.

"So I went and I asked Mrs. Earickson what to do. She said to wait a few days, and if he didn't really mean it, he would get over it by then. But if he did mean it, then he wouldn't get over it, and I would have to make up my mind which meant more to me—keeping my job, or getting married to him."

THE outcome was already known, and Burke turned out front with his familiar, "People, do you love it?"

But Roberta May could not quit. She said, bright and charming, as though talking on the telephone to an intimate friend, instead of over a microphone to the whole nation:

"So I finally said, all right if that's the way you feel about it, I'll give up my job, but I hope we have a lot of babies right away, I said, just to give me something to do, I said."

There was a shock of silence, and then the crowd took a meaning that she had not meant. They shrilled hysterically.

Burke began to sweat. The thing could get out of hand. They could get put off the air. He yelled above the storm.

"Wonderful, wonderful! A wonderful little girl, here, all right, and a fine boy. We wish them *all* happiness and success, and in a minute we will prove just how much we

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mean it, but in the meantime an important message from our sponsor."

No chains held the Earicksons there. No guards restrained them. There was free passage off the stage, and out to the alley, across the parking lot, to a bus line. But they stood there under the light waiting to be told what to do next.

After the sponsor, the orchestra played again, then faded down, while Gail Burke Himself returned to the microphone. The stage lights slowly darkened, and white spotlights came up on the bride and groom and Burke. The auditorium was hushed to a panting stillness, for everyone knew what was coming.

Dimly off the other side of the stage Gus and Roberta May could see movement. More people were gathering out there in the shadows beyond the silver velvet curtains.

From the audience came an almost visible wave of emotion. Over a thousand eyes glittered with material desires.

"And now," cried Gail Burke Himself, "we want to do our part to make today's National Honeymoon the greatest one ever yet, and I feel humbly grateful that it falls to me to speak for all America's families and families-to-be, in presenting today's wedding presents to our guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Adolphus Earickson—got it that time, eh, boy? So let's move on to the wedding presents and see what we've got for you."

The orchestra played a smashing chord.

"First, placed at the free disposal of the bride and groom during their entire stay in Hollywood, a super-de luxe convertible sports coupé with all expenses maintained by the proprietors, the Wil-Bev Motoria."

A young man with hair like gold leaf over scrolled carving, dressed in a page's scarlet uniform, stepped out from the far wings holding a large colored picture of such a convertible coupé. A spotlight hit him like lightning. There was applause; he stepped back and disappeared.

Each item, heralded by a blast from the stage band, was exhibited in fact or effigy by the uniformed pages.

"Next, for the groom," chanted Burke, "two complete changes of sports clothes, presented by The Male, Incorporated, of Hollywood." The garments made their appearance while the audience avidly imagined Gus as he would look in his new clothes.

"And now for our lovely bride. Wait till we put her eyes out with this, a lovely, lovely half-carat solitaire diamond ring from Lydia Lennox, Limited, Fine Jewels, of New York, Miami and Hollywood." And as the gray velvet box was thrust into Roberta May's hands, sighs arose like a prayer.

THEY rose higher and higher, sometimes with applause, as the catalogue continued: fresh corsages, for day and evening, every day, for the bride; a honeymoon patio suite at the Beverly-Westwood Hotel for two weeks; a conducted tour of the motion-picture studios, with autographs guaranteed and lunch with favorite stars; a chest of flat silver specially monogrammed; one dozen silk sheets with lace trimming and embroidered initials; and more; and more.

"And now, Roberta May, you must have something in your heart you want more than anything else. What is it? Tell us on National Honeymoon, and if we can possibly give it to you, *we will!* Can you tell us?"

She licked her lips. She looked at Gus where he stood beside her with his head bent, his legs spread, as though to be strong under assault. They were beaten and stunned with munificence. He shook his head to tell her that he was out of this.

"Why, yes," she said. "Someday, when we can afford it, I want a special kind of room in my house—we have the *room*, I mean, but there's a certain way I want it *done*. There's this extra room, and I want two sides of it paneled in knotty pine, and the other two sides of it papered in something bright, and the ceiling the same way. I want a fireplace in it, and a solid-color carpet all over, and drapes just like the wallpaper so the wall where the windows are would all look alike."

"What would you do in this room, Roberta May, tell us that."

"Oh, why, *everything, I*—"

The audience laughed. She flushed.

"Oh, I don't mean *everything,* I—"

They laughed again, harder than ever.

She tried to rise with her voice over the crowd.

"I mean play cards, and have buffet suppers, and read, and just talk."

"Oh, I see, just talk, eh? You and Gus have a lot to talk about?"

"We just love to just sit and talk."

She confessed so much in this, so quietly, that for a moment the snickering in the big hall was hushed. When the thought and its meaning came home to everyone, a wave of applause began with some sensible woman's hard, virtuous, single handclap, and spread in a roar through the house. Burke, after a glance at the clock, let it ride for a few seconds, and then he stopped it with his hands.

"Well, Roberta May, I'll tell you what National Honeymoon is going to do for you. We are going to see that that room is decorated and furnished just the way you have described, and just the way you want it done. *Would you like that?"*

She brought her hands together and seemed to pray. Her eyes misted. Her voice quivered.

"Oh, *yes*, Mr. Burke—"

"Fine, fine," Burke said, with a look at the clock, whose hand was falling toward the end of time. "And now to wind up, we have a lovely, lovely gift for our guests of honor on National Honeymoon today, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Earickson of New Mexico—two sets of special trousseau garments exquisitely handmade. Here they are—think how they'll look in these!"

He pointed dramatically and the pages came to center stage, one bearing a long transparent black silk nightgown with much lace and embroidery, and a flesh-colored silk negligee; the other bearing a pair of red silk pajamas and a blue silk robe.

The garments swam in mid-air, fantastically animated by the pages as they walked; an illusion of life filled the nuptial vestments and sensuous images began to glow in the heads of Burke's public, while all eyes were fixed on Gus and Roberta May. The young couple bowed their heads in confusion. Applause rolled over them in unnecessary sanction. Until the end of the program, the pages stood in sight, holding the symbolic garments.

"And now, Gus and Roberta May, and ladies and gentlemen of National Honeymoon, here in the Hollywood studios of the United States Association, and all across America, I see that our time on today's Honeymoon is just about over. But before we play our Grand Recessional, we have one more little remembrance for our happy couple here today, and here it is—"

Burke pointed to the last page, who, to the sound of tiny, tinkling musical bells playing a nursery tune, wheeled a baby carriage out on the stage and over to the group in the center, while in climax, a storm of cries and laughs and beating of palms arose.

"—a brand-new Storkmaster Baby Coach, *big enough for twins,* if our happy couple *should* have occasion to use it. God bless them. How about it, people, do you love it? Good-by, good-by, and until tomorrow's National Honeymoon, this is Gail Burke Himself saying good-by now."

The music rolled up with organ and orchestra, and the crowd whistled and called and clapped in exhaustion and fulfillment, and at thirty seconds before four o'clock National Honeymoon went off the air.

LATE, late that night, Gus and Roberta May lay sleeping in a patch of light from the waning moon which shone through the window of the hotel suite whose daily rate was equal to a week's pay at home.

The moonlight moved slowly and came to rest on their faces. In his sleep, Gus passed his hand across his eyes against the quiet brightness, and the act awakened him. He found that he was gazing at Roberta May, who was sleeping with her cheek on her hand, with tears going slowly down her face in the moonlight.

He wanted to touch her tears with his fingers, softly so as not to awaken her. But he was clumsier than he knew, and his touch awoke her. She threw her arm upon him and fell to his shoulder sobbing like a child whose heart would break.

He asked her what was the matter.

She pressed her face against his breast and shook her head. He knew that in a few minutes she would try to tell him; and she did.

She said she was sorry with all her heart for what they had given away that day.

It was theirs alone, and smilingly they had let it be given to everybody else—their very own love story.

"I want it to belong just to ourselves," she sobbed. "And it's too late now."

"Hush. Hush."

"It was all my fault. I started it all. And I told out loud all the things that meant so much to us, just us. Talk, talk, talk. I just kept on talking. And some of the things I said!" She choked with grief and pity for what was gone. "The way everyone laughed at them!"

"Ro, honey."

"Why did you let me?"

He would have thought that this would make him angry; but not at all; a wave of choking tenderness went through him.

"Never mind," he said softly, "never mind, never mind, never mind, never mind."

"If we could only get it back!" she sobbed.

He thought for a moment.

"Do you want me to?" he asked against her cheek.

"You can't."

"Yes I can. Most of it. The important part of it."

She stopped crying and rose to look at him in the moonlight. "You crazy," she said.

"Will you leave it all to me? No matter what?"

She leaned down to him again and rested her head on his heart in aching humility.

"Forever and ever, in everything," she said.

She fell asleep again before he did. He now knew that things could happen to two people together which nobody else would understand, and that yesterday's experience was one of them; for if to marry each other did not mean to marry the very world, in its terms as well as theirs, what did it mean? Now everything took its proper place in the good knowledge that among the great things that had come to them were the power and the desire to forgive each other and be forgiven, for all of their lives.

THE next afternoon at four o'clock Gus and Roberta May were waiting at the stage door. Presently the musicians, the attendants and the star of National Honeymoon came through the stage door after their day's work, talking it over.

"How was I?" asked Burke.

"But wonderful, Gail," one of the attendants assured him wearily.

"I don't know—yesterday was *tougher*, but it was somehow better. Say, look who's here!"

Gus came forward.

"Mr. Burke," he said, while Roberta May, proud of what he had made her understand, nodded yes, yes, yes, "We've come to return all the things. Here." Gus put the jeweler's velvet box into Burke's hand.

"Return—the boy is but mad!" cried Burke, consulting his fellow showmen with a comic look. They stared back at him impassively. Something in them began to rejoice.

"Yes," said Gus, "we left all the other presents at the hotel when we checked out, and the car is back at the garage, and you needn't send the things to us at home. If you do we'll send them back."

"You can't do this to me!" snapped Burke. "In all my years on National Honeymoon a thing like this has never happened to me. Think if it ever got around. You people here"—he swept the other members of the show with a fierce look—"you people just keep this quiet, hear?"

But someone laughed, "Ha!" and one or two in the little throng whistled approval at Gus.

"And the room," insisted Burke, "and the furniture. You said you wanted all that!" He was almost pleading.

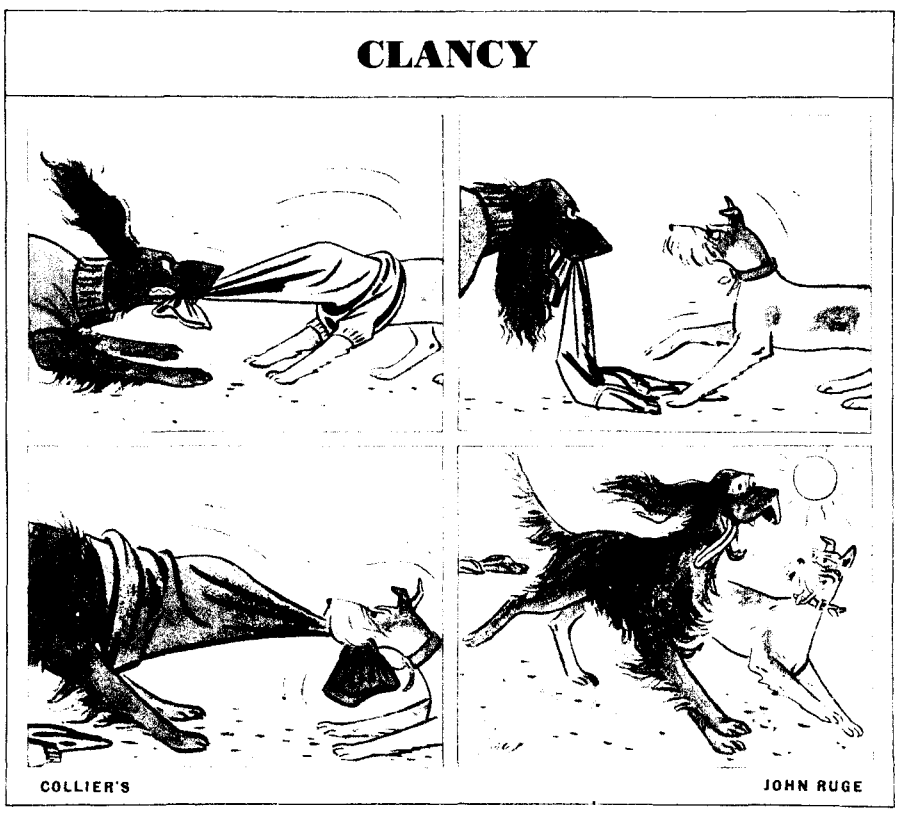
"Well, if we do," said Gus, "I'll buy what we need, and if we can't afford it yet, we'll wait till we can."

Burke stared at everyone, his heavy, tanned face sagging tragically.

Roberta May felt a pang for him. "Never mind, Mr. Burke," she said with real sweetness. At that final punishment, everyone else laughed out loud.

"All right, Ro," said Gus. "Come on." He took her away.

They kept in touch with everybody back home by post card every few days, and had a glorious time on their own for the rest of their honeymoon. THE END



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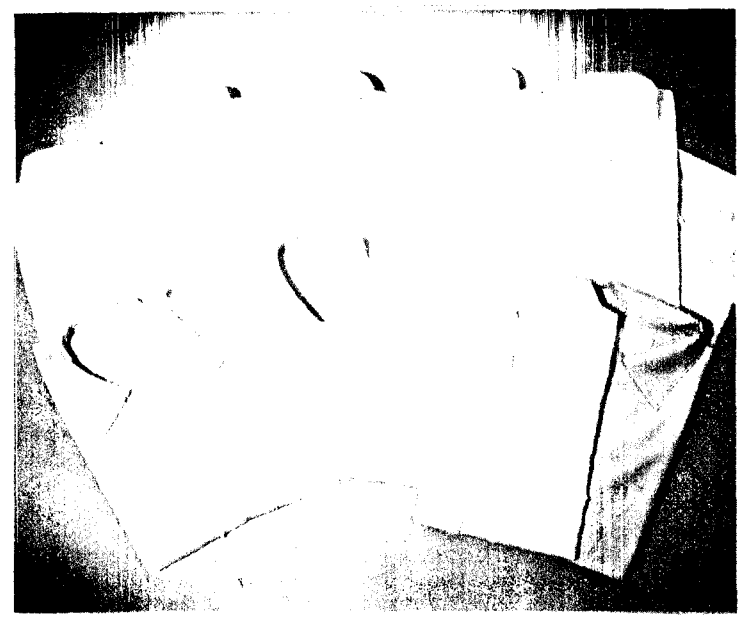
In the late 1920s, shirt collars—attached and separate—usually were worn at this height. While not the extreme "choker" type, it rose high on the neck and was not comfortable

By the 1940s, some progress was achieved in collar comfort. This model was a bit lower, though still 1⅝ inches high in front, and it started the trend toward sloping collars, culminating in today's neat-but-casual style



And now—the collar of 1950! Here are a dozen examples of the shirt with the "Vanishing Band" collar line. Although high in back, the collar slopes forward gradually to a new low in front. Formerly available only at custom shirtmakers, these models now are found at good stores everywhere

Any Man's Collar

The new "Vanishing Band" for good looks and comfort

By BERT BACHARACH

Designed in California and first made popular by movie stars, the new look in shirt collars flatters everyone, regardless of age, size or shape. The final result is as comfortable as a sport shirt, but is smart enough for all dress-up occasions. It comes in a wide selection of colors and fabrics, including broadcloth, madras and Oxford; and there also is a variety of collar styles to choose from—button-down, regular and widespread in both long and short points. Early predictions by style-conscious men indicate that this latest and sensible improvement in shirts will be the style hit of the year

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A Beaker of Chang Is Fun in Tibet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

it must be noted that nothing about the government is hard and fixed. The Lhasa setup often changes from Dalai Lama to Dalai Lama. A description of such a fluctuating system may be accurate for only a few years, but currently Tibet is regulated as follows:

Because the present god-king is not yet eighteen, the age when he will personally assume the throne, a regent governs for him on all matters of state. Under them are three cabinets, each charged with different duties and holding various degrees of influence. The most powerful cabinet is the Kashag, composed of three shapés—or lay ministers—and one monk shapé, the Kalon Lama, who is the senior minister of the quartet. All functions of government—executive, judicial and legislative—are vested in these four men who are appointed by the regent. The shapés, who receive an annual salary of 25 rupees (about $5), are wealthy landowners, financially independent in the feudal sense.

Over the two lesser cabinets in authority and prestige there is the high office of Commissioner Abbot, the Lord Chamberlain or Chi-khyab-khempo, who has charge of monastic discipline as well as a number of monasteries.

Of the two minor cabinets, one is composed of monks and the other laymen. The first, the four-man Yik-Tshang, has the duty of appointing all monk officials and, in general, has charge of all religious matters. The corresponding four-man lay cabinet, whose members are called Tsepons, controls Tibetan financial and trade matters.

There is a National Assembly called the Tsongdu. This is not an elected body, but is composed simply of several hundred of the more important government officials. It meets on invitation of the Dalai Lama or the regent whenever there are especially vital issues before the government. The Tsongdu has the power, although it's seldom used, to vote out the regent. This body rarely meets in its entirety, performing most of its duties through a large committee which receives legislative bills from the Kashag, makes certain recommendations and returns them for forwarding to the Dalai Lama or to the regent.

For every important government job in Tibet, two men are appointed—one a monk and the other a layman. The monk always has seniority, thus permitting the ecclesiastical group to control the country. All Tibetan officials are sensitive to the wishes of the priesthood, especially to the whims of the abbots of the three large monasteries at Lhasa—Drepung, Sera and Ganden.

Tibet is divided into some 60 districts with vague territorial divisions. Each district is known as a *dzong*, the *dzong pen* being its governor. The bulk of government revenue comes from these *dzongs*, mostly as a result of trade activity. The *dzongs pens* have to submit a fixed amount by way of taxes each year. If they manage to squeeze more than necessary from their citizens, they may pocket the surplus.

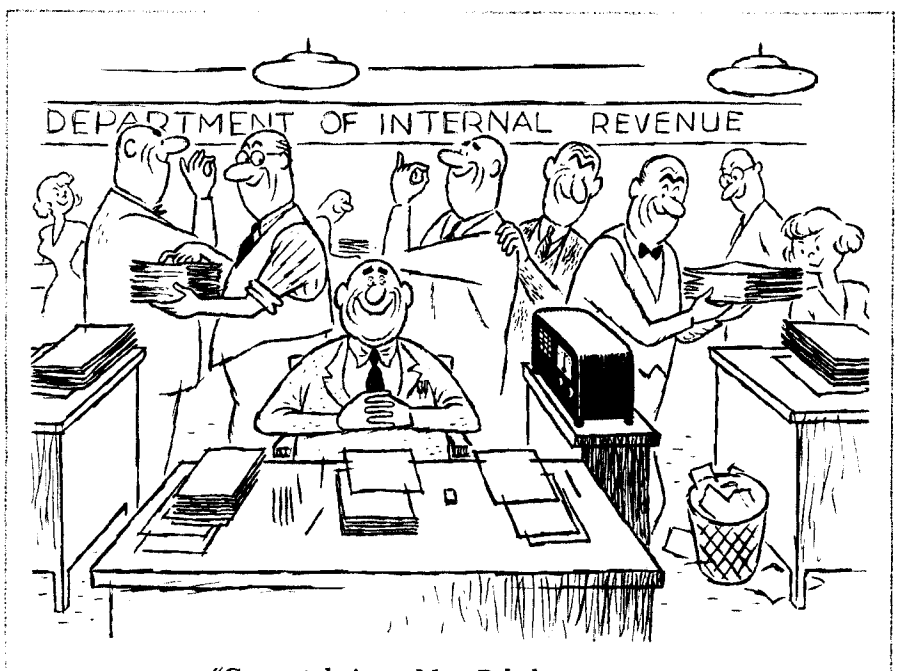
The Dalai Lama's nation has its own currency, with the *sang* as the basic monetary unit, and its own postal system. The mails go through on irregular schedules. Postal runners, carrying bell-decorated spears as symbols of their office, jog along the mountain trails in five-mile relays, carrying letters from Lhasa to Gyangtse. From there the mail is carried by the India-managed "pony" express—on the backs of tall mules.

Oracles Are Highly Regarded

An additional, but unofficial, part in the Tibetan government is played by the various oracles or prophets on whose prognostications many decisions of state are made. There are many such soothsayers in the Dalai Lama's land, but the most influential is the Nachung oracle at Lhasa, the nation's chief seer. About once a month this forecaster goes into a trance and peers into the future to help guide the lives of officials and commoners alike. Tibetans are extremely superstitious and rely completely on the predictions of the oracles in whom they have faith.

Some of the most interesting chats we had while in Lhasa were with Tibet's two foreign ministers. This shrewd pair, a layman named Surkhang Dzaza and a monk named Luishahr Dzaza Lama, had much to say about their country's two main problems—Communism and China.

We asked them about rumors we had heard in India that there had been a Communist revolt in Lhasa in which a number of Chinese and Tibetans had been killed. This was not true, the foreign ministers told us while we sat in their office in a building next to the sacred Jokang temple. Their story on this subject is a significant one, especially since Tibet hates Communism



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COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

Collier's for March 4, 1950

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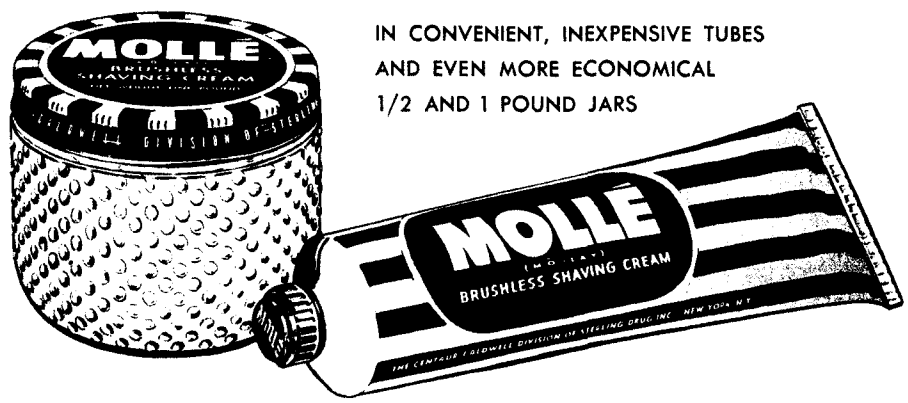

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Western Electric

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and may play a vital role if the Red tide is to be stemmed in Asia. We shall try to sum it up briefly here.

Many years ago the Manchu emperors of China had an affinity for Tibet. Both were Buddhist countries, and high Chinese dignitaries, called ambans, were stationed in Lhasa then. In 1911, at the time of the Sun Yat-sen revolution in China, the Tibetans declared their freedom, ending the suzerainty and sending the ambans back home.

"Ever since then Tibet has been completely independent," said Surkhang Dzaza, tapping his red lacquer table with a bamboo pen. And Luishahr, the red-robed monk, nodded enthusiastically.

But the Chinese never recognized this independence. When the thirteenth Dalai Lama died, Chiang Kai-shek's government sent a mission to Lhasa to express deep sympathy. Part of this mission, equipped with a wireless sending set, stayed on, allegedly to settle boundary disputes. Tibet considered this a temporary mission, but the Chinese regarded it as permanent. When the present Dalai Lama was enthroned, another mission arrived from China for the ceremonies. But most of this group also remained in the capital, along with a detachment of Chinese troops. The Tibetans did not resent these intrusions too much, for their land has much in common with China. There are historical, geographical and cultural ties. As evidence, the people on the plateau have adopted many Chinese customs—from chopsticks to pigtails. But these bonds did not lessen Tibet's desire to be independent.

In 1945 the Tibetans asked the generalissimo to admit Tibet's autonomy officially, but Chiang stalled, kept putting them off. Then civil war broke out in China. The Nationalist government began to wobble and seemed likely to fall.

The Dalai Lama's high priests, fearing that if the Reds overran China they also would want to absorb Tibet, decided to expel all Chinese officials in Lhasa.

Expelled—But with Courtesy

On only one day's notice, the 80 or more Chinese in Lhasa were sent out of the country last July. With ancient Oriental courtesy, the Lhasa government dispatched a guard of honor, composed of several companies of troops, along with the departing caravan. They also gave them presents of food and money and, wonder of wonders, even sent a band on the difficult 18-day trip to Yatung to play continuously for the entertainment of the China-bound party.

So, far from having a Communist revolt in Lhasa, it was quite the opposite. Tibet, now completely independent, used the expulsion of the Chinese to show the world in general, and the Communists in particular, that the ancient land behind The Himalayas will knuckle under to no other nation.

We have been asked by many of our friends back home: What did you do on a typical day in Lhasa? Let's take the fourth of September, for example. At 7:00 A.M., looking out at the sun glistening on the golden roofs of the Potala, we crawled from our warm sleeping bags. It was uncomfortably chilly in our room at that hour, for there was no means of heating it and the summer nights at 12,000 feet were cold. It happened to be the time of full moon, meaning that Lhasa's dogs kept us awake most of the night. During the day these scavengers curled up in the streets, but at night—especially one with a moon—the amount of howling, barking and fighting was beyond belief.

"In Lhasa you'd hardly call the dog man's best friend," growled Lowell, Jr., as we started dressing.

By then our first words to our servant each morning were most always the same —"Sirdar! Ho, Sirdar! Good morning, how about some *gurum pani* (hot water)?" Usually a kettle for washing had arrived by the time we finished lacing our boots. After breakfast, Dorje arrived to take us on the day's rounds.

First stop was at the luxurious home of Tsepon Shakabpa, a member of the four-man cabinet from which he derives his title —Tsepon. Shakabpa, who led a five-man trade mission to America in 1948, was the official most responsible for our visit to the remote land of the Dalai Lama. A fine-looking man of about forty-five, Shakabpa felt that such a trip would help build good will in the United States for his homeland.

Exports Paid for in Rupees

Dorje translated for us as we consumed a few cups of tea and asked our host questions about trade. According to the Tsepon, Tibet's economy hinges upon its exports, most of it to the outside world by way of India. Wool is the principal export. Others of lesser importance are musk, furs and yak tails. Our sponsor went on to say that the yearly value of trade with the U.S. amounts to from two to three million dollars; but up till now, all this business has been negotiated through India which, in the role of middleman, pays Tibet in rupees. This has not pleased the Tibetans who want and feel entitled to payment in dollars. Unless India pays Tibet's traders in dollars, the people on the plateau must find ways to trade directly with the dollar world, he said. Even in the most remote land on earth they know all about the present value of the American greenback.

From Shakabpa's home on the eastern edge of town, Dorje led us back to the Foreign Office. There we met the members of that august body, the Kashag cabinet. Everyone in the office bowed low as their seniors from the Kashag entered. Only three of these powerful shapés were present, the fourth having gone to the Chinese frontier at Chamdo to check on the Communist threat to Tibet.

This important trio was headed by the Kalon Lama—Rampa Sawang Lama—the senior minister. The two lay shapés, Surkhang Sawang Chempo, son of Tibet's foreign minister, and Ragachar Sawang, followed. Each was dressed in a yellow silk robe tied with a red sash. The Kalon Lama wore no hat to hide his bald head, but the other two had on brimmed hats, the red crowns mounted with two-inch turquoise spikes. These they doffed as they entered the office, revealing official headdresses—black hair tied atop with a red bow, thrust through the middle with a turquoise jewel, and a long pigtail down the back.

The Kalon Lama spoke for the Kashag. The two lay ministers showed great respect for his seniority, for they scarcely said a word and contented themselves with nodding at the high lama's statements. After the customary polite questions regarding our trip, the Kalon Lama asked the question which seems to be on everybody's lips in Tibet: "Has Communism come to stay in China and will it keep spreading across Asia?"

I replied that no one could answer that difficult question, but offered the opinion that Communism might not have a lasting effect on China's age-old culture and civilization. My reason for this statement was the fact that Chinese life always has centered on the family and on religion—both of which Red doctrine opposes. Even if China does not cast off Communism, I continued, it may modify it to such an extent that it is no longer a part of a Moscow-directed scheme for world conquest. The members of the Kashag said they hoped this would be the case, and soon enough to help save Tibet.

Lowell Thomas is heard Monday through Friday on CBS

After the shapés had gone, the two foreign ministers cornered us again with a question along the same lines: "If the Communists strike Tibet, will America help? And to what extent?"

Tough questions to answer! All I could say was that I was sure our country would be sympathetic, but that actual material aid would depend much on U.S. public opinion as reflected in the action of Congress. They didn't seem to find much satisfaction in that reply. Tibetans find it hard to understand the democratic system, certainly a far cry from their feudal form of government.

Actually, we were asked the same questions over and over again in Lhasa. Monks as well as laymen were deeply concerned about the future of their nation. What, then, is this threat? Why should we, on the other side of the world, be concerned?

The danger is this: On the north and east are hundreds of thousands of victorious Chinese Communist troops who even now are practically idle following the rapid collapse of the Nationalist defense. The Red radio at Peking has announced a number of times within recent months its government's plans "to liberate Tibet," a country with only about 10,000 soldiers, poorly trained and obsoletely armed and equipped.

Then there's a religious reason for the Reds to covet Tibet. If they can gain control of the Holy City of Lhasa, the Reds will wield tremendous influence over the entire Buddhist world. Furthermore, The Himalayas' untapped, unsurveyed mineral wealth is another tremendous attraction.

But the main reason why the Reds may invade seems to be strategic. Tibet would make an ideal jumping-off spot—all downhill—for an army to invade India and gain control of its nearly 400,000,000 people. And if the Communists ever get a grip on the vast peninsula of Hindustan, then all Asia will be gone. Tibet is all that stands between the Red armies of China and teeming India.

The Chinese Communists, if they invade, probably will do so by way of the northern plateau and desert, from the Kumbum and Lake Koko Nor region. By that route it is about 600 miles to Lhasa. The first 200 miles would be simple, but from then on it might not be too difficult for skillful guerrilla forces to harass an invader, cut his supply lines and make his venture too costly.

That line of thought is followed by Tsarong Shapé, a former general of the Tibetan army and the next official on our calling list that day. Now retired, the sixty-three-year-old Tsarong is a famous personage in his homeland, and today is the wealthiest man in Tibet. He started out as a poor boy in Lhasa, son of a maker of bows and arrows, right at the bottom of the social scale, and wound up the Rockefeller of Lamaland. This really was an achievement in a feudal society that offers practically no opportunity to a young man of low station. Tsarong, whose real name was Namgang Dasan Damdu, was given his present name and title by the present Dalai Lama's predecessor. He saw the boy by the road one day, liked his looks and made him a gardener at Norbu Lingka, his summer palace. Namgang became a great favorite of the priest-king, accompanying him on his exile to Mongolia when the British invaded Tibet in 1904, and to India when the Chinese raided in 1910.

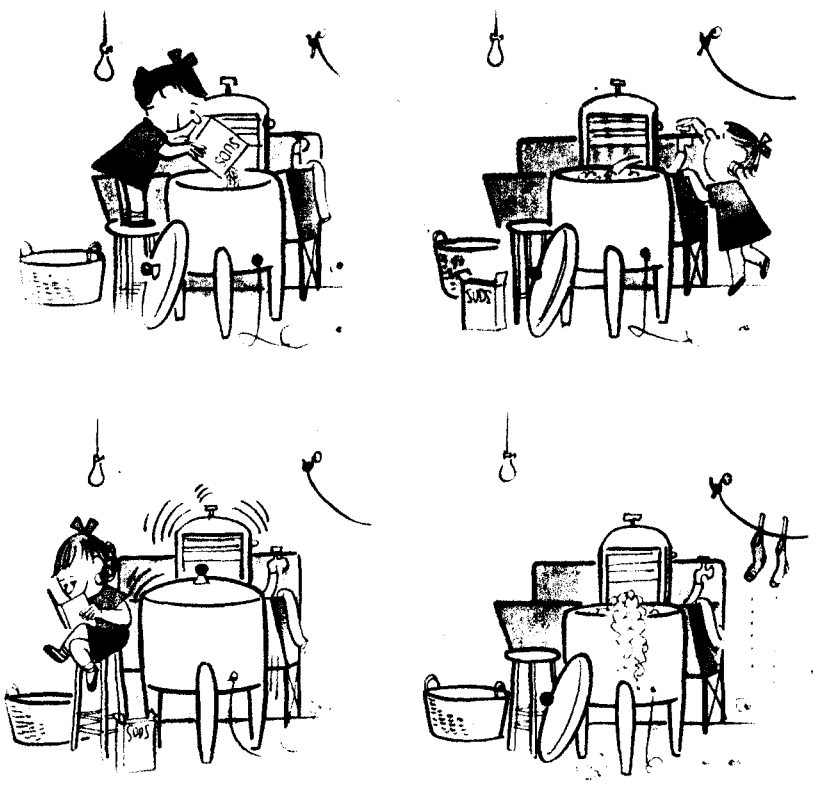
Death Penalty for Traitors

During the flight to India, Namgang was in charge of a group of the Dalai Lama's troops which held an overwhelming number of Chinese soldiers at bay while the monarch escaped. On his return to the capital in 1912, the Dalai Lama found that the head of the Tsarongs, the richest family in Tibet, had been collaborating with the Chinese. Whereupon the ruler had the men of that family flung bodily from the top of the Potala. Then he gave the women of the family their estates and the Tsarong name to Namgang, the young man who had saved his life and served him so faithfully during exile. He also made him a shapé, a member of the powerful Kashag, and commander in chief of the Tibetan army.

Squat and fleshy, Tsarong Shapé is the favorite of nearly all who visit the strange, remote land, for he is a Tibetan patriarch of broad vision and great charm. He is anxious to open the hermit land to foreigners and new ideas. His son, called "George" by his schoolmates when he went "outside" to a school at Darjeeling in India, now is carrying on the unusual family tradition of improving the lot of the people on the plateau. If Tibet does emerge in our time and become an active member of the family of nations, much credit should go to the Tsarongs, especially to the man who saved the life of the thirteenth Dalai Lama.

We wound up the day's sight-seeing and

SISTER



COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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BICYCLE QUIZ no.8

How would you play them?

1 Against 3 No-Trump, when your BRIDGE partner has bid 1 Diamond, lead the .....of.....

Open your partner's suit but lead the five, saving the Jack over a possible low stopper in declarer's hand—for example, K 10 6 4.

2 With this CRIBBAGE hand, give opponent's crib the.....and.....

Saving the Jacks and fives gives you 12 points, him nothing. Even so, *give him the Jacks.* This leaves you a much greater chance to improve your count.

3 Whatever game you play, men who play cards agree...

Bicycle is the C.....C.....!

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visiting with a stop at the Potala, that soaring mass of red and white masonry which dominates the Forbidden City from Red Hill. This winter palace of the Dalai Lama, made of stone and sun-dried whitewashed brick, is as lofty as the Empire State Building and has an even more impressive setting than the Taj Mahal. But unlike the Taj, it is not a marble gem when you are right upon it. The Potala is more impressive outside than in.

Named from the Sanskrit word meaning "Palace of the Gods," the Potala includes more than a thousand rooms. At the top there are chapels, great halls and meeting rooms of every size, as well as the spacious apartments of the Dalai Lama and his high priests. Also at the top are the tombs of seven Dalai Lamas. These are all built in the dome-shaped pattern of Buddhist chortens and are entirely covered on top with heavy gold leaf. The gold roofs over these tombs cause the Potala to flash and sparkle in the sun and enable the fairylike palace to be seen by travelers when still a great distance from Lhasa. Lower down in the building are government offices, kitchens, storerooms and living quarters for more than 300 student monks—young celibates in training for government service.

How the Potala Was Built

Started in 1641 by the revered fifth Dalai Lama, on the site of a previous palace and fort destroyed by an invading Mongol army, the Potala must have been as difficult to build as the pyramids of Egypt. For this architectural triumph was made with primitive tools, the same tools, incidentally, that are in use in Tibet today. Each stone for the Dalai Lama's monastic castle had to be carried from a distant quarry on the backs of men and women, one stone per person lashed to the back with yak thongs, or by donkeys. No steel or iron was used in its construction, yet it's such a perfect structure that an early British traveler had this to say about it: "The Potala gives the impression not of having been built by man but of having grown there, so perfectly does it fit in with the surroundings."

Every person in Lhasa, and all pilgrims to the Forbidden City, make the sacred walk around the Potala at least once a year. It's a five-mile hike, always done in a clockwise—lucky—direction. As we puffed up the long series of steps to the summit, we passed several Tibetans making the sacred circuit, prayer wheels in hand as they uttered prayers to Buddha.

Near the top we heard hundreds of monks chanting inside the vast building. There was the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals, the whir of prayer wheels and the throb of deep bass horns. We entered the golden rooms where the bodies of the Dalai Lamas are entombed in their two- and three-story gold-capped pyramids. Hundreds of yak-butter "candles" flickered in golden vessels beside these crypts as the monks conducted their services.

Then we climbed on top of the Potala, among the golden roofs. The city of Lhasa lay at our feet to the east.

Directly across the way, on Chag Pori Hill, stood the Tibetan medical college where monks are taught to cure with herbs and incantations.

Nothing is known of modern medicine in Lhasa. Nevertheless, students study at the college of medicine for 10 long years—nearly twice as long as U.S. doctors devote to medical school and internship—before they are authorized to practice their weird rites.

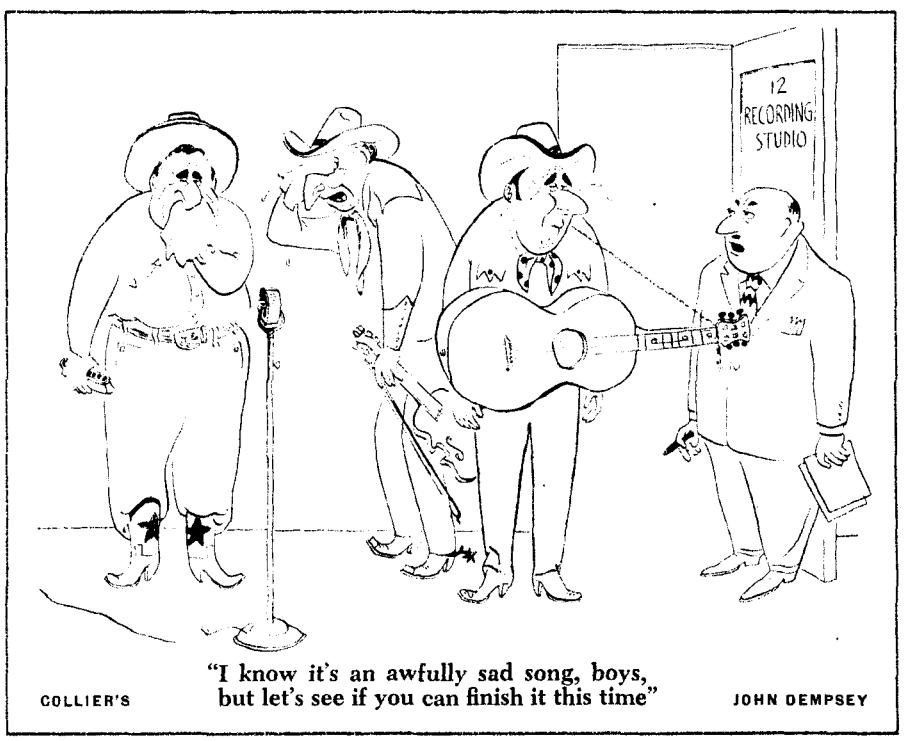
To the north and west were the great monasteries of Sera and Drepung which we were to visit before we left. In addition, there were many smaller monasteries hanging from distant cliffs. To the south we saw the Kyi Chu River winding its way along the plain it makes so fertile. And directly below us was a deep blue lake, with a small golden-domed monastery on an island in the center of it.

This whole Shangri-La panorama was like a post-card view of some mythical fairyland. Only the whir of our movie cameras, photographing this breath-taking scene, reminded us that we still were residents of a planet called Earth.

Below the wall on which we were standing we noticed the winding road which is for the exclusive use of the Dalai Lama. He is carried up that path on a palanquin whenever he returns to his winter residence. Strangely enough, Tibet not only does not have any wheeled vehicles, but even the ancient palanquin carried by bearers is forbidden to all but the god-king.

As we made our way down from the top of the Potala, we passed a granite shaft—a monolith—the top of which had fallen off a few months before. The people of Lhasa gave us an interesting interpretation of that occurrence. They said that the reason the Communists had been winning in Asia was because the top of that column had toppled. To us, it was still another indication of how much the people on the highest plateau on earth think about and fear the Communists to the north.

Are there any Europeans living in the Dalai Lama's realm? Yes, five white men have found their Shangi-La beyond The Himalayas. Next week the Thomases tell the strange, exciting stories of the outsiders in far Tibet



COLLIER'S

"I know it's an awfully sad song, boys, but let's see if you can finish it this time"

JOHN DEMPSEY

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Rock of Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and returned to his chair. Meanwhile, the cameraman had been faithfully grinding away.

The next morning, De Mille was in the projection room looking at the rushes of the previous day's shooting. Suddenly, the bewildered doctor fled across the screen. In close pursuit was a bald-headed man in boots, screaming abuse at him.

"Who in the world is that?" De Mille asked in genuine surprise.

"That's the substitute studio doctor," an assistant said.

"I know that," De Mille said impatiently. "I mean the man using the frightful language."

"That, sir, is you," the assistant said.

"Young man," De Mille answered, after a painful silence, "that may *appear* to be me, but I assure you it is not. I never used language like that in my life!"

A Poor Memory for Names

It is another one of the little inconsistencies of De Mille that, for all the speed with which his brain works ordinarily, he is hopelessly absent-minded. Names elude his grasp like moonbeams, and he has on occasion even forgotten the names of members of his own family. During the casting of Union Pacific, he was almost frantic trying to remember the name of an actor he wanted to use. Worse, he was rapidly reducing his assistants to a similar state of frustration. In answer to their repeated pleas for a clue, all he would say was, "You know who I mean!" Finally, he exploded, "What's the name of my son-in-law?"

"Anthony Quinn," someone said.

"Thank you," De Mille said coldly.

In desperation, his staff once hit upon a scheme of identifying everyone whose name he asked as "Johnny Mack Brown."

Pointing to a strange face, De Mille would ask, "Who's that?" The answer never varied: "Johnny Mack Brown." It never occurred to De Mille that there was anything strange about it.

Having produced in his 37 years in Hollywood a total of 68 pictures, most of them triumphant, De Mille is now a millionaire several times over. Moreover, he typifies the system by which people are supposed to become millionaires: he spends dollars and saves pennies.

For his first 67 pictures, De Mille spent a total of $29,559,614.09, yet the story—perhaps apocryphal—goes that he has been known to buy an apple in Albuquerque and carry the core to New York and back across the country again to use as a sweetener in a tobacco container at home. At his ranch, "Paradise," near Los Angeles, he buys government surplus potatoes for five cents a hundredweight to feed the deer with which he has made friends on his property. The potatoes come in new sacks. Shrewdly, De Mille resells the sacks for seven cents each. Thus, he not only gets his potatoes free, but he turns a two-penny profit on each sack.

On the other hand, he willingly paid Ringling Brothers $250,000 for the right to use the circus' name and equipment in his next picture, The Greatest Show on Earth. His last picture, Samson and Delilah, was budgeted at $2,498,000 and included such strenuous expenditures as $392,547 for the cast, $124,137 for the wardrobe, $119,594 for the construction of the sets, and $64,159 for the sound recording.

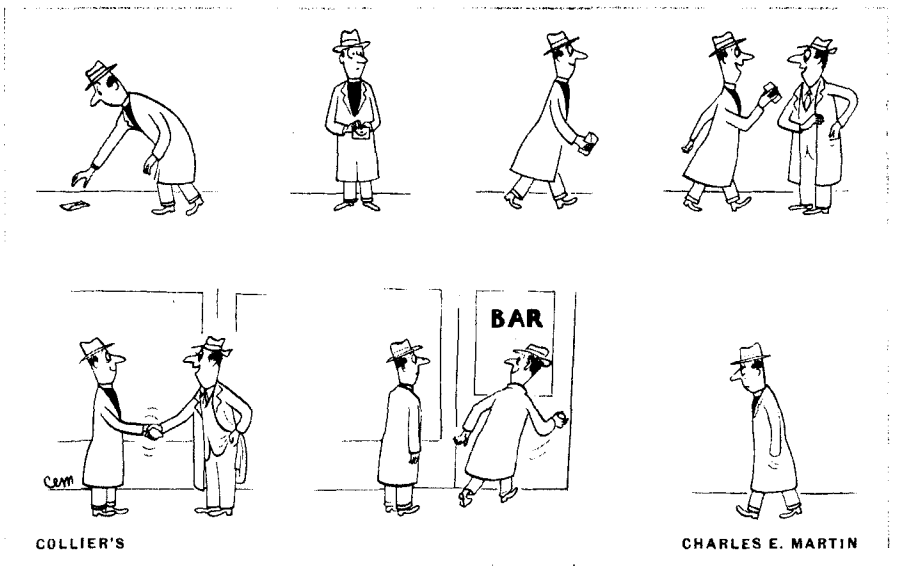
In this matter of budgets, De Mille is looked upon as something of a genius at making things come out even, though he often cannot explain how he does it. For example, he has his own system of measuring the length of a picture, for budget purposes, by counting the words in the dialogue. He counts a foot of film for every word. Despite the fact that there are fast talkers, slow talkers, fast scenes and slow scenes, the system works. In Reap the Wild Wind there was a reel and a half with no dialogue whatever, yet the count came out right. De Mille himself has no idea why.

It is likely that if De Mille were seeking an actor to play the part of a director in one of his pictures, he would pick himself. It would be an admirable choice. Not only is he the most successful director-producer in the industry and the only director whose name is more important to the success of a picture than the players' names, but in both temperament and attire he is the epitome of everything the public assumes a director should be.

He is frequently chided, for instance, for wearing boots or puttees on the set. His brother, William de Mille, once suggested that puttees tended to emphasize the wrong end of a director, but he had to concede that without them a director was like a "British palace guard without his bearskin shako."

De Mille's own attitude is more prosaic. He wears boots to support his aging legs. Originally, he wore them to ward off snakes when he was making pictures in the California desert. Likewise, when he wears a tropical helmet, it is to keep the sun off his head. He employs a young man to follow him around the set with a chair because he likes to sit down when he is tired.

De Mille himself concedes that he can be, and frequently is, a stern taskmaster. "I have been called a tyrant, a despot and a martinet," he said sadly, not long ago, "because I lose my temper when I see somebody playing checkers on a set that costs $40,000 a day when he should be paying attention to his job. It's the same with alibis. I don't have enough time on this earth to listen to alibis."



Like any director—and in De Mille's case the condition is aggravated because he finances his pictures with his own money—he is under terrific pressure when he starts shooting. Already behind him are the months of preparation, and ahead lies the unknown. At times like this he likes to think of himself as a general before the battle.

As the picture goes on, he gets less and less sleep. He believes thoroughly in inspiration as a sudden, blinding flash of light, and he wants to be ready when it strikes. This naturally requires eternal vigilance. Likewise, harnessing the inspiration, once it is captured, to a camera can also be a demanding business. When De Mille gets home at night, he is exhausted. Mrs. de Mille waits up for him, no matter what the hour, and sits with him while he has his dinner in an easy chair. If he wants to talk, she talks. If he doesn't, she doesn't. The rest of the night he spends in a state of suspended alert, a pad and pencil within easy reach in case inspiration should strike twice in the same place.

Between pictures, De Mille is something else again. At home, he lives quietly but elegantly, the squire of five green acres atop a hill overlooking Hollywood and, on smogless days, the ocean. Some years ago, having already built a house to live in, he bought the house next door from Charlie Chaplin and connected the two with a glass-enclosed passageway. The latter house is now De Mille's office-at-home and general storehouse. Since he seldom throws anything away, it is filled with such items as Templar helmets, various swords and firearms, the wheel from the Marblehead, a library of rare old newspapers, a splendid collection of pearls, and the crown of thorns used in The King of Kings.

The only ones who are not especially impressed by De Mille's collections are a couple of his 10 grandchildren. Not long ago, he was showing some guests through the various rooms and two of the younger grandchildren, waiting to be dismissed, were getting sleepy. The tour appeared to be over and the children were registering relief when De Mille turned suddenly to one of the guests and said something that was inaudible to the children. Then he and his guests started down to the cellar.

"Oh, my gosh!" one of the children said. "Now we have to wait while Grandfather shows them his shrunken heads!"

No such irreverence attends De Mille on the lot. After 37 years in Hollywood he is something of an institution, and while most of the people who work for him are frightened half out of their wits by him, they nevertheless are devoted to him. On the set of Samson and Delilah, there were 19 persons who had been with De Mille for more than 20 years and who, collectively, had appeared in 53 De Mille pictures. As an ex-De Mille publicity man, William Hebert, once put it, "It's simple. It's love."

De Mille, at sixty-eight, is blessed with twice the energy and enthusiasm of a man half his age. His unflagging enthusiasm is remarkable. When, for example, in gathering research material for a picture, he uncovers some titillating bit of trivia, he is apt to get downright lyrical about it. During the preparation of The Buccaneer, he could hardly be restrained in his joy at discovering that the expression "son of a gun" apparently came from the practice of lashing a woman aboard ship to a gun when she was giving birth to a child. "Imagine that!" he exclaimed happily. "Just imagine that!" He was similarly overjoyed when he dug up evidence that Queen Berengaria was the only English queen in history who never once set foot on English soil.

From his earliest moments, De Mille has never been lacking in physical stamina. In 1915 he even directed two pictures at once, The Cheat in the morning and The Golden Chance in the afternoon. He directed Union Pacific from an invalid's chair tied to a swinging boom, while he was recovering from an operation. And he made Manslaughter under equally trying circumstances.

In the latter case, he was suffering from a severe attack of arthritis which had felled him in Paris during a tour abroad in the early twenties. De Mille was strapped to a board in his suite at the Ritz Hotel, and he ultimately got so bored that he instructed the management to open his door to any who would come. As he recalls it, most of Paris streamed past the foot of his bed, presumably waiting for him to give away thousand-dollar bills in the true spirit of an American motion picture magnate. Those who had not come for cash optimistically assaulted him with scenarios or assured him he didn't know what real arthritis was, though he could scarcely wiggle his little finger.

After several weeks, his doctor advised him to get home as soon as possible, and he was boosted aboard a liner, in Cherbourg Harbor, with the baggage. Mrs. de Mille met him in New York with an ambulance. There then occurred an ominous event which De Mille thinks foreshadowed his subsequent difficulties with a certain labor union. While he was waiting to be unloaded, the ship's stewards became involved with the ambulance attendants over who was to carry him off the ship. The argument finally became so heated that the stewards, who had temporary possession of De Mille, dropped him. "It may only have been a question of who was going to get the tip," he says now, "but it looked to me suspiciously like a jurisdictional dispute."

Fundamentally, De Mille is probably more writer than anything else, and it is in story conferences that he is especially hard to please. Generally speaking, he is convinced that no idea is so good that working on it won't improve it; consequently, he seldom accepts first suggestions. He himself appears to know what he wants, but his writers often find themselves hard put to capture on paper the elusive thing that is bubbling and seething inside De Mille. At moments like these, with the writer struggling desperately to please De Mille, he is likely to say impatiently, "No, no, no. You are trying to do two things at once. You are trying to sing Rockabye Baby to Siegfried's Funeral." Or he is apt to say, "My boy, you are using an oxcart and a derrick to lift an apple onto a table."

One of the few persons in whom De Mille has unbounded faith is Anne Bauchens, a white-haired, soft-spoken lady who, in point of service, is probably Hollywood's oldest film cutter. In 30 years few other persons, outside of De Mille himself, have touched a De Mille film for cutting. It was Anne Bauchens who persuaded him not to cut the Red Sea sequence in The Ten Commandments, a scene he considered excessively long and one which has since become probably his most famous. The Ten Commandments was the most difficult picture Miss Bauchens was ever called upon to prune. De Mille used 16 cameras and shot enough footage for literally a dozen movies.

Competition by German Film

The Ten Commandments posed other problems. When De Mille proposed to open and close the Red Sea, Adolph Zukor, the head of the studio, gloomily predicted it would open and close Paramount. Then, about the time De Mille was finishing the picture, a Hollywood sharpshooter bought a German film, Moses and the Ten Commandments, for $5,000 and opened ahead of De Mille's opus all across the country. Zukor estimated that development cost the studio $1,000,000 in revenue.

De Mille came perilously close to losing a second million when a wondrous lawsuit for plagiarism was brought against him by a lady in Atlanta, Georgia, who claimed she had mailed a script of The Ten Commandments to De Mille and had then heard no more about it until De Mille suddenly popped up with the finished picture. As

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evidence, she offered a "copy" of her script and sued for $1,000,000.

De Mille was astonished to find that her script matched his picture scene-for-scene in its sequence. The mystery was even greater in view of the fact that he had shown The Ten Commandments only to a select group of movie critics in Los Angeles. So far as the public was concerned, the picture had not been released. The court, reasonably enough, was therefore on the verge of directing him to pay the lady her million dollars.

De Mille, however, had been puzzling over a typographical error in the lady's script which read "thee of" instead of "of thee." It seemed familiar but he couldn't place it. Then, suddenly, it hit him. He called for a review of the picture which had appeared in the Los Angeles Times. Sure enough, there was the same error, "thee of."

De Mille hastily sent for Hallett Abend, the critic who had written the review after attending the private showing. Abend was hunting goats in the Rockies. De Mille dispatched a plane to the scene and had the pilot drop Abend a note. Still in his boots, Abend flew to Atlanta and testified that the woman's "script" apparently had been copied from his review. De Mille was saved.

In his long and prosperous career, De Mille has encountered any number of similarly vexing problems, and it is to his credit that he has seldom been dismayed. Even going to Hollywood in the first place called for a light heart and a brave decision.

As a boy, De Mille lived mostly in New York, having been descended from one Anthony de Mil, who came to America from Haarlem, Holland, in 1658 and produced in his son, Pieter, a man who became a *shout* and then mayor of New Amsterdam. If the family had held on to all the property it eventually acquired in New York, it would now be several furlongs ahead of the Astors in the matter of valuable real estate. As it was, an early will indicates what happened. One of the De Mils left to his elder son his "most valuable" property: the house, the silver, and two barrels of mackerel—one spoiled. To the other son he left some land which appeared to be of dubious value and was therefore disposed of. This land now makes up approximately one fourth of lower Manhattan Island.

Taste for Theater Inherited

In any event, De Mille was born in an atmosphere of comparative ease and refinement. His father was a successful playwright who taught English at Columbia, and his mother was a gentle Englishwoman who had taught at Lockwood Academy in Brooklyn. De Mille inherited from his parents a definite taste for the theater, but somewhere along the line he lost his knack for making money in it. Thus, on a gray day in 1912, he found himself sharing a cup of sorrow with Jesse L. Lasky during lunch at the Claridge Hotel in New York.

Lasky had just failed with a show patterned after the Folies Bergère and De Mille had just gone upside down with a play called Cheer Up.

More out of desperation than foresight, the two men decided to make movies. While they were drawing up plans for a movie company, on the back of a Claridge menu, a twenty-six-year-old glove salesman named Sam Goldwyn stopped by the table.

"I'm ruined," Goldwyn said. "They just lifted the duty on gloves."

"Oh?" Lasky and De Mille said politely. "That's too bad."

"What are you fellows doing?" Goldwyn asked.

"We're going to make motion pictures," De Mille answered.

"I'm in," Goldwyn said.

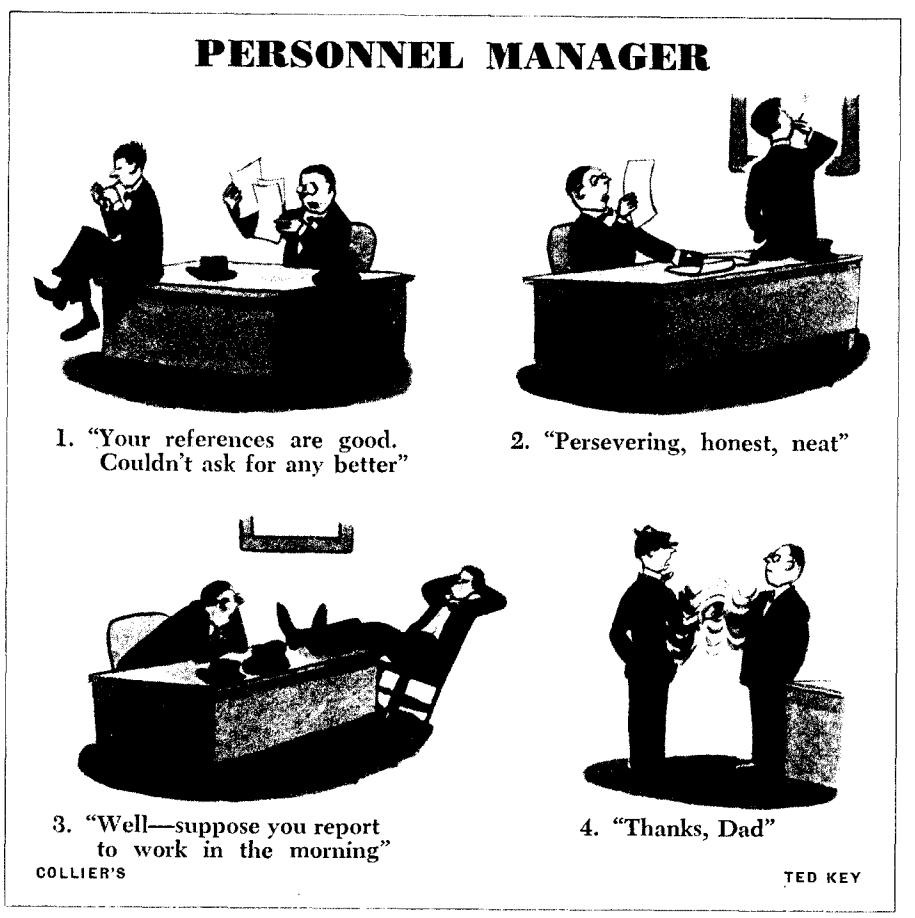
And so he was. Among them, and with a little outside help provided by Arthur Friend, a lawyer, they produced $20,000. The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, with Cecil B. de Mille as "director-general," was in business.

In 1913, De Mille started bravely West with the intention of setting up operations at Flagstaff, Arizona, where, it was said, the climate was ideal for making movies outdoors.

Clutching the script for the company's first picture, Squaw Man, De Mille hopefully disembarked at Flagstaff and stepped into the teeth of a howling blizzard. He took one startled look at the swirling snow and leaped back onto the train. Not until he had reached California, the end of the line, did he venture off again.

In due time Squaw Man was completed in a barn one block from what is now the intersection of Hollywood and Vine, and it went on to make well over $100,000. The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company arrived at the top of the heap in 1918 by merging with Adolph Zukor's Famous Players Corporation. Ultimately, it became Paramount. The rest is history.

As the motion picture industry prospered, so did De Mille. Nevertheless, he gave to the industry as much as he took from it.


PERSONNEL MANAGER
1. "Your references are good. Couldn't ask for any better"
2. "Persevering, honest, neat"
3. "Well—suppose you report to work in the morning"
4. "Thanks, Dad"
COLLIER'S
TED KEY

De Mille was the first, for example, to bring "effect lighting" to the screen, an achievement which ranks with David W. Griffith's revolutionary discovery that he could photograph Thought by using close-ups. Until De Mille started experimenting with light and shadow, it was customary to use the same flat lighting under, say, a table as was used at the center of an open stage.

De Mille changed that. In making The Warrens of Virginia in 1915, he placed a light next to an actor's face and created a rather sinister effect for the man's stealthy entrance into what was supposed to be a darkened room. He liked the result so well that he used the same device in other scenes in the picture.

Sam Goldwyn, however, was responsible for selling the picture in the East, and he was horrified when he saw it. In desperation, he wired De Mille: CECIL, YOU HAVE RUINED US. YOU ONLY SHOW HALF THE MAN'S FACE. THE EXHIBITORS WILL ONLY PAY HALF AS MUCH FOR THE PICTURE. SAM.

De Mille was nettled. Snatching up a pad, he scribbled a return wire to Goldwyn: IF YOU AND THE EXHIBITORS DON'T KNOW REMBRANDT LIGHTING WHEN YOU SEE IT, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. CECIL.

Goldwyn's reply to that arrived almost immediately: CECIL, IT'S WONDERFUL. FOR REMBRANDT LIGHTING THE EXHIBITORS WILL PAY TWICE AS MUCH. SAM.

De Mille is also credited with making the first sound camera by taking a regular camera out of its glass case and wrapping it in blankets. He was the first to remake a picture (Squaw Man). He was the first to take the precaution of shooting every scene twice for protection against the loss or damage of one of the negatives. He was the first to introduce a cast of characters on the screen. He was the first to use color, a feat he accomplished in Joan, the Woman, in 1916, by using scenes that were colored by hand. He assumes he was even the first to use human hair for make-up wigs. He also thinks he invented the camera boom, but a number of others have claimed the same distinction and De Mille is satisfied to pass the honor along to anyone who can prove he deserves it.

During the course of his screen career De Mille's energy occasionally propelled him outside the realm of motion pictures. One of his most notable excursions took him into aviation, when he founded what was probably the first air line in the United States to carry passengers on regular schedules.

In 1917 he had tried to get into the war but was rejected because of age—unless, they told him, he could fly, in which case he could join the air corps. De Mille was stumped. He couldn't learn to fly because he couldn't find a plane. Then, one day, he read in the newspapers where a man had killed himself in a Jenny in Canada. De Mille promptly telephoned the man's widow, bought the wrecked plane for $5,000, and had it expressed to Hollywood.

He went right to work, learning to fly, but by the time he had become proficient enough to join the air corps, the war was over. He then hit upon the idea of starting an air line. The Mercury Aviation Company was formed in 1919 with De Mille as president, and eventually it had 12 planes in its "squadron," including two German Junkers which Eddie Rickenbacker flew out to California for the new company. The regular schedule connected Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, and the line operated nonscheduled flights all the way to Chicago and New York.

Two Nervous Spectators

Mercury Aviation was disbanded in 1921, partly because it had lost some $300,000 and partly because De Mille felt he could not operate in two growing industries at once. In addition, Zukor was beginning to exert considerable pressure on De Mille to give up flying. On the days when De Mille was aloft, Zukor habitually went out to the field and stood on the ground, watching nervously and perspiring freely. He was completely unnerved at the thought of De Mille's crashing in the middle of an unfinished picture. Eventually, De Mille did give up flying, even as a hobby, but not before he had flown around a flagpole at the opening of Sid Grauman's Million Dollar Theater, while Grauman stood on top of the building imploring him to go away before he dived through the roof.

Oddly enough, the world of radio gave De Mille perhaps the greatest pleasure he has ever had professionally, and yet it also gave him the heaviest cross he has yet been called upon to bear.

De Mille had produced the Lux Radio Theater of the Air for more than eight years at a salary of $98,200 a year when suddenly, on August 16, 1944, he received a letter from the Los Angeles local of the American Federation of Radio Artists. The letter notified De Mille that he was being assessed $1 to help the union finance a campaign in opposition to a proposed state amendment labeled Proposition 12. In essence, Proposition 12 called for the open shop in California.

De Mille personally supported Proposition 12. He therefore refused to pay $1 to support, through the union, an opposing point of view. Consequently, he was suspended by AFRA and was forced to give up his show. Now, five years later, the battle lines are still drawn. Through the "De Mille Foundation for Political Freedom," De Mille has continued the fight for what he calls "the right to work."

The Lux show had an estimated 30,000,000 listeners and during its eight-year span on the air attracted one of the highest Crossley ratings in history. De Mille himself, according to his associates on the show, was never happier or easier to get along with, even when the late Grace Moore refused at the last moment to appear on the show with Donald Duck.

Eventually, he became as proud of the show as if he had been producing a spectacle a week at De Mille Productions, Inc. He guarded it jealously against the intrusion of any mediocrity, and one of the few times he lost his temper was when he suspected one of his writers of not turning out the best possible copy for a tribute to Shirley Temple. The writer, however, also lost *his* temper.

"What can anybody say about Shirley Temple?" he demanded.

"That's your problem," De Mille said.

"Well, tell me what you want," the writer pleaded.

"All right," De Mille told the writer blandly. "I want to say something about Shirley Temple that people will remember forever!"

THE END

More Lowell Thomas Adventures in Tibet

Next Week

Here's to Damon Runyon By Gene Fowler

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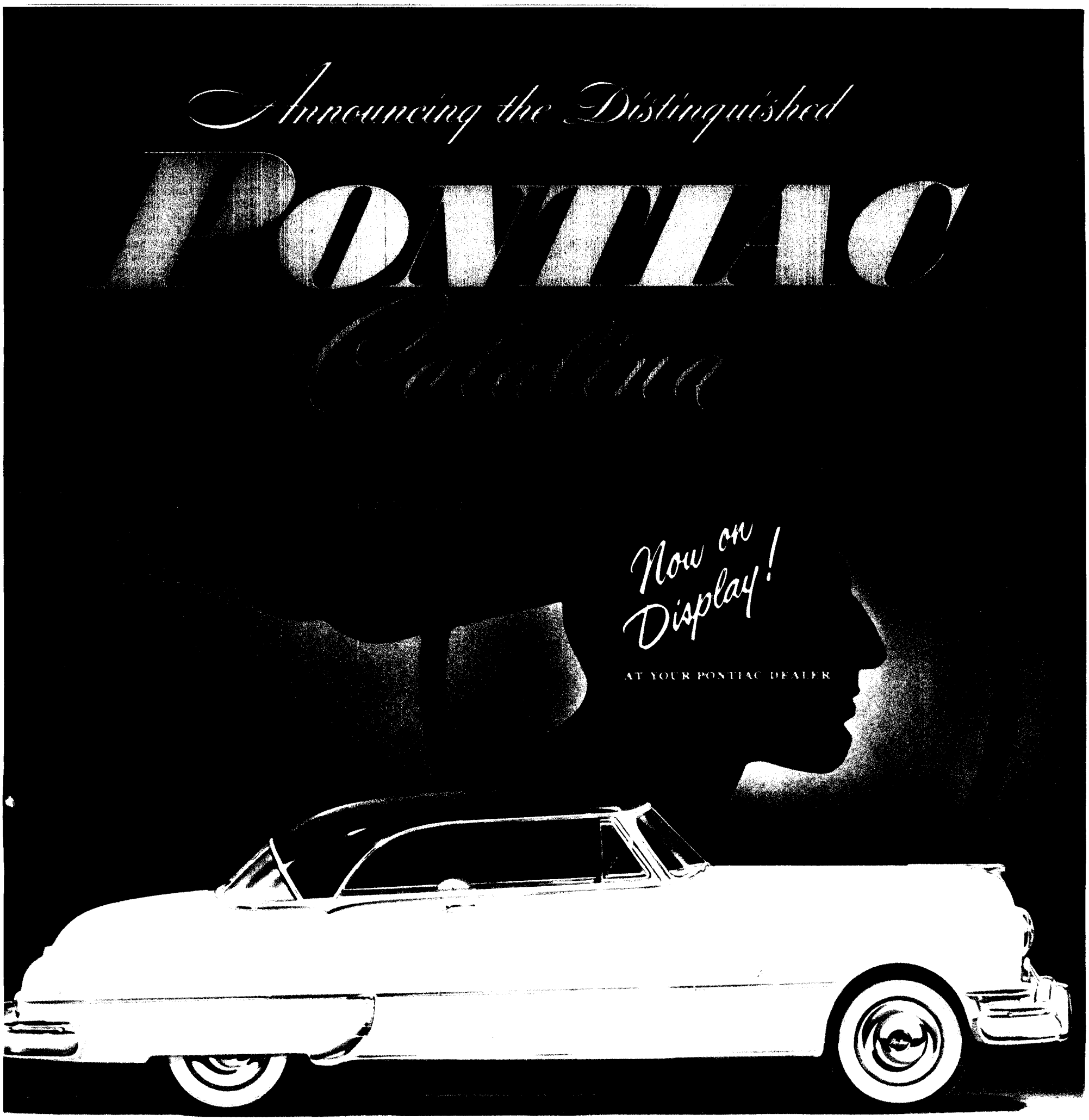

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Allison in Wonderland

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

theatrical season. In addition to being Ollie's leading lady at night and Aunt Fanny in the morning, Fran has a full-time job as the wife of Archie Levington, a Midwestern song plugger. They live with Fran's mother Nan, on Chicago's fashionable near North Side.

Nan, in her early seventies, has been Fran's adviser and consultant ever since Grandfather Allison secured his grandchild's first professional engagement at a meeting of the G.A.R. of Black Hawk County, Iowa.

"What'll I sing, Mom?" asked Fran, who was then four years old.

"I think," Nan decided, "you better try Little Boy Blue."

Nan also gives Aunt Fanny an occasional colloquial assist. Once, when Fran needed a pithy description of a neighborhood gossip, Nan suggested, "There was a woman back home who was just about the talkingest person I ever met. She could stay longer in half an hour than anybody else could in a whole afternoon."

Away from microphones and cameras, Fran is a good country-style cook. She dabbles with Mexican dishes, but sticks to steak and potatoes when she's really hungry. For relaxation, she reads mystery stories and listens to the radio, simultaneously. She can leaf through a Perry Mason adventure while absorbing The Road of Life without missing a clue or a heartthrob.

Fran often listens to soap opera for two or three hours at a time, while Archie keeps himself occupied in his basement workshop. "She isn't interested in the stories so much," Archie says morosely. "She has a lot of friends working in New York soap opera and she likes to keep track of the way they shift from character to character."

How Monologues Originate

These days, on Breakfast Club mornings, Fran gets up at six o'clock, has a cup of coffee with Nan, then spends the next two hours nibbling hot buttered toast and mulling over ideas for her Aunt Fanny monologues. Invariably, the best ideas grow out of her own experiences.

When she returned to the program after an appendectomy, master of ceremonies McNeill said, "Well, well, it's good to see you again, Aunt Fanny. Did the doctors find out what you had?"

"No," Aunt Fanny replied tartly, "but they came within three or four dollars." Fran never uses a script—merely jots down a few cue words on the back of an envelope.

Aunt Fanny taxies home from that show and becomes Mrs. Levington again. She reads the morning papers, has an early lunch, takes her daily pounding from a masseuse, naps until three o'clock, then taxies back down to Kukla, Fran and Ollie headquarters at the NBC studio.

At four o'clock, Tillstrom outlines the program in a story conference with Fran, director Gomavitz, producer Beulah Zachary and musical director Jack Fascinato. Nothing is written down. "If I ever plotted exactly what I was going to say or do," Tillstrom explains, "Kukla and Ollie wouldn't work for me. They don't like cut-and-dried stuff. Fran wouldn't be able to talk to them, either. After all, you don't need a script when you're talking to your friends."

For more than two years, and in nine different voices, Tillstrom has been trying to catch Fran off guard, but he has never quite succeeded. For example, take that last Columbus Day show. Ferdinand (Ollie) greeted Isabella (Fran) in rhyme.

"Hello, Iz," he said, "how's biz?"

"Why, Ferd," she exclaimed, seemingly amazed, "haven't you heard?"

"Well," Ollie conceded, stepping out of character, "you win that round." He retired in confusion, and Kukla—only partly dressed—had to rush on stage and clamber aboard the Santa Maria three minutes ahead of schedule.

After saying good night to Kukla and Ollie, Fran meets husband Archie for dinner, and they round out Fran's eighteen-hour day by visiting three or four supper clubs before starting home around midnight. It's business for Archie, who has to keep up his contacts with singers and band leaders, and pleasure for Fran, who knows almost everybody in show business.

How Fran broke into radio is a rather complicated story. After completing her musical studies at Coe College in Iowa in the spring of 1927, she had no trouble whatsoever finding a job selling sheets and pillow cases in a Davenport department store. Finding a job singing was something else again. A few church choirs were mildly interested, but not to the extent of offering her a salary. Reluctantly, in the fall, Fran went to work teaching rural school at Schleswig, Iowa.

After four years of teaching—in Schleswig and Pocahontas—Fran received formal notification that her salary was to be increased from $100 to $102 per month. Deciding that progress was too slow at teaching, she invested a portion of her savings in a trip to Kansas City where, according to a newspaper advertisement, a "wonderful opportunity" awaited young women with dramatic talent.

This opportunity, it developed, was a two-week course in play producing: matriculation fee, $50. Fran was graduated with highest honors, two trunks containing an adequate supply of white muslin shrouds and other basic production equipment for a drama entitled Ghost House, and a one-way bus ticket to Carthage, Missouri.

"Down in Carthage," explained the dean of the Kansas City school, "there's an orchestra that's trying to raise some money. They'll sponsor your play and provide local amateur talent. You direct and produce and we split the profits—60 per cent for the sponsors, 20 per cent for us, 20 per cent for you."

Fran worked a month in Carthage to earn $21.60. Then during the next three stops her show lost money. The inevitable telegram finally arrived: NO FURTHER ASSIGNMENTS AVAILABLE. She took the long bus ride home to La Porte City, Iowa, arriving on Thanksgiving Day with 50 cents and her battered production trunks. Next came low-paying singing jobs at radio stations in Cedar Rapids, Ottumwa and Waterloo.

One summer afternoon in 1934 at Station WMT in Waterloo, announcer Joe DuMond—desperate for material to fill out the last three minutes of his Cornhuskers program—spotted Fran in the audience. "Well, well, folks," DuMond ad-libbed, "guess who just dropped in—Aunt Fanny! Come on up here, Aunt Fanny, and tell us what's new."

Startled, Fran did a take-off on a good-natured, garrulous spinster she had once met. "Well, Mister DuMond," she said, "I dropped by to see Daisy Dosselhurst yesterday and her Junior came to the door and I said real nice, 'Junior, is your mother home?' 'No, she ain't,' he said. 'Is your father home?' I asked. 'No, he ain't,' he said. Well, I had heard about enough ain'ts, so I said, 'Where's your grammar?' He answered quick, 'She ain't here, either.' "

It was a pretty bad joke, but the way Aunt Fanny told it made it sound pretty good. After that impromptu skit with DuMond, Fran created her bread-and-butter character out of the old maid. After a few more guest appearances, Aunt Fanny became a daily feature and Fran landed her first sponsor—a Waterloo firm which manufactured heavy farm equipment.

Future Husband's Bad Guess

Miss Allison finally broke into network radio in the summer of 1937 by auditioning successfully for a staff singing job with NBC in Chicago. The tryout was arranged by Bennett Chapple, a man to whom Fran is eternally grateful. Archie Levington, who heard the audition, made a monumentally poor guess when asked to estimate Miss Allison's possibilities. Unaware that he was speaking of the woman he would someday marry, Archie declared, "Give her six months—then back to Waterloo."

Despite this dire prediction, Fran managed to keep busy in her own anonymous way. She was the first girl vocalist on Breakfast Club. She co-starred with Grandpa Putterball on Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's, and disguised Aunt Fanny as Fanny Pettingill on Uncle Ezra's program. She substituted expertly for the front third of Clara, Lou and Em, and demonstrated her versatility by playing a cousin on Those Websters, a mother in the Peabody series, and the sister in Cousin Myrtle and Sister Emmy.

Between programs, Fran carried on a rushing business in singing commercials, partly because she could sing in one key and whistle in another—a rare talent which permitted the perpetrators of the commercials to work out a variety of special effects without doubling the pay roll.

In 1942, six months before Archie went into the Army as an infantryman, he and Fran were married. While Archie was overseas Fran went on War Bond selling tours in the role of Aunt Emmy, and worked with entertainment units playing Midwestern hospitals. She met Tillstrom, 4F with two flat feet, and Kukla and Ollie one day at Great Lakes Naval Training Center, where Tillstrom was putting on a puppet show in the wards. Fran and Ollie, with an assist from Tillstrom, got to talking while waiting for the show to start and discovered they had a lot in common.

Pretty soon Fran was spluttering away in her Aunt Fanny dialect, chatting merrily with Ollie. Ollie enjoyed talking with Fran. So did Tillstrom. He remembered it one October afternoon in 1947 when Captain Bill Eddy, then director of Chicago Television Station WBKB, asked him to put together a puppet show for children.

"I couldn't do it by myself," Tillstrom protested, when he learned it was to run five afternoons a week. "It's too much work."

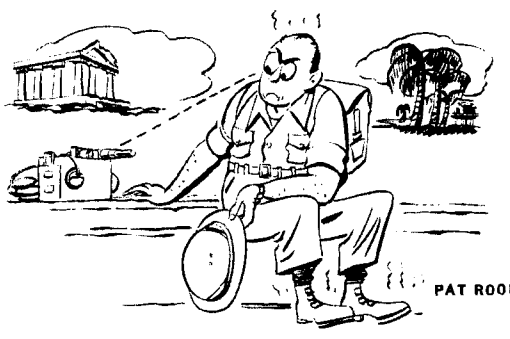
"I'll get you all the producers and writers you need," Eddy promised.

"What would I do with writers?" Tillstrom asked. "With my hands full of puppets, I couldn't read a script if I had one."

"Well, what do you need?"

"A girl to work out front. Somebody who can interview guest stars—sing a song now and then." Tillstrom thought for a moment. "I guess what I really need is a girl who can talk to a dragon—say, do you know how I can get in touch with Fran Allison?"

THE END

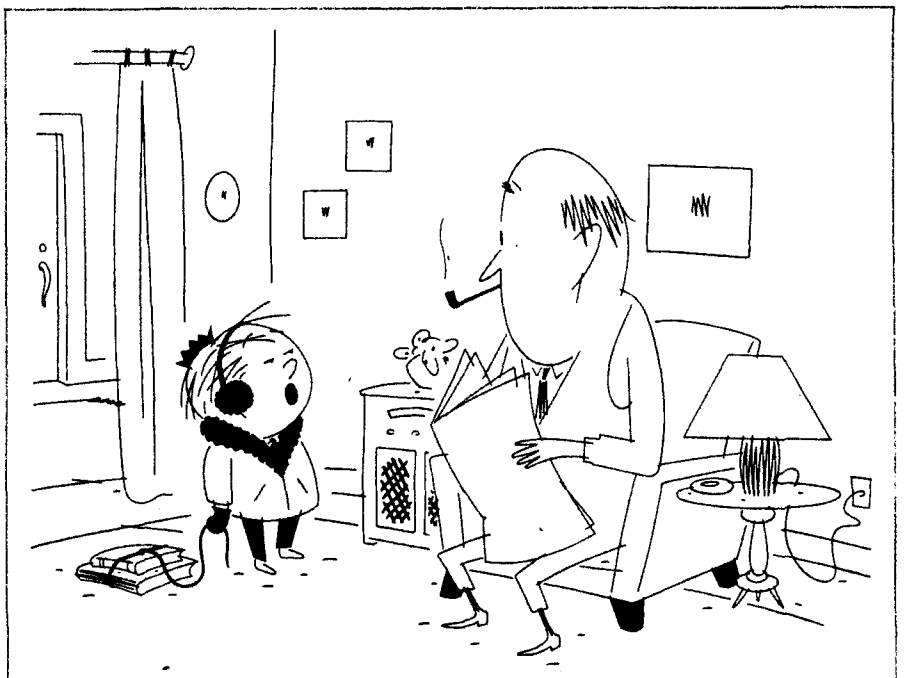


PAT ROONEY

NOT COUNTER-FIT

With the luck I possess I am fully aware
If I trudged with a Geiger most any old where
Over all the square miles of the earth's terra firma
From the outskirts of Rome to the inskirts of Burma,
I would find I could ache from toes to my cranium,
But no uranium.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT



COLLIER'S

"I couldn't remember when to say my line in the play, so I kept saying it all the time"

BILL KING

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The Prisoner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Consul's favorite expression of approbation. Yet Nicholas could not share his father's feelings. The butler had produced in him, from the moment of his first glance, a curious sensation of repugnance.

After the Consul had finished his coffee he looked significantly at his watch. But Nicholas, upon whom the strangeness of the place was already working like a charm, begged that they might take a turn in the garden before he went upstairs, and his father indulgently consented.

Outside, with a coat wrapped about his thin shoulders to protect him from any chance of chill, the boy drew in deep breaths of the soft, spicy air. Although his head still rang with the tumult of the journey, he felt the peace of the falling evening upon him and upon the garden. It was gloriously overgrown. A path led downward from the portico, flanked on either side by a weedy herbaceous border, wild with primulas and peonies. To the left there stood a thicket of oleanders, pink and white, already in full scented flower. Upon the other hand the garden opened to a kind of meadow, and beyond a low boundary wall and a wooden tool shed lay a rocky heath studded with white boulders.

Standing beside his father, Nicholas was conscious suddenly of a presentiment, never experienced in any of their previous abodes, that he could be happy here. "Isn't it nice, Father?" he murmured.

The Consul smiled that rare smile which only Nicholas could evoke. He too was aware of the charm of the garden and, with his eyes upon the tangled oleander bushes and the rangy mimosa hedge which Tenney had let go, his thoughts ran, a little grandly, to a policy of reclamation, of fresh planting and landscaping.

"It *could* be nice," he murmured. "We must have a gardener. I shall see about it tomorrow."

AS THEY went back to the house he gazed tenderly at his son, wondering hopefully if this garden, this good fresh air, might not bring health to him.

On the second floor, he had chosen for Nicholas and himself two adjoining front bedrooms connected by a doorway through which he would be available if his son should call him in the night. He himself was a light sleeper who suffered severely from insomnia. Yet his watchful and protective love had always demanded that he should be close at hand. Frequently, distressing nightmares caused Nicholas to start into palpitating wakefulness, his heart beating frantically, his forehead bathed in a cold sweat of dread.

Upstairs, the valises were already unpacked. Nicholas undressed and washed himself, swallowed the iron tonic which Professor Halevy had prescribed for him, and brushed his teeth. Then, in a fresh nightshirt, he knelt at his father's side to say his prayers. Despite the sophistication that his long sojourn in Europe had given him, Harrington Brande was still a religious man. He might smile a little at his New England ancestors, yet their Puritan spirit remained strong within him. He listened with bowed head, and at the end added a special petition that the Almighty might protect them both and bless their sojourn in this new habitation. Then he paused and, in a low and strained voice, added:

"I ask God's mercy for all transgressors . . . and in particular . . . for my wife."

A moment later Nicholas was in bed. Still the Consul lingered, glancing at his son with a self-conscious hesitation.

"Of course, dear boy, you are too tired for our reading tonight."

Nicholas was dizzy from fatigue, and his eyelids were heavy. Yet he knew how much store his father set by this evening ritual and he protested that he was still quite wide awake. Entering his own room, the Consul returned with a heavy volume of an encyclopedia, seated himself beside the bed, and began to turn the pages.

"You remember, Nicholas, that on our last evening at Arville we were discussing the reptiles of the early Jurassic period—a most interesting subject. We shall not take much tonight, just enough to keep ourselves in touch. Ah, here we are." He had found the place and now, clearing his throat, he began to read.

NEXT morning, the Consul rose early and left punctually for his office. Nicholas, unfortunately, had passed an unquiet night in which the events of the journey and, for some absurd reason, the dark impassive figure of the butler were inextricably mingled. His temperature showed normal, but his father insisted that the boy remain in bed and try to sleep. He left the room in darkness promising, however, to return at noon to see if Nicholas might get up for lunch.

It was a disappointment for Nicholas, who wished he might at least have lain outside in that lovely garden. But he was resigned by now to the routine of thermometer reading and pulse checking prescribed by Professor Halevy and, in a queer way, not ungrateful for the solicitude which his father constantly bestowed upon him.

Magdalena brought up his breakfast, rather breathless from her ascent of the stairs, but quite friendly, her black eyes almost hidden by the creases in her plump cheeks. Thanks to his father's tutoring, Nicholas spoke creditable Spanish, but Magdalena's rapid chatter was some kind of dialect, and they could not understand each other very well. She lighted a candle by the bed, left his tray, smiled, and went away.

The breakfast was his usual: a lightly boiled egg, crisp zwiebacks, a glass of boiled goat's milk—obviously his father had been giving orders in the kitchen.

After breakfast, Nicholas lay on his back, listening, as it were, to the silent heartbeat of the house.

But the beat was not altogether silent. Sounds came from downstairs—disturbing sounds, as of an argument; high words, followed by the banging of the kitchen door. Then came the low undertone of whispering, footsteps in the dining room below, unhurried tidying-up movements, an ascending whiff of strong tobacco. Nicholas got out of bed and went to the dresser to get his toy dog. He was startled by the sudden quiet opening of his door. He turned, and there, gazing at him with a confidential air, was Garcia.

Unaccountably, the blood rushed to the boy's cheeks. That queer distrust of the butler which he had felt on the previous evening returned.

"Shall I take your tray?" Garcia spoke with exaggerated deference.

"Please—thank you," Nicholas answered in a small, unsteady voice.

The man did not move but showed his teeth in what, but for the general immobility of his features, might have been a smile.

"Don't mind me," he said softly. "I am well used to children. In one place there were seven. The little girl used to sit upon my knee. Before she died."

Nicholas took a quick breath. The butler never removed his eyes from the small boy's face.

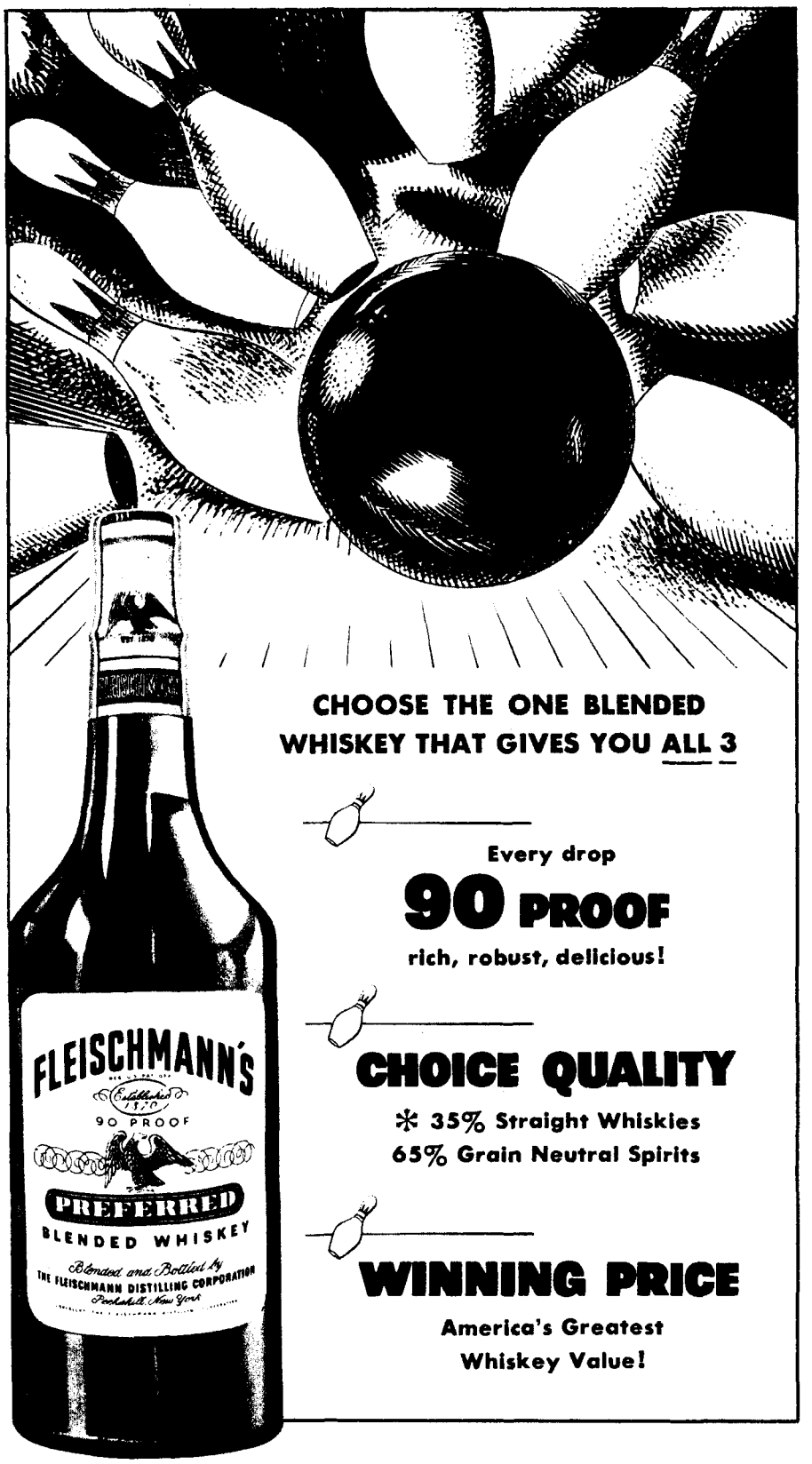
"One day I will tell you about her. It would make an interesting talk for us. I've seen many things. Sad and horrible things. The world is full of idiots. Nothing matters to me, absolutely nothing."

"What do you mean?" Nicholas gasped.

Garcia shrugged indifferently. "You will see. I have been a soldier. An officer. I have seen men flogged, tortured, and shot. But we will speak of that another time. Tell me—where is your mother?"

Nicholas turned pale. The question,

3 STRIKES TO THE GOOD!



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thrown casually, yet with a hidden insolence, pierced anew the deepest, the most secret scar in his shrinking soul. For an instant of panic he thought of answering: She is dead. Had not his father insisted often that she must now be considered as dead to both of them? Yet an instinct within him repudiated the lie, less from a natural innocence than from the strange precognition that if he lied to this man his defenses would be swept away.

"She is in America," he stammered.

"Ah!" Garcia exclaimed. "A wonderful country. But why not here?"

"Mother doesn't live with us any more."

Garcia parted his thin, wide lips in a silent laugh. He broke off, listening, as measured footsteps sounded on the steps of the portico. "Your father has come back. You must not tell him of our interesting conversation. Now we have a secret, you and I. Do not forget that, little innocent."

He advanced to the bed and picked up the tray. Then, with a bow, tinged with servile mockery, he turned and went out of the room.

Nicholas crawled back into bed, filled with perplexity and confusion. Only the prompt appearance of his father prevented him from bursting into tears.

The Consul was in good spirits and, after a brief inspection, he let Nicholas get up. Seated on the bed while the boy dressed, he proved more than usually discursive. The office was better than he had expected.

"And now," the Consul went on with continuing liveliness, "you may be interested to know that I have found you a gardener. He's outside now. Come along and take a look at him."

THEY went downstairs. Outside, waiting respectfully at the back entrance, was a tall, well-proportioned youth of nineteen years, with open features and dark, gentle eyes. He wore his best suit, and in his hands he held a round, flat hat.

"Well, here you are, my lad," said the Consul with agreeable briskness. "What did you say your name was?"

"José, señor. José Santero."

"And you are an expert gardener?"

José smiled, showing beautiful white teeth. It was a warm smile, and so infectious it made Nicholas want to smile back.

"I know to dig, and hoe, and care for the soil, señor. I can prune and plant. I am very willing. But I am not so expert."

"I understood you had experience," Brande remarked, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, yes, señor," José answered quickly. "For three years I worked in the Montoro vineyards. But now there is much unemployment in the hills."

"You have testimonials?"

With a faintly lost air, José looked from the Consul to the boy. "We do not trouble about such things, señor. If you ask Diego Borgano, at Montoro, I think he would speak well of me."

There was a pause. Nicholas gazed up anxiously at his father, who was plainly debating this aspect of the matter, and he had to suppress an impulse, which he knew would only prejudice José's case, to beg his father to engage this gardener who was so young, so friendly, and so nice.

The sound of the luncheon gong hastened the Consul's decision. After all, they had given the fellow a good character at the exchange. He spoke brusquely.

"I shall expect you to work hard, you know. The pay is fifty pesetas a week. Do you agree?"

"I do not quarrel with the señor's wishes," José answered soberly.

"Very good," said Harrington Brande. "Be here at eight o'clock tomorrow and I'll show you what I want done."

He took his son's arm. As Nicholas went toward the house he had a warm picture of the Spanish youth standing there, gentle and humble, yet strangely proud in his poor Sunday clothes, holding the ridiculous hard hat in his fine brown hands.

A place had been made for Nicholas in the shelter of the oleander, a kind of arbor formed by the overhanging branches, and here, following the schedule laid down by his father, he spent most of his afternoons, reclining on a chaise longue, reading a book which must necessarily be profitable since the Consul himself had selected it.

This afternoon, however, the child's eyes strayed frequently toward the figure of the new gardener working in the overgrown border. For two days now Nicholas had longed to speak to him but no opportunity had presented itself. But now, as José dug steadily with his *azada* along the border, the boy could see that very soon José would be beside him, and his heart began to beat a little faster, for he had from the beginning felt a current of warm understanding between the young Spaniard and himself.

At last the gardener reached the arbor and, leaning on the long spade handle, smiled directly at Nicholas. The boy knew that he must speak first, yet he could think of nothing to say.

"You have been working very hard," he stammered, finally.

"No, no." José's smile widened and he shrugged his sunburned shoulders. His torso was bare, and his tight-belted cotton trousers showed the clean strong lines of his graceful limbs. His skin had a warm living texture from the supple play of muscles underneath. After a short pause he added naïvely, "You do not work?"

"I do these." Nicholas indicated his books.

"Ah, yes." José nodded gravely. "I think you are very clever."

"Oh, no," protested Nicholas. "But I have to rest a good deal and that is why I read."

"You are sick just now?"

"I always have a little fever," Nicholas explained. "I am not strong."

José's gentle smile deepened.

"Perhaps if you worked like me you would be strong." He held out his hand. "Come. I have finished digging and am going to plant. You shall help me."

Nicholas hesitated, but only for an instant. He wanted with all his heart to go, and José's firm clasp, helping him to his feet, sent a reassuring thrill through him. They went to the potting shed, where José shouldered a flat of petunia seedlings, then proceeded to the far end of the lawn. Here the gardener began to bed out the young plants. At first, Nicholas was content to watch, but presently he bent down and timidly planted a seedling for himself. After that, he could not bring himself to stop. It was a lovely sensation to pick up the cool green stem, to knead the soft hot soil around the hairlike roots, to see the little shoot stand bravely up to face the sun.

Toward four o'clock the planting was finished and Nicholas stood beside José, viewing the neatly spaced bed with real pride. He did not hear the car as it entered the drive, and he was startled by his father's harsh voice behind him.

"Nicholas, what are you doing?"

He jumped a little, and swung round with a face still lighted by the joy of his achievement.

"Oh, Father, I've had such a good time. Watching, and helping too, with these petunias. And now they have to be watered, or they won't thrive." He went on, coaxingly, "It isn't really late. May I just wait a moment and see them done?"

Displeased and uncertain, Brande gazed from his son to the Spanish gardener who, knowing his position, had withdrawn a few paces. Something impersonal and humble in that action seemed to reassure the Consul. Raising his eyebrows, he answered dryly, "Well, if you're not too long. Our heavy cases have arrived. I'm going in to unpack."

"Oh, thank you, Father," Nicholas exclaimed. "I'll be in right away."

Harrington Brande turned and went indoors. Neatly arranged in the hall, three wooden boxes stood awaiting him, the lids and surplus straw already removed. Garcia, he reflected, was proving more and more useful. He stepped to the bellpull and summoned him. Then, alert for the safety of his greatest treasure, he cast an eye upon the contents of the boxes. Ah, here it was! Carefully, he withdrew from the smallest case a thick bundle of typescript.

"You rang, señor?"

Brande swung round. "Ah, yes, Garcia. You've made an excellent beginning here. Now, will you take this? Gently, please. It is the manuscript of my book."

The butler widened his eyes. "The señor is an author?"

FLATTERED by the exclamation, Harrington Brande inclined his head. "For many years now I have been occupied with a great work—the biography of a great man."

"Does the señor mean himself?"

Brande laughed with pleasure. "Come, come, Garcia. You go a little too far. Find some strong wrapping paper and make a neat package. I want to take it to the office."

"Of course, señor."

When the man had gone, Brande moved to the nearest crate, probing among the contents. But suddenly he paused, his eye caught by a cardboard folder which lay on top of the case. His face altered. The packing had been done by a firm of movers, and from the recesses of some drawer they had brought to light a photograph he long ago had banished from his sight. It was a photograph of his wife.

He picked it up and forced himself to look at it, his expression strained and strangely haunted. Yes, there was Marion, with her pale, charming face and soft dark eyes, her full lips parted in that shadowy smile which had always baffled him. Still holding the photograph, he sat down broodingly in the window alcove, thinking of that first fateful evening when he had met her.

IT WAS some twelve years before at Bowdoin College where he had gone, while on leave from Washington, to deliver a lecture. At the reception which followed he had observed, standing near the door, this pale, rather thin girl, dressed in black, and immediately a sensation had possessed him he had never known before. He had himself introduced, made inquiries about her, discovered that she was poor, that her mother was dead, that her father, a retired professor, lay dying of an incurable disease.

He decided on a Maine vacation, found a good hotel near by, courted her, not with much success, yet with a kind of precise tenacity. Twice she refused him, and though he went away, hurt and rather sullen, for a month or two, still he came back. That winter, in February, her father died and she was alone. On the afternoon of the funeral, when she sat, solitary, silent and wretched, watching the rain roll down the window panes—when all the circumstances of her life seemed more than usually dreary—she had, with a strange passive look, yielded and accepted him.

And then, what had happened? God knew he had done his utmost to prove his love—no one could have been more devoted. He was still stationed in Washington, his prospects were bright, they had a nice apartment. To the fullest extent of his means he surrounded her with comfort, chose books and flowers for her, advised her on what people they should know, even helped her select her clothes. He was with her everywhere, at all times; even at public functions, which he pressed her to attend, he was always at her side. And when they were briefly separated at dinner, or in the crowded reception rooms, he followed her with a deep, possessive yearning, not caring who saw how desirable, how necessary she had become to him.

She was more silent than he could have believed, but that did not distress him. Occasionally the look in her eyes made him uncomfortable, and her shadowy smile was always baffling. But never could he have anticipated that evening, some months after the birth of their child, when she had asked for a separate room.

"Why?" he had stammered with a livid face. "Aren't you my wife?"

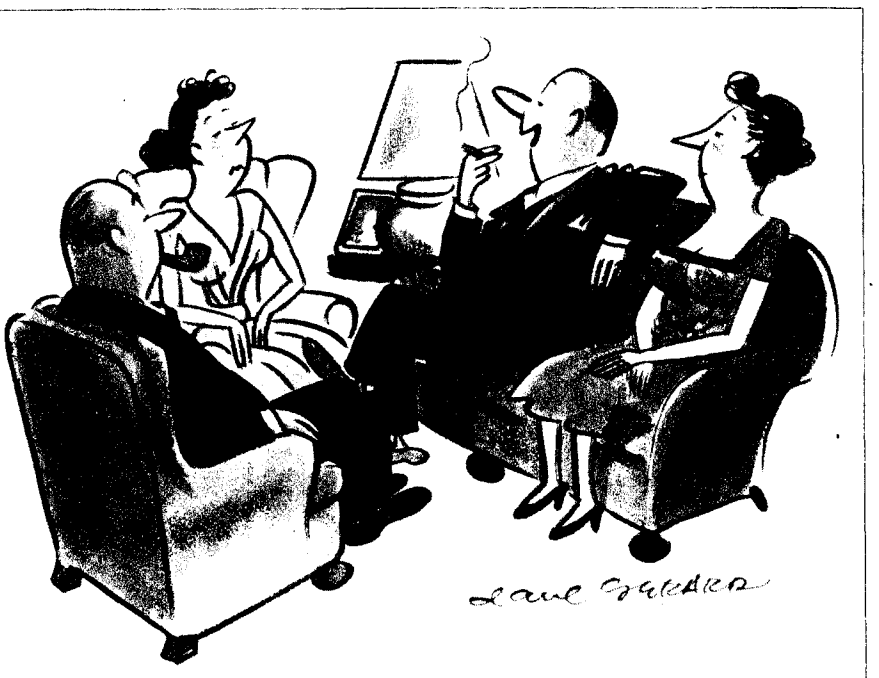
She answered in a voice so low it was almost inaudible. "Sometimes I should like to belong a little to myself."

Of course he had not consented. But he had sensed then, for the first time, her aversion toward him, a strange and incredible antipathy, a barrier which grew, despite his efforts to possess her completely, bodily and spiritually, as his own. Could it be, simply, that she detested him?

He had been transferred to Europe, and the steady succession of his moves had taken them to Stuttgart, Liége, Ancona—places which, he told her bitterly, any normal, loving woman would have found attractive in his company. Was she homesick? The thought helped him at times, salvaged in some degree his wounded pride. And when he was granted an extra leave he took her, and Nicholas, now aged three, back to America. It was there that he received the final blow. One day she had come into their New York apartment and said that she must leave him.

He had felt himself turn sick with a longing to crush her brutally in his arms. But he had delivered his desperate ultimatum coldly: "If you go I won't take you back."

She made no reply. But he could still see her shadowy eyes, holding the enigma which had always tortured him. He went



COLLIER'S

"Say, speaking of children—that reminds me of a little fellow who sold me a newspaper today—which reminds me of a letter in the newspaper that I wrote to the editor!"

DAVE GERARD

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on, "You'll have no money. And no hand —none— *in* bringing up our child."

"Have I got that now?" she answered.

Here, in this Spanish house, with his head buried in his hands, he could still see her slender, swaying figure, could still breathe in the warmth and perfume of her presence. Well, she was gone. At least he had their son. All that love which she had spurned was now transferred to Nicholas. He adored the boy, and he would cherish him, hold him close to his heart—always.

For long moments he remained there, bowed and brooding.

Suddenly there came the sound of laughter from outdoors. He raised his head and saw José and his son carrying the watering can along the garden path together.

The Consul's cheek twitched, as though he had suffered another wound. Abruptly he rose, went to the door, and, controlling his voice, called out, "Nicholas! Come in, my dear. Come in at once."

AT TEN o'clock on Sunday morning, some three weeks later, the Consul sat at breakfast with his son in the sunlit alcove of the dining room. Outside, the spring day was so lovely that Nicholas had longed to take his breakfast on the open veranda. But his father, wary of the early deceitful air, had gently shaken his head.

"Father." From time to time Nicholas had been glancing at the Consul who, in his best humor, was now occupied with a light cigar and his two-day-old copy of L'Echo de Paris; he judged only this journal worth his attention and his friend Halevy sent him copies. "Father, I should like to go to the *pelota* game this afternoon."

Slowly the Consul lowered his paper. "The *pelota* game?"

"Yes, Father." The blood had rushed into the boy's cheeks but he summoned his courage and went on. "It is a kind of handball they play here. Very fast and exciting. All the towns on the Costa Brava are in the league. And today Huesca, the champions, are meeting San Jorge."

Harrington Brande was gazing in amazement at his son's eager face. Gradually his expression relaxed. "Well, well!" he exclaimed mildly. "So Garcia has been talking to you. What nonsense goes on here when I'm at the office! Tell me, where and when is this famous game to take place?"

"At the *recreo*, Father," Nicholas breathed, not daring to confess that Garcia was not his informant. "Four o'clock this afternoon. Oh, do let us go."

The suspicion of a smile hovered about the Consul's lips. It gratified him that his child should seek out his companionship.

"Well." He appeared to consider. "If you take your tonic now, finish your Spanish composition, and rest for an hour after lunch, then we shall see."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Father."

At half past three that afternoon the two set off, Nicholas in the highest spirits, Mr. Brande in a mood of indulgent good humor. They parked the car in the Plaza and by traversing a network of narrow streets behind the fruit market came out at the *recreo*. The Consul permitted Nicholas to tug him to the front row, where they sat on a backless wooden plank which faced directly on the concrete court.

They were early. Only a few youths had gathered on the top tier of benches where, with their feet up, they were joking and arguing in a regrettably vulgar manner. From time to time, other spectators strolled in, mostly young men and boys who took their places at the rear and joined in the general rowdiness. The Consul reflected that at least he and Nicholas were some distance from the babble. But then the real *aficionados* arrived, pushing and elbowing into every available vacant space. In no time at all the benches were packed.

"They'll start soon, Father. Shall I explain about the game?" Nicholas leaned forward and pointed eagerly across the court. "You see these two walls. They're set exactly opposite each other, about two hundred feet apart. These red lines show where the ball must hit. And the lines on the court mark out the same thing. If the ball bounces outside of them it's a fault and counts a point for the other side."

While the Consul stared in stiff curiosity, the boy rattled on. "There are two players on each side—the forward and the back. Huesca plays in blue shirts and San Jorge plays in white shirts. The *pelota*—that's the ball—is made of Pará rubber, bound with yarn and covered with goatskin, and they throw it with the *cesta*. The play is fast, oh, terribly fast—"

There came a shout from the crowd, and the four players appeared on the court. They wore jerseys and white linen trousers, and fastened to the right hand of each, by means of a glove attachment, was a kind of light wickerwork basket. As they began to practice against the walls, the Consul felt Nicholas grow tense beside him.

"Now you see, Father. You see why we came. Isn't it a surprise for you?"

At first Brande did not understand, but then, following the child's glowing gaze, he saw that it was fixed on the younger of the two San Jorge players. It was José.

The Consul started. In a flash of understanding, the situation became clear to him—the boy's eagerness to come to the match, his familiarity with the game, his unmistakable complicity with the young gardener.

"Look, look, Father!" Nicholas cried. "They're starting now. And José's seen us. He just waved to me."

The forward of the Huesca side had taken his position at the mark and now he bounced the *pelota* once, then shot it hard against the wall. Dully, Harrington Brande followed the flight of the ball as, with incredible speed, it flew back and forth. He was conscious of a hurt, tight feeling in his chest which increased his sense of oppression. He glanced sideways at the boy, who, quite unmindful of his father's discomfort, was absorbed in the progress of the contest. With bright eyes, he swayed and stiffened in unison with the others, joining his high treble shamelessly to the swelling vociferations of the crowd.

"*Olé! Olé!* Come on, San Jorge! Come on, José *amigo!*"

WARMED to the game, the players were now fiercely engaged in a series of long rallies, flashing the *pelota* against the wall from every angle. It was incredible, the skill with which they caught the ball, not holding it even for a second in the basket before they sped it back. The sides, Brande could see, were evenly matched, and the scoreboard at this moment read 19 all.

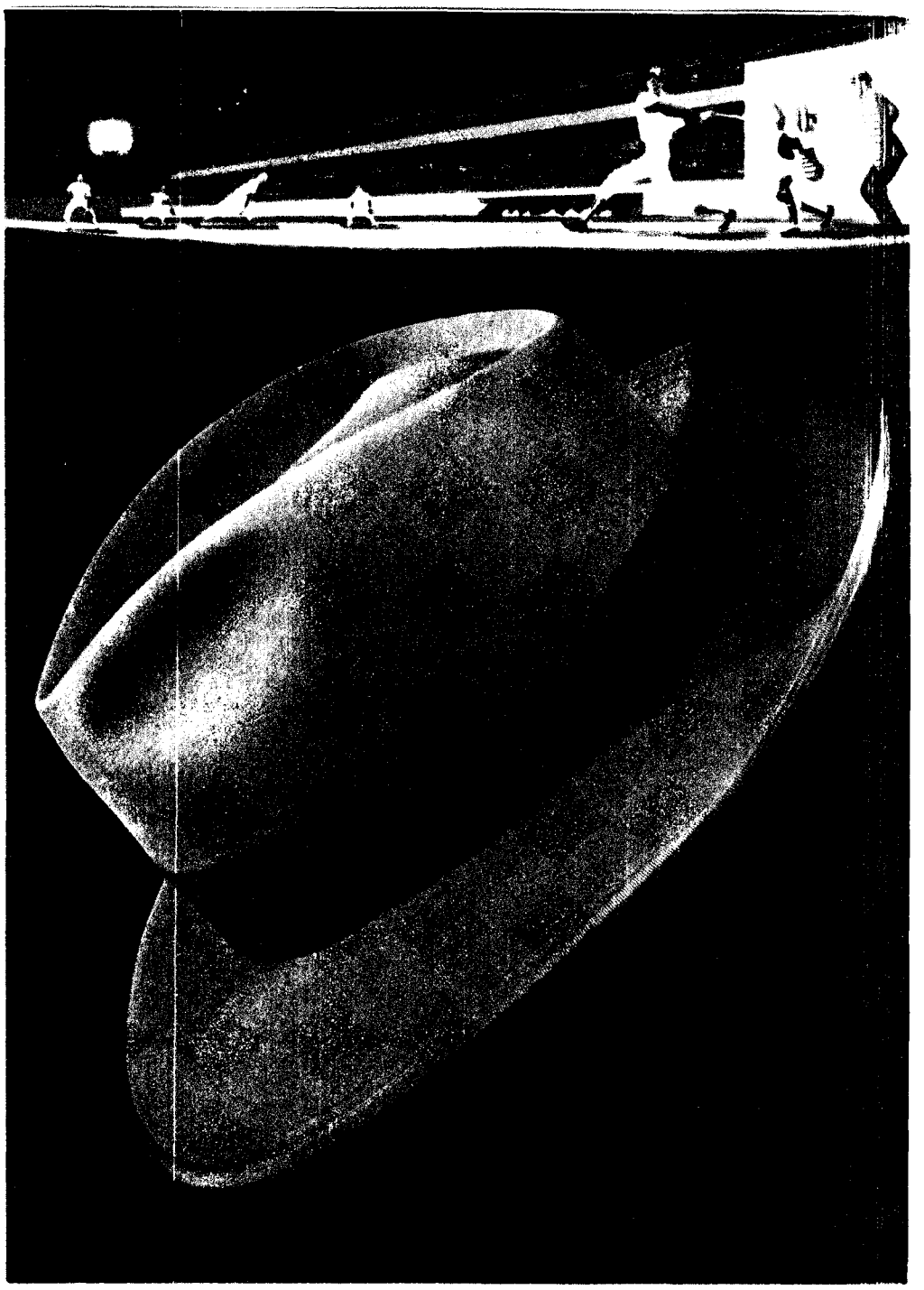
Both the Huesca men were young and agile. But the San Jorge back was middle-aged, a short and swarthy fellow with cropped hair and bandy legs, who played with great astuteness and experience, yet whose lack of speed prevented him from covering his section of the court effectively. It fell to his partner to offset this handicap, and as the Consul observed—in gloomy hostility—José's flowing action and the sureness of his touch, he had to acknowledge that José surpassed by far the other players on the court. And with this came a sudden desire that San Jorge should be defeated in the match.

Harrington Brande began to follow closely every stroke, every point of the game. The score was now 35 to 32 in favor of the Huesca pair, who were concentrating volley after volley upon the San Jorge back. Under this attack the older player was tiring, and Brande smiled grimly as the local supporters began to shout, swear, and shower abuse upon him.

"Run, old son of a dog! Come, José *amigo*, save us from disgrace!"

Under these exhortations it seemed that José was everywhere on the court, gliding, stretching, striking, always with that faint, gentle smile, even though his breath came quickly and the perspiration ran from every pore. But the Huesca men clung to their lead and the score rose steadily, ominously, until it stood at 48 to 47.

The crowd was now in constant uproar,



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

and Nicholas was shouting his heart out with the rest.

"Come on, San Jorge! Come on, José!"

The Huesca forward played a deceptive drop shot and the older player completely winded, failed with the return. He threw up his hands to indicate despair and a groan broke from the San Jorge supporters. One more point would give Huesca the match.

Back and forth went the *pelota* in what might well be the final rally. Suddenly the Huesca leader slipped on the concrete and missed the ball. He rose at once, unhurt, with a confident wave to his followers. But no sooner had he restarted the play than José passed him with a cannon-ball return. An anxious cheer went up from the crowd. The score was now 49 to 48.

IN a queer silence José went to the mark to serve. The rally began. The Huesca men were playing safely, depending upon their opponents to make a fault, while José, upon whom the burden of responsibility had fallen, seemed equally resolved to take no risks. Steadily, steadily went the exchanges, till suddenly, breaking that measured rhythm, José's long arm unexpectedly lashed out and, with a change of pace, he angled the ball between his two opponents. The score was even, at 49 all.

Now, no one dared to take a breath. They were all standing up, craning forward, watching the flying ball as it ricocheted between the walls. Huesca, with the courage of desperation, had begun a brilliant volleying action. Once, twice, they made shots which seemed certain aces but José succeeded somehow in making a safe return. Finally there came a wide swift volley that looked well beyond his reach. He leaped high into the air, swung with all his strength, and crashed the ball home for the winning point.

Men threw their hats in the air, wept, laughed, embraced one another, and shouted in a kind of delirious ecstasy. Nicholas kept swinging his arms and crying wildly: "Hurrah! Hurrah! I knew he'd do it!"

As the players, limp and exhausted, walked off the court, the crowd scaled the barrier and swarmed upon them. José was surrounded, hoisted shoulder high, and borne from the enclosure.

"Oh, Father, wasn't that wonderful?" Nicholas murmured. "I'm so glad you took me."

The Consul answered with a rigid smile. The climax of the game and the succeeding demonstration had caused him the deepest mortification. Yet he must not reveal the strange, inexplicable bitterness within him. He took his son's hand and proceeded in silence toward the Plaza.

"Really, it was a victory for us," Nicholas chattered as they got into the car. "For José belongs to us. He was the one who won the game."

Harrington Brande drove off, gazing straight ahead, and the little boy began, doubtfully, to steal glances at him, wondering if he had, inadvertently, given offense.

"Is anything wrong, Father?" he asked, at last.

There was a perceptible pause.

"No, Nicholas, nothing is wrong, except that I have a splitting headache. I am not used to being crushed in with the common herd, for the sake of a stupid game."

"But, Father—" Nicholas was about to make some protest, but the sight of that chilly profile caused him to break off.

The silence continued through the evening meal, one of those aloof and frozen silences which the Consul periodically imposed, when he seemed to retreat far within himself.

"Shall I go upstairs now, Father?" Nicholas asked, in a subdued voice, when he had drained the last of his milk.

"As you please."

Slowly and sadly, the boy mounted the wide stairway. The joy of the day, with its excitement and novelty, was quenched within him. He could think only of his father's stern, afflicted face. Accustomed to the ritual of the evening, he felt himself disowned and deserted. He undressed listlessly, washed and pulled on his nightshirt. Then, turning, he saw the Consul in the doorway.

"Oh, Father, I thought you wouldn't come."

The Consul answered gravely, "I am not likely to fail in my duty, Nicholas."

"I'm sorry if I've done anything, Father." It was hard for him to keep back his tears. "But I don't know what it is."

"Kneel for your prayers." The Consul took his usual place, and laid an arm upon the boy's shoulders. "You are growing up now, Nicholas. You must be aware how painful and difficult are the circumstances of my life. You know the burden I have borne since your mother left us. Lately my insomnia, increased by my literary labors, has become a perfect martyrdom. There are days when I am so overcome by suffering and exhaustion I can barely concentrate upon my work. And yet, in spite of all this, I have devoted, consecrated myself unswervingly to you."

The little boy hung his head. Tears were forming upon his soft lashes.

"Yes, Nicholas, I have been not only your father, but your friend, your teacher, your nurse. I do not deny that I have drawn from this dedicated service a deep felicity. It is, my dear child, a labor of love. Yet even the most unselfish passion demands some slight affection in return. That is why today, my heart has been rent by the thought that—you do not love me."

"No, no, Father!" Nicholas cried out, "It's not true!"

"Some things are intangible, my child. A careless word, a look, a chance gesture—"

"No, no!" Nicholas almost shouted. "I do love you, you know I do. Mother treated you cruelly. But I won't. We'll always be together." Weeping hysterically, Nicholas threw his arms around his father's neck.

"My own boy," the Consul murmured, holding closely against him that slight living burden. An invading warmth melted the pain within him. He sighed deeply and closed his eyes.

At last he gently disengaged himself, and spoke tenderly, "Now say your prayers, dear child, and we will have our reading."

ALTHOUGH he felt his son more fully restored to him than ever, the Consul could not forget the part played by José in that painful, if brief, estrangement. It had been his practice, as he left the villa in the morning, to acknowledge, distantly, his gardener's respectful salute. Now, however, he passed by with a cold indifference, eyes fixed straight ahead. Yet he was acutely conscious of the youth, of his young figure under the light cotton, the vigorous sweep of his arms as he swung the long scythe, his warmly ingenuous smile. And a surge of resentment filled him that remained with him long after he had reached the office.

He tried to shake off this emotion. It was preposterous that he should permit himself to be disturbed by a mere servant. Doubtless the fellow had bragged to Nicholas about his prowess at *pelota* and had urged him to come to watch him play the game. No more than that. Nevertheless, there remained in the Consul's breast that strange sense of jealousy, and an animosity which, as though it fed upon itself, seemed to grow from day to day.

For a while José noticed nothing, but as his master continued to pass him with that blank, impervious frown, he began to fear that he was failing to give satisfaction and his simple heart was filled with apprehension. Work was scarce in San Jorge, and he had his mother, Maria, to think of, and his sisters, and old Pedro, his grandfather. He increased his already strenuous efforts, arrived half an hour early, departed only when dusk began to fall.

One morning, as he worked beyond the rocky wall, he saw deep in the shelter of some jacaranda shrubs three fragile white flowers, still damp with dew—the first freesias. His eyes lighted up with pleasure; he stood in admiration for a long moment, then carefully picked the flowers. In the tool shed, he bound them neatly with raffia against a light spray of fern, and hastened to the front porch. He had not long to wait before the Consul appeared on the veranda.

"Señor," José said, and stopped, finding it too difficult to make the speech he had prepared. He simply smiled and handed up the boutonniere.

The Consul, for the first time since the *pelota* game, looked directly at the youth. This action, which seemed to break down some deep-seated inhibition, produced in him a curious sense of liberation, of mastery. His tension, so long suppressed, was suddenly dissolved and he felt himself capable of an almost superhuman calm.

"What is this?" he inquired formally.

"For your pleasure, señor—to wear. The first freesias of spring."

"You picked these flowers?"

"Yes, señor."

"You have no right to do such a thing. These flowers are mine. I do not wish them picked."

"But, señor—" José faltered.

"That is enough. You are a stupid, self-willed fellow. You exceed your position. Let us have no more of it in future. Do you understand?"

UNDER the Consul's cold, steady gaze José's lithe young figure appeared to droop. He looked at the little bunch of perfumed blossoms and, as though not knowing what to do with this rejected offering, placed it confusedly behind his ear. As he moved off, he saw that Garcia, waiting with the car, had witnessed his humiliation.

The Consul drove to the town, feeling eased and satisfied, like a man who has thrown off an irritating garment. So agreeable was his humor that, when he entered the office and found Alvin Brotherhood already bent over a pile of bills of lading in the outer room, he paused and remarked, "Good morning, Brotherhood. By the way, it's about time you and your wife came to see us at *Casa Breza*." As his assistant started up, in pleased surprise, he continued generously, "Come next Sunday, won't you? Come in the afternoon and we'll give you tea."

"Oh, thank you, sir," Alvin exclaimed. "I know that Mrs. Brotherhood—"

"Quite," the Consul cut in, blandly. "We shall expect you both at five o'clock."

He passed into his private office, where a fresh copy of L'Echo de Paris lay upon his desk. But his present mood was too creative to waste upon the newspaper. He sat down in his swivel chair and drew out from the bottom drawer the package he had brought from the villa the day before—his manuscript on Malebranche.

To the rest of the world Nicolas de Malebranche might be a dim, an unknown figure, but to Harrington Brande this forgotten Frenchman who, in the eighteenth century, attempted to adopt the teachings of Descartes in the interests of theology, had become an exemplar in whose pedantic philosophy he found a pattern for his own behavior. Over the past ten years he had labored prodigiously on the life of his hero. Several times he had sent the first half of his manuscript to leading publishing houses. His lack of success—none had evinced the slightest interest—although annoying, had neither surprised nor deterred the Consul. He considered the work too erudite to be vulgarly popular and, if necessary, proposed to produce it at his own expense.

Now the manuscript was near completion and, in anticipation of his triumph, the Consul took up his pen.

When Sunday came, the Consul decided to receive the Brotherhoods out of doors and give them tea in the garden. Since twilight still fell early, his guests would thus have less opportunity to settle down and overstay their welcome. He ordered Garcia to arrange a table in the arbor.

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He had spent a delightful day with Nicholas, just the two of them together, perusing a folio of eighteenth-century French prints. Now, gazing across the arbor at his son, he was struck by the improvement in the boy's health. That air of delicate fragility had lessened, and the sickly pallor of his skin was now replaced by a tinge of healthy brown. It was a profound satisfaction to the Consul that Nicholas should at last be responding to the care he had so constantly bestowed upon him.

Alvin and his wife arrived, punctually, in a hired car. Having received them graciously, the Consul proposed a stroll round the garden. While Alvin and Nicholas went ahead, he followed, more slowly, with Mrs. Brotherhood. She was a quiet young woman with glasses and a fresh complexion. She came from Michigan, one of a large family, and had met Alvin on the campus of the state university. That she seemed sensible and good-natured did not prevent the Consul from immediately classifying her as nondescript. Still, her anxiety to please was gratifying. Because of this, he set out to make himself agreeable, and when they sat down to tea in the arbor he turned to her in his best style.

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to be our hostess, Mrs. Brotherhood. As you know, our establishment here is only a bachelor one. We miss the refinements of feminine society."

It amused him mildly to observe how she responded to this attention, filling and passing the teacups with awkward shyness. And again, in the desire to demonstrate his own powers, he began to talk in his most captivating manner, drawing freely upon the lighter side of his experience, painting a picture of his life in Europe which was perhaps more glamorous than accurate.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Alvin sighed, as the Consul concluded an account of the coronation of King Leopold. "We'd have given anything to be there. Wouldn't we, Carol?"

"Your chance will come," Brande suggested helpfully.

"Oh, we hope so! Don't we, honey?"

SHE did not answer, but directed toward her husband a glance of such tenderness that the Consul, who could never see a happy marriage without thinking of the failure of his own, felt a sudden stab of pain. Why was it that this nervous nonentity could command a woman's love while he, so superior in every way, could not?

With a cynicism he scarcely would have suspected in himself, Brande turned to Mrs. Brotherhood. "It hadn't struck me before," he said, in his smoothest voice, "but San Jorge must be rather a dull place for a woman."

A swift surprise showed in her eyes.

"Oh, no. Not at all."

"She has the apartment to look after," Brotherhood said fondly. "And I must say she's made it real homey."

"Still, I should imagine a young couple wouldn't find much social life here," persisted the Consul. "Cramped in the back street of a dingy little Spanish town."

For the first time, Carol Brotherhood looked at him directly. Was it possible, he asked himself, that despite the amiable blankness of his expression she surmised the deeper intention of his remark? She answered quickly, "Oh, we have lots of friends—the baker and the grocer; the old priest, Father Limaza; the cigarette maker downstairs. We go sailing often in the bay with the alcalde's son. In the evenings we sometimes drop in at the teatro, and afterward we have supper in the town. Then we've started a little club for the local boys and girls. We have all sorts of games. I give them ice cream and Alvin even tries to teach them baseball." She went on earnestly, a little unguardedly: "We'd be so glad to see Nicholas there. He'd enjoy the other children, especially if he feels lonely out here."

There was a pause. The Consul's expression was somewhat stiff. Yet everything, thought Alvin, warmly, had passed off extremely nicely. He glanced at his watch.

"We mustn't keep you too long, sir. It's really time we were going."

They were about to rise when steps sounded in the cobbled yard and Nicholas, who had for some time been searching the garden with expectant glances, suddenly lost that air of preoccupation which he had worn for most of the afternoon.

"Look!" he exclaimed eagerly. "There's José. He's got some after all." And before his father could prevent him he beckoned excitedly and called out in a shrill voice, "José! José! Come over here."

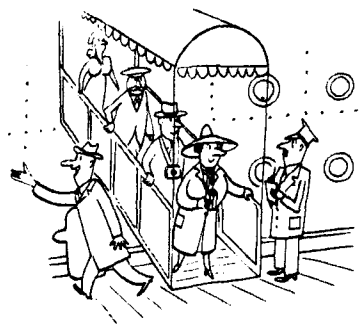
There was an amazed silence. The Consul scowled. "What do you mean, Nicholas? Be quiet at once."

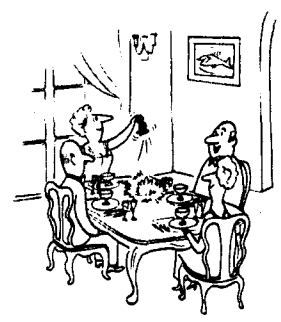
From the shelter of the stable yard José started modestly, yet with a smile of triumph, toward the group. He wore his Sunday clothes and he carried in his hand a bundle wrapped in green osiers.

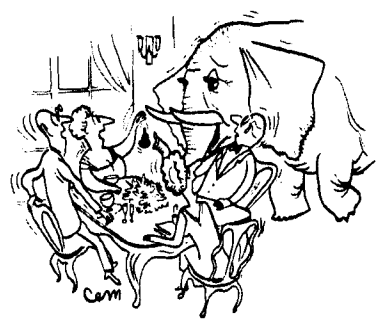
Unbelievingly, his eyes fixed, lips tightly compressed, Brande stared at the advancing youth. Why was he here, on Sunday, at this hour? A strange chill fell upon him. And as if that were not enough, there was Nicholas, jumping in his seat and shouting rudely before their guests, "Hurrah! Well done, José."

"Will you be quiet?" Brande said, in a low, intense tone.

José had now reached the arbor and, with a little bow, he removed his absurd hat and thrust it beneath his left arm. He had smiled first at Nicholas, but now his eyes, intent and serious, were bent propitiatingly upon the Consul.







COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

"Señor," he began, "please to pardon me for disturbing you. I bring you a small gift. The flowers were not mine, and I did wrong to pick them. But these are mine, señor, and I beg you to accept them."

Opening the bundle of osiers, he displayed two fine trout, plump and pinkly speckled, lying side by side on some sprigs of wild mint.

The Consul made no response, but Nicholas cried, "What beauties, José! And such big ones! Did you get them in the millpool or in the fast water above?"

"In the fast water," José answered, smiling at Nicholas. Then he went on, as though explaining, to the others, "It is a stream I go to, the Arengo, far back in the mountains. High up and crystal clear—oh, most beautiful, I assure you. But the trout are difficult. All morning I thought I should catch nothing. Then just before leaving, I got these." His warm gaze came to rest upon the Consul. "I trust you will enjoy them, señor."

HARRINGTON BRANDE sat perfectly still. His face was hard. His pulse pounded in his temples. "I am sorry," he said, at last, in a forced voice. "I never eat trout. And they are too rich for my son."

"But these are good trout, señor— Very fine and delicate."

"Thank you, no," said the Consul. He turned to his guests. "Would you care to have them?"

"Oh, not at all," Alvin Brotherhood said hurriedly, in an uncomfortable voice.

"Then take them to the kitchen." The Consul turned to José. In spite of himself he could not keep a sneer from his lips nor a faint tremor from his voice. "The servants may be able to use them."

"Oh, no, Father," Nicholas cried, in deep dismay. "José wants us to have them."

"You are on a diet. You cannot have them."

Tears started at the back of the little boy's eyes.

"But, Father—"

"Enough." The Consul's tone bit like acid. "You may leave us now, my man."

There was a short pause. José drew himself up as though fighting a sudden fatigue. His words, though they came haltingly, had a strange and simple dignity.

"I am sorry to have displeased you, señor. I rose this morning while it was still dark and walked twelve kilometers to catch these fish for you. I should have known that they were not fine enough for you. Perhaps, therefore, you will permit me to take them home. We are very poor, señor, with many mouths to feed, and these fish would make a good meal for us." He closed the green bundle and, with a stiff little bow, turned away.

Nicholas, with a hot pain in his side, clenched his fists tightly. "Never mind, José," he called out, loud and uncaring. "Eat them for your supper. And see that old Pedro has a bit."

Then, as José's figure disappeared, Nicholas rose to his feet, begged in a low voice to be excused, and dashed off to his room.

Only the Consul's pride enabled him to command the situation. He turned calmly, with a humorous shrug, to his guests. "Children, nowadays, are unpredictable." He smiled amusedly. "With Nicholas, the more stupid a servant, the more he offers him his sympathy."

Continuing, he soon had them laughing at a story of another blundering servant he had once endured, whose foible it had been to keep a parrot in the pantry. His manner, as he rose to see them to the car, showed nothing of the chaos of emotion within him. When they had driven off, he stood, with compressed brows, staring unseeingly at the blue mountains, watered by the crystal Arengo, soaring to the vault of heaven, wrapped in their eternal haze.

(To be continued next week)

YOU and YOUR JOB

by Paul V. Barrett
Vocational Guidance Director
International Correspondence Schools

Job-hunting tip! Every employer is interested in *what you can do for him!* So, in your letters or interviews . . . tell him! Tell him about the jobs you've held. What you did in those jobs. Tell him why you moved from one job to another. And make it good! Because employers don't like to train people and then have them move on. Tell him about the training you've had. That's important for two reasons: (1) Employers prefer trained men. (2) The fact that you took special training shows him you are interested in your job—and want to get ahead.

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City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

pressed on. "I suppose this business of Flavius Grimes set it all off—"

"Don't do that," Daniel interrupted sharply.

"Do what?" Jason's eyebrows lifted.

"Make up reasons like that." Daniel made an impatient gesture with his hand. "If you don't know already, how could I make you see?"

"Think me pretty dim-witted, eh?" Jason was trying now to keep his tone light, as though after all this matter was not so serious.

Daniel looked down at the desk top. "I'm just going away, that's all. I want to be by myself. What else is there to say?"

"But what will you do?"

"I don't know yet. I may stay in the freighting business like Billy. I like the life. I might buy a team. Or I might go back to preaching—get me a small church somewhere. It's not important what I do. Not much I can do, come right down to it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I've had some big ideas about myself this past year. I want to get over them."

"But why? There are so many things you're capable of doing."

"That's what you've been telling me," Daniel said slowly. "Ever since I first went to Sacramento you've been telling me that."

"Only because it's true."

DANIEL shook his head. "First it was because you wanted to get something out of me. You wanted to shut me up because I was a loudmouthed country preacher and it was bothering you. I was dazzled by Broderick and his martyrdom. I thought I was going to be California's new savior. But all I ever was good for was keeping an audience of red-necked prospectors stirred up. And I'll admit that was something to my credit—or it would have been if I'd had sense enough to stick with it."

"I don't know why you insist on—"

Daniel went on talking as though Jason had not interrupted. "That was when you decided to throw a big plum in my path. A big wad of hay on the end of a pitchfork, and like any other jackass I followed it, not looking right or left. Oh, I was impressed with myself all right! A big church in a big city—I was somebody important. I couldn't see—I didn't want to see, of course—that I was nothing. Just somebody you were moving around to suit your purposes. You wanted to shut me up, and you went to a lot of trouble to do it. That's the only part of the thing I can take any pride in. You did go to a lot of trouble."

He looked up quizzically at Jason, but only for a second. Before their glances had a chance to meet and register he was looking down at the desk again. Jason moved slightly as though his position on the edge of it were becoming uncomfortable.

"Of course it was my own fault, too, a lot of it," Daniel hurried on. "I mean—temptation and deception are only half the picture ever. The other half is succumbing to them, which was what I did. But the rest of it—Mary—I do blame you for that."

Jason gave an exclamation of disgust. "Mary wasn't important. She was nothing."

Again Daniel looked at him curiously, but this time the look held and it was Jason who looked away. "Everybody," Daniel said steadily, "is something."

"That was a long time ago," Jason said. He seemed to be keeping his voice quiet and patient with effort. "It has nothing to do with this now. Sometimes it's best not to remember." Daniel did not answer. "You must have had a reason for coming here," Jason pressed on. "Something brought you to Virginia City. Perhaps—" He paused. "Perhaps you fancied yourself my avenging conscience?"

He seemed a little surprised when Daniel showed no resentment at this idea.

"Yes, I suppose so," Daniel replied thoughtfully. "It was my first reaction after Sacramento. Sort of a holdover from my earlier evangelistic thinking. But then it didn't work. Because of course that wasn't what I really wanted at all, although I was quite a long time admitting it even to myself . . ." His voice trailed off thoughtfully.

"What you really wanted—" Jason probed hesitantly.

"What I really wanted all the time was to be like you," Daniel admitted. The words surprised him a little once they were out. Jason said nothing. His face took on a stunned look that was half pleased, half fearful of what was to come.

"That was what happened to me in Sacramento," Daniel said hesitantly. "I saw a kind of life I'd never seen before. People living with a refinement and comfort that was new to me. And there I was with everyone making over me, showing me respect. I wasn't strong enough to withstand it. To be honest, I didn't try very hard. You'd counted on that; so it all worked out right for you. Mary was part of it, too, and my falling in love with her. It was all part of a scheme of acquiring."

"Acquiring?" Jason seemed puzzled by the word.

Daniel made a little motion with one of his hands. "Yes, you know. Because I never did love her. I've realized that much for a long time. But she was one more thing I *had*. One more thing that was new and that I'd never had before. A beautiful woman who knew how to dress and how to speak and all that. You knew well enough that the more I acquired the more I'd want to hold onto it all. That's the way such things work. You didn't anticipate what happened to Mary. That was the only hitch. But in your plan it didn't really matter too much, because by then the damage was done. Something had changed in me, and I could never go back to preaching in saloons and tents. I wanted the other things now, the things you'd showed me." He paused. "The things you had."

"Does that seem so wrong—"

"I've stopped thinking about wrong or right," Daniel put in quickly. "I seem to have lost my capacity for judging them. All I have to go on now is what a thing does to me." He stopped for a moment, then went on in a low voice. "And I know what this has done to me.

"I even tried to believe in what you were doing—" Daniel mused. "That would have provided some justification, you see. But I couldn't. And I couldn't believe in what you were doing to people."

Jason seemed to recover himself. His voice stabbed out sharply. "Then knowing all that, why do you leave? Why don't you stay and fight it out with me?"

Daniel looked at him quizzically. "You know why. You asked me the other day if I was thinking of turning crusader again. You knew well enough that I wouldn't—that I couldn't. You took all that out of me. I've lost the ability, and I suppose, to be honest, I've lost the inclination. You can have your empire, Jason." He said it simply, without feeling. Jason stared at him as though this were something unfathomable, unanticipated. And in the same moment Daniel felt a strangely quiet satisfaction. He had said it. He had left no arguable point.

"You know how far you could go with me," Jason said, but his voice lacked conviction, as though it were a token protest. "This Pacific Republic won't be just a backwoods territory, Daniel. There'll be something big in it for you. I'll see to that. Is it worth throwing away everything—making this little show of defiance—"

"I'm not making a show of anything," Daniel retorted. "I'm doing something I have to do. I have to go away somewhere. I have to find something I've lost."

Jason seemed to recover some of his customary casualness. "A pilgrimage in search of humility," he said. "Well, humility has a certain charm in some people. But I think you may find it rather too petty to fit you gracefully."

COLLIER'S "Did he look like that when he went in?" GARDNER REA

"Swing your pardners, round you go.

"Swing that lady in calico—"

Eight men had struck up an impromptu square dance near the fire, four of them wearing bandannas tied around their arms to designate them as women; as they turned and whirled heavily the other men seated around the fire stamped and clapped to keep time. Daniel glanced at Bill Thursday. The big man was bobbing his head gently, smiling as he watched.

They were spending the night in a freighters' camp a day's journey out of Virginia City. The wagons were drawn up under a clump of trees near by and the tethered mules poked their heads into long boxes of hay and oats. The men stayed in a close group near the fire, for this evening gathering was a ritual of the trip, a coming together of the clan. Supper was over—the evening meal of beans and salt pork—and now came the brief hour before they would curl up under their wagons and sleep.

It was a hoarded time accompanied by custom and ceremony, and Daniel, sitting a little out of the group, could not help feeling a certain sense of privilege in being witness to it. He knew the pattern the evening would follow. After the dancing the men would sit cross-legged on the ground and begin unwinding their store of tales. They would brag of marvelously intelligent mules, incredibly bad roads, wagon races, sexual exploits. They would describe fully and at length fights with blackguards who had not turned out far enough at narrow places in the road, fights in which the teller always emerged triumphant.

Daniel remembered how on the trip from Sacramento to Virginia City in the spring, Billy, usually unsmiling and taciturn, had talked hour after hour, telling long stories of mules and freighting. Daniel had listened with respect. Billy Thursday seemed to him an archetype of all militant individualists, earthy yet loftily remote, alone and yet somehow at one with the whole world around him, with his mules and with the high sturdy wagons, with the tortuous mountain trail and with the vastness of trees and earth and sky. Daniel could not help feeling the need to prove himself as he struggled to obey Billy's directions, braking the wagons on the downgrade, and something close to envy had come over him as he watched the skillful movements of the great black-snake whip in Billy's hairy paw.

For the most part Billy walked beside his team, his bearded face dusty and sunburned, guiding them with his voice and with slight movements or cracks of the big whip. Billy possessed a fabulous supply of oaths, surpassing any Daniel had ever heard. Yet strangely, the big man uttered most of them in a pleasant tone and without malice.

Daniel had often since then thought back to the quiet healing beauty of that trip across the mountains from California, wondering what would have become of him if Billy had not taken him on as a helper that day in Sacramento when he had come stumbling into the stable asking for work. He remembered Billy's squinting appraisal of him, knew that Billy recognized him, and he had stood there sweating, dreading the inevitable refusal. A preacher! What could a preacher do?

BILLY had hesitated only a moment. Then he had said, "Reckon I could use an extra hand. We start at sunup." And Daniel had never known why. Sometimes since, he had berated himself for never seeking Billy out, but he sensed that Billy had understood this too.

Sometimes as they plodded forward they had met other freighters; sometimes travelers, men on horseback, men in buggies, men on foot—all of them bound for the Washoe and the great bonanza. And finest and most elegant of all, the swift stage out of Sacramento that flew over the hundred and sixty-two miles of the journey in but three days.

That trip had given him a quietude that was at times almost contentment. Up through the forests they wound, up avenues of resinous pine, through corridors bright with azalea—up and up. And as they made their way a wholeness of spirit seemed to come over Daniel, unwilled, against the resistance of his inner melancholy. When at last Daniel had looked over the rim of the Sierra he caught his breath sharply.

There it lay in all its gaunt, hostile splendor—arid, forbidding, sullen; stippled with sage, a spreading landscape of broken mountains. The majestic sweep of Sun Mountain rising to its stony peak, and directly before them, the Washoe's final angry challenge. Three thousand feet of precipitous gorge down which they would have to scramble in order to cross the Carson

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valley and climb two thousand feet up again.

Remembering, Daniel felt the chill of that moment again. He looked around the fire quickly, seeking a return to the present. The men had stopped dancing and were squatting or sitting close to the fire. They were bragging about improbable amatory adventures. All of them listening, none of them believing, but polite according to the rules.

Daniel's eyes went again to Billy Thursday. The teamster was also a little removed from the circle around the fire, but not because he was an outsider. Rather it was a position of pre-eminence which he occupied by common consent, as might a tribal chieftain or the elder of a village. Billy was universally respected among the freighters for his great stature, his legendary strength, his remoteness. His rarely voiced opinions were accorded deference, and his stories were believed, not merely listened to with polite incredulity.

Daniel could not help feeling flattered at the way in which Billy had accepted him. It was odd, Daniel thought, that both times he and Billy had been together had been occasions for flights on his part. For some reason the thought made Daniel restless and unquiet.

The talk of the teamsters was raucous and bawdy. Women, Daniel thought, and the memory of women. The wishfulness, the remembering, the longing. The whole West was a community of lonely men, their attitude strangely vacillating between respectful worship and lustful wanting. And he was no less guilty than any of them.

Now he could not help remembering Emily, soft and responsive in the night, bright-faced and eager, lifting her mouth to his. But he had met her at a time that offered them no hope for the future. They had had a moment full of glistening purity and removal from the present, and then there had been, inevitably, the return to reality, the shattering of the illusion.

Soon the talk grew thinner, drawing out to its conclusion. One of the men in the circle rose and yawned.

"I got to get some sleep. Me and my helper have to spell each other tonight, sittin' shotgun on the wagons."

THERE was a murmur of surprise around the fire. "What you carryin', Martin, a load of virgins?"

"Better'n that. Three wagons fulla whisky and French champagne for a mighty special customer who's gettin' ready for a big celebration. Mr. Jason Feathers."

Daniel felt himself stiffening to attention.

"He's gonna have plenty to celebrate before long, I reckon," another said.

"Never mind, he's all right," a third voice put in, "whatever he wants to do. He's for Californy and the Washoe."

Other voices chimed in rapidly. "Got a head on his shoulders all right."

"All the big boys in Californy are for him."

And Daniel thought with some surprise: I had no idea it had gone this far, that people were accepting him so unequivocally.

"Looked at first like Judge Terry was goin' to be the big gun out here, but Jason Feathers stole his thunder all right."

"Well, you take a man like Terry, he's a blowhard. All wind and no brains. That's what it takes, brains—"

"And what about a heart? Don't anybody figger a heart's important?"

It was Billy Thursday, speaking for the first time, and at his words the group around the fire grew silent.

"Judge Terry's got no heart either," Billy went on thoughtfully, "but nobody expects him to have one. Jason Feathers is a different proposition. He's got brains, and he's patient. Makes him more dangerous."

The man with the load of whisky snorted. "I don't call it dangerous to try and keep the Eastern nabobs from comin' out here and takin' everything away from us, Billy."

Billy did not appear to be listening to him. He looked up thoughtfully into the night sky. "Senator Broderick," he mused. "Now there's what I'd call a leader."

"Broderick!" The disgust was audible in the other man's voice. "Why, even Terry showed him up."

"Showed him up as a poor shot, that's all," Billy retorted. "But there was plenty that mourned for him. Who'd mourn for Terry, I wonder, or for Jason Feathers either, if one of them was to die tomorrow?"

There hasn't been a funeral like this since Bella Cora buried her lover. The words recurred to Daniel with a jolt. Somewhere in the back of his mind he could hear the rumbling of the great wheels and see the black plumes nodding on the horses' heads.

"No, there's somethin' missin' with those two. The big men have it. They don't. Broderick had it. There just ain't many leaders left like Senator Broderick."

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime:
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Daniel knew without looking that Billy had turned in his direction.

"This thing's cute. How do you get them back in?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Well, I'd as leave have a mite less heart and a mite more law and order. Jason Feathers can give us that."

"Reckon he can," Billy said without expression. "His own kind of law and order."

I regard with mistrust any man who places himself above it—who says, in effect, I am the law. Daniel could hear Clarence's words echoing sharply in his memory. He clenched his hands; the palms were wet.

"It's a young country out here," Billy went on. "When you're young you like to hang onto something. You run for portection every time a wind blows up."

"That's just what we're not doin'!" shouted the man with the whisky. "We wanta get rid of the Union—untie the apron strings. We wanta stand by ourselves!"

Something seemed to break with a furious roar inside Daniel's head. "Are you sure?" he shouted. It was several seconds before he quite realized that he was no longer seated just beyond the circle by the fire. He was standing in the middle of the group, feet spread, his shoulders tense. He experienced an instant of bewildered self-consciousness. Faces regarded him strangely; Billy Thursday was looking up, watching him with sharp, quizzical scrutiny.

Daniel let his breath out slowly, and suddenly he felt light, easy, weightless, buoyed up by some surprising inner surety.

"Are you sure?" he repeated softly. "Or are you actually looking for protection closer to home—stronger protection you can see and feel? Maybe Washington isn't close enough for you to run to with your little fears!" It was an accusation directed at each of them individually, and he could almost feel the faint wave of uneasiness and resentment it provoked in them. They don't like being told, he thought, but they're listening.

"Perhaps you only want more coddling, not more independence!" he went on. His voice was loud and resonant in the dark night. "Perhaps at close range Jason Feathers's fortress merely looks higher, stronger, more impregnable, the walls thicker, and the turrets more gleaming."

They were still looking at him, and in place of the resentment which he had seen a moment before he now saw a kind of wonderment. Triumph surged through him, and unconsciously he began to think as he had used to think. Was it enough? Had he timed it right? Should he say more or would he lose the sharp clearness of the moment if he went on? And mingled with this quick-rising, intuitive speculation was a muted astonishment. This was Daniel MacGrath saying these things; this was the Preacher talking. He hesitated briefly, feeling their oneness with him. Then he let his voice drop so that there was a kind of unconscious leaning forward among the men.

"Think it over, friends," he said. "The gate will be heavy when it shuts behind you. You want security, do you? How much are you willing to pay for it?" He waited several seconds. "Jason Feathers's price is high." Then he strode out beyond the circle and into the darkness.

Billy Thursday joined him a moment later but he said nothing at first. Instead he moved about in the dim light, making sure the mules were fast, unwinding his blanket roll and searching for a level spot on which to spread it. At last, groaning and sighing, he lowered himself to the ground and rolled himself up in the blanket. He lay quite still and Daniel knew he was not sleeping. Daniel reached for his own blanket and spread it under one of the wagons, then curled up in it without removing his boots, and pulled it around him. The night air was cold and sharp. He waited for Billy's voice, knowing it would come, and at last it did, diffident, probing, genuinely puzzled.

"Where the hell you running to, boy?"

Daniel did not answer. . . .

He was up before Billy the next morning. It was not yet light but a few of the freighters were already stirring, going in ghostly quiet about their affairs, moving wraithlike over the mist-blanketed ground.

Daniel built a fire and made coffee to go with the bacon and hard biscuits. He drank some of the coffee, then went over to the wagons and hitched the mules.

By now tendrils of grayness were creeping into the dark. Billy Thursday woke, scratched, looked from the already-prepared breakfast to Daniel and the already-hitched team and back again, said nothing. He returned, ate a heaping plate of bacon, and several biscuits which he plunged into the black coffee, then began collecting last odds and ends to stow in the wagon. Blankets, frying pan, coffeepot. Twice he glanced at Daniel but the younger man was turned away from him. Wheels creaked as the first of the wagons began to move out of the enclosure of trees, those with ore headed west, those with supplies headed east in the direction of Sun Mountain. Billy picked up his heavy whip, coiled the lash of it neatly.

"We're carryin' a heavy load," he said. "Better climb up on the rear wagon and be ready with the brake. I'll walk alongside."

"Mr. Thursday, I've been thinking," Daniel spoke haltingly. "I sat up most of the night thinking—"

Billy suddenly busied himself with one of the front wheels. The silence was awkward between them.

"I'm grateful to you for taking me on, but I'm not going to California with you. I'm going back to Virginia City."

Billy looked up, met Daniel's eyes.

"Why are you going back, boy?"

Daniel hesitated. "I don't know for sure. I just know I'm going."

"Well," Billy said. "Well, now." He stared thoughtfully at the wheel, then back at Daniel. "Don't know but what I'll go along back with you." And then all the reticence, the great silent reserve seemed to flow out in one mighty bellow as Billy uncoiled the great whip and swung it over the heads of the mules in a command to turn about.

"Grab a-holt, boy!" he roared. "We gotta make time. Clear the way! Charge!"

Dust flew up in clouds as the startled mules strained in their harness, negotiating the full turn so that they were headed eastward, toward Washoe and the pale new day. Daniel hesitated a moment longer, then grabbed hold of the rear wagon and swung himself up.

CLARENCE tossed the whisky down in one gulp and flourished his cigar.

"He'll speak here tomorrow night. That'll start it off. Then we'll line up a regular program for him. Gold Canyon, Devil's Gate, Gold Hill, Genoa." He returned to the table and riffled through a stack of posters. "The printer's a Union man—that was a piece of luck I hadn't counted on. He ran these off for me in a hurry." He held up one of the posters. "Union or Tyranny" was the heading in large letters across the top. "These are all over town by now. It won't take long for the news to get around. Now what about protection?"

He leaned forward over the round table in Emily Fielding's house where the other men sat. He was in his shirt sleeves, his shirt open at the neck.

Tom Peasley, the fire chief, looked up worriedly. "You know what protection we can raise, Mr. Mullins. Sixty-four men, that's the long and short of it. My sixty-four boys'll be ready."

"Sixty-five—I'll be there," Tooey spoke up from behind the half-empty bottle.

"Good. Every extra one helps."

"Figure I'll go along with the rest of the boys." Billy Thursday, huddled forward over the table, spoke for the first time.

"Fine, Mr. Thursday." Clarence cocked his head. "That's sixty-six men, sixty-eight counting Daniel and me. Well—" He hesitated, looking toward Daniel.

"I'm not worried about the protection." Daniel said. Yet his face was pale and drawn, his eyes sunken.

The fire chief looked across at him. "We ain't worried about you, Reverend, if that's what you're thinkin'."

Daniel looked up with a little start of surprise at the form of address, but Tom Peasley had said it naturally and without self-consciousness. "You're putting a lot of stock in what I can do," Daniel murmured.

"Whatever you do." Clarence put in smoothly, "it's more than any of the rest of us have been able to. Now let's quit worrying about that end of it. There's enough else to think about now."

He continued his pacing. "Terry commands the Southern faction here, to be sure, but it's a pretty sure bet Jason Feathers has Terry in his back pocket. He's probably been feeding him money right along—Jason isn't fussy about who his bedfellows are as they're all working against the Union. And there's the question. Will Terry try to break up the meeting or will he wait and take his orders from Jason? I doubt if Jason would—" He left the sentence suspended, his voice breaking off abruptly on a speculative note.

"No?" Tom Peasley was skeptical. "If Terry put pressure on him he would. Feathers still needs Terry."

Daniel, who had been showing no sign of listening, broke in irrelevantly, "When did you say we'd be in Genoa?"

"Maybe by the end of the week we could have it fixed for you to speak there," Clarence replied. "Why?"

"There's a preacher in Genoa," Daniel said, still with the thoughtful preoccupied manner. "I want to get married while I'm there." His tone indicated the matter had been on his mind, worrying him. The men shifted self-consciously in their seats, and Clarence came quickly into the breach with a touch of his old flamboyance.

"Why, to be sure. No reason why that couldn't be arranged. Lend a happy note to the whole thing, gladsome nuptials and the

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pealing of bells. To be sure." He cleared his throat and drew on his green coat. "It's getting late. We'll leave you to get some rest. Just relax, Daniel, and forget about tomorrow night for now."

The men at the table shoved their chairs back and as they left they glanced apprehensively at Daniel.

He was still sitting there when Emily slipped down the ladder from the loft nearly an hour later. She had retired early, feeling that the gathering would be somehow less restrained if she were not there. She sensed that this was not woman's business yet she was pleased that they had come here to her home for their meeting. It seemed in some way a tribute, less to her than to her father, Noah. When there was action to be taken, they still assembled in Noah Fielding's house. Noah had always been the leader here.

Now, however, as she saw Daniel sitting there in the dark she felt uneasy. She went over to him. "Daniel—" She put one hand on his shoulder. "Daniel, you shouldn't feel—it's nothing to be ashamed of if you're afraid—" She could see him more clearly now as her eyes became accustomed to the dark. He seemed to be coming out of his thoughts, returning from some far place.

"I'm not afraid, Em." His voice surprised her by its firmness. "I'm thinking."

She pulled a chair close to him and sat down. He took both her hands in his. "You're cold," he said. There was a tenderness in his tone that made her heart turn.

"Wait." He got up and crossed the room to where his heavy coat hung. He brought it back and wrapped it around her, then sat down again taking her hands in his.

"What were you thinking?" she urged softly.

He hesitated. "How can I explain it? It's— Look, Em, you know how we've all been thinking of this thing as a lost cause. We've all had the attitude that we can't possibly win but at least we'll go down fighting. Now all of a sudden I've begun to wonder."

SHE felt a tingling all over as though she were on the verge of excitement and discovery. "Wonder what?"

He drew his breath in audibly. "Why can't we win, Em? Why are we all so sure Lincoln will lose? I've got a feeling. I don't know where it came from or why, but I'm sure we can do it. Am I crazy, Em?"

She shook her head hard, but when she started to speak he interrupted.

"First we were nobody, you see? All pulling in different directions. And all the time I kept thinking how much it would mean to me if I could do something. But I was thinking of myself—of what a personal victory it would be for me. That's what I was thinking. It was all personal. Then tonight with everybody sitting around—They weren't thinking of themselves, they were thinking of what we could do together. They didn't even consider the danger. Even Tooey. He's an old man—" He stopped and swallowed.

"Yes, I know."

"And you, Em. Believing in me when you have no reason to—"

"But I love you."

"Yes. That, too. And everything together, all of it, it's suddenly made me see. If we stick together we can do it."

"Oh, Daniel—" She stopped, feeling her eyes fill. Then she shook her hair back. "You'd better get some rest."

"No. I couldn't sleep. I just want to sit here."

"Then I'll sit with you."

His hands tightened on hers and he smiled, and that too, Emily reflected, was something strange and wonderful. It was so seldom that she had seen him smile. . . .

By the time the dawn crept in grayly she was stiff and chilled, but oddly, his tiredness seemed to have gone. The lines of fatigue were gone from his face, and as he got up and strode to the window to look out his step seemed light and springy.

She came close to him and put her face against his chest so that he was looking over the top of her head. She stayed there for a moment, pressing her cheek against the cloth of his shirt, feeling hope flood through her as some of his strange new energy communicated itself to her. Then she too turned to watch the first sunlight show itself over the hard-faced mountain. "It does look different this morning, doesn't it?" she whispered.

STANDING at the long plank bar, Jason poured himself a whisky. The saloon was completely deserted except for a seedy-looking prospector at the far end of the bar. The man was slumped forward, his hat pulled far down over his eyes, and Jason would have surmised that he was asleep except that he was standing up.

The saloonkeeper was nowhere in sight and there were no other customers. Undoubtedly the proprietor had had the presence of mind to take his cashbox with him, but even at that, leaving all this whisky about unguarded was a rather risky business. But of course tonight was unusual.

Jason moved slightly to look across the street where a curious crowd was already gathering around the little church. Then he turned back to the bar. He cared little for drinking. Still, tonight he needed some excuse for being abroad.

The immediate problem of paying for the drink claimed his attention. It was a small, fussy question and he turned gratefully to it. Naturally he would pay. But if he left the money openly on the bar, this disreputable-looking individual would most assuredly come to life the minute he left and snatch it. Yet the moral obligation would have been taken care of, since he would have paid. Jason turned away from the question with annoyance. It was, after all, ridiculously trivial. He took money from his pocket, placed it on the bar with care so that it made no clink, then moved the bottle slightly so that the coins were behind it. He stole a glance at the saloon's other patron, who had not moved.

It was an aimless sort of night, and Jason disliked aimlessness. The empty saloon was depressing in its solitude, which was pointed up all the more by the waiting crowd across the street which he himself could not—would not even have considered—joining.

He had a sense of futility; and this was most singular, since he was even now on the point of attaining everything he had ever wanted. He was a wealthy man, a powerful man. Yet somewhere in him there was a discontent, a restlessness.

He thought of all the people who were accretions to his life—how oddly inconsequential they had suddenly become. Daniel in some strange and devious way had become more important than any of the others. And he wondered once more whether Daniel would show himself at the meeting tonight. If he came, then something would be ended. It had all been decided. Terry and his posturing Southerners were a pack of fools, but he still needed them. Impossible to ignore them in this. He had had to give his promise. And so now Jesse Hull stood far inside the church, near the small side door where he could get away quickly, stood there with his gun weighing him down heavily.

And again and again the thought kept returning to Jason: With Daniel gone, would anything be important?

There seemed to be a little stir in the crowd outside and he walked over to the open door. Someone had arrived. He felt his heart thumping with unaccountable vigor as he peered through the moving forms, trying to discern who it was.

Then he saw the stocky form of Clarence K. Mullins shoving a way through the waiting men, leading someone along with him. It was Emily Fielding, and Jason had a clear view of her for an instant.

She seemed to hesitate and look up the street and then remained standing before the church. Her face looked bloodless, drained of color, the dark eyes wide and searching. She was afraid, and the sight of her fear bolstered Jason oddly. For a moment he wondered what had been troubling

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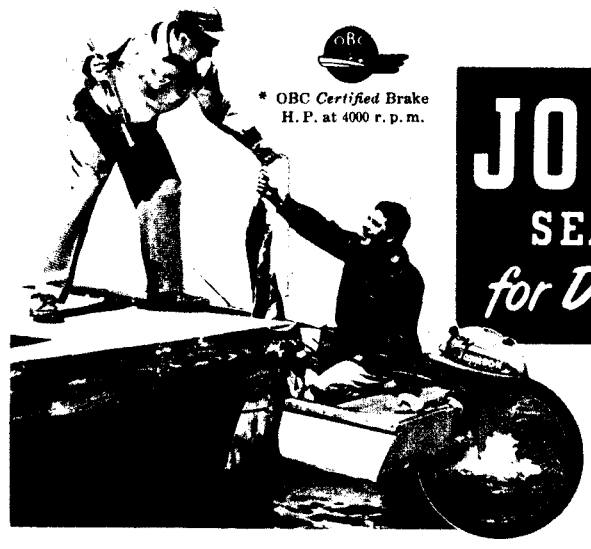

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him earlier. He had this matter well in hand. It was all up to him now.

The crowd closed around the two new arrivals. Now the men were arguing, putting up money, betting whether or not the country preacher would show his face. Jason felt disgust. Small satisfaction in the control of such a pack of fools. Yet it was not such a small thing, nor so easily dismissed. He had had to buy that control. He could picture in his mind the tall, handsome Terry as he had paced back and forth across his office that afternoon.

"Oh, you say you're with us, all right. But how do we know it? This preacher worked for you—you were hand in glove for a long time. How do we know you're not playing us off, one against the other? There's only one thing that will satisfy my boys—"

One thing, and he had given his promise.

He turned back into the saloon, noticing as he did so that the prospector at the end of the bar had raised his head and was also looking out toward the crowd. The man had the young-old look of most of the miners that made it impossible to guess his true age. He was bearded, his eyes were sunk behind wrinkles and he was fairly drunk.

He nodded in the direction of the church and announced somberly, "I been converted myself. Four times. Don't know as there's anything gives a man a better feelin' than bein' converted. You ever felt the power of the Word?"

"No." Jason said it precisely, coldly, to forestall further confidences.

"Hallelujah!" the man pronounced gravely.

The saloon was silent once more, but from outside the rising current of excitement became more clearly audible.

"Last conversion I made was over to Folsom City," the man at the bar asserted. Jason turned his back on him.

WHY was he questioning the standards which until now had served him satisfactorily? Was there perhaps some lurking awareness far back in his own mind that if Daniel appeared tonight it would mean that he had laid hold of some truth Jason had never glimpsed? Not merely this nonsense of Lincoln and Union. That was only the manifestation, the form of it. And it was, as everyone knew, a lost cause.

But the deeper thing, the self-discovery. Was that what Daniel's revolt indicated? And was it what he himself feared even more than the severance of their personal tie? If Daniel went through with this it must mean that he had subjected himself to the most soul-searching kind of scrutiny. His defiance would be a challenge to Jason to do likewise. But could he? What if he searched through all the encumbrances of his life and found nothing with solidity or meaning? Where could he turn then, and how would he live? Jason found himself trembling.

He raised the glass to his lips, then paused. Outside, the talking and arguing had died down. The men were turned in one direction and they were watching in silence. Jason slammed the glass down on the bar, spilling the whisky, and rushed to the door. He looked up the street as the others were doing.

It was a strange procession and it was advancing slowly with guarded yet determined steps. It was Tom Peasley's firemen, the Committee of Safety, the red-shirted sixty-four who were Virginia City's small island of Union loyalty. They held their revolvers at the ready, and they kept their faces stoically ahead, but their eyes seemed poised with tension and readiness. Watching them, it no longer seemed strange to Jason that in a city overwhelmingly antagonistic to them, these legendary fire fighters should have acquired an aura of heroism and grandeur.

They walked with all the slow ceremony of a guard of honor, and so impressive was the sight that it took Jason several seconds to realize that the one whom they guarded was not enfolded within the safety of their ranks, but leading the procession.

There was a slight collective intake of breath from the crowd as it recognized Daniel MacGrath. He was flanked only by Tooey and Billy Thursday. The former held his gun across his arms and Billy Thursday was apparently unarmed, but carried, loosely swinging in one hand, the great coiled black-snake whip which was the mark of his trade. But it was upon Daniel himself that all the stares came to rest.

He was obviously unarmed, and he wore trousers stuffed into knee boots, white shirt and narrow string tie, and the wide-lapeled frock coat of the preacher. His broad-brimmed hat was of black felt. His arms swung easily at his sides.

THE silence of the street was suddenly complete except for the shuffling feet of the advancing column. Jason Feathers watched, feeling his whole body stiffen, girding itself against some inner collapse. When the three who walked in front came abreast of the church the crowd parted wordlessly to permit them to enter. But at that moment Daniel paused as though called back by a soundless voice. He turned and for the space of an instant stared across the street, directly at Jason. Then he wheeled about, and strode into the church with long purposeful steps.

For several minutes Jason stood there dazed, watching distractedly as the men crowded in after him. The man at the bar lifted his head.

"Preacher showed himself, did he?"

Preacher! The word bounced echoingly in Jason's head. There was an impersonal sound about it, a lack of identity with the Daniel he had known. Even in Sacramento it had been Reverend, the Reverend Mr. MacGrath. The preacher! What a strangely powerful ring it carried!

For a moment Jason was filled with an exultant satisfaction. The impersonal look Daniel had given him before he entered the church was a barrier thrown up between them. Very well then. It would be only a matter of moments before he was standing on the platform. Already Jesse was probably moving into position, fingering his gun. And then they would see! They— Whom did he mean by they? It occurred to him with a little shock of surprise that he was no longer thinking of Daniel alone, but of Daniel and Emily. Daniel and Emily with all their soft talking, their night-shrouded confidences, their touching and love-making, their plans against him.

Most of the crowd had jammed into the church by now. Suddenly Jason wanted to be there too. He wanted to witness this final episode, this closing moment.

He strode across the street.

One of Tom Peasley's men loomed up before the doorway.

"I got orders—" he began.

Jason regarded him loftily. The man seemed far away, insignificant. "I am unarmed," he pronounced distinctly. "And I am a regular parishioner of this church.. Kindly stand aside." And without another word he brushed past the startled fireman.

The crowd in the doorway was close and pushing. He elbowed his way firmly through. There were angry murmurs which he paid no attention to. It was as though he walked in water up to his chest. The going was difficult, but one had only to plow firmly forward.

The oil lamps were blazing in their wall sconces. There were a few men milling about on the platform but Daniel was not there yet. Far down in front near the small side exit he could glimpse the shining bald head of Jesse Hull.

He pushed toward it for no particular reason except that it was a point of focus in the room. His surroundings had taken on the unreality of something seen distantly and in miniature. Jesse Hull, as he approached him from behind, added to the impression. He looked grotesque with his stooping, one-sided posture, his forward-jutting head, his long prehensile arms.

Jason stopped there behind Jesse Hull and let his eyes wander about the church. There was hostility in the crowd, or at least in a large segment of it. Some had come only out of curiosity, and these were for the most part the noisy ones.

Tom Peasley's men, who were scattered throughout the place, their red shirts bright spots of color at every turning, looked worried and uneasy. Some of the stoicism they had displayed on their march down the street seemed to have deserted them. They were apprehensive about the big, unruly mob and they showed it.

This, too, gave Jason a small tremor of satisfaction. What a ridiculous show they were putting on! How childish it all was, this last-minute attempt to rally a loyalty that had been waning and dying for months! There was not a good ounce of Union sentiment left in Virginia City outside of the fire department and everyone knew it. Well, he had warned Daniel. He had told him he would be making a fool of himself. Jason stopped short in his reflections as it dawned upon him with sudden force that he had talked to Daniel thus for the last time. The last time! It struck him with enormity and a kind of dull horror.

He looked toward the front of the church once more and now he saw Daniel's head over the others as he prepared to mount the platform. There seemed to be some momentary delay. Then he saw that Daniel was trying to make Emily Fielding come up on the platform with him, along with Tom Peasley, Clarence Mullins and some of the others. She held back, shaking her head and eventually he let her hand drop and she drifted back as the crowd made deferential way for her. Jason experienced an inner revulsion. She might be one of the first citizens, right enough, and her father had pioneered out here, of course. But the deed to the Lady Emily mine would be locked away in the safe at the bank in a matter of days. He brought himself around with a quick mental shake. Now he was the one who was being childish. Such quibbling was beneath him.

He grew aware of an abrupt silence settling over the crowd. In spite of himself he caught his breath. Daniel was standing there in the center of the platform, looking down at the faces in front of him. His legs were wide apart so that he stood with his feet firmly, defiantly planted. He faced the crowd, which stood in a kind of fascinated stupor, hostility and ridicule blended for the moment into a fusion of watchful waiting. With his hat off, some of his lank brown hair fell forward over his broad forehead. His face looked white, deathly pale, but his eyes blazed brightly, scrutinized each of them in turn, searched them, challenged them.

"Brethren!" he shouted. It was a voice Jason had never heard before, and it rocheted thunderously off the four bare walls of the church. A formless, undulating murmur of response seemed to sweep through the listeners. And at that moment Jesse Hull raised his gun.

AFTERWARD no one could recall the incident at all. A few at that side of the church recalled that there had been a slight disturbance, a bit of shoving and pushing, but no one had paid any attention to it. No one remembered seeing Jason Feathers lunge crazily against Jesse Hull and wrench the gun from his hand. Their eyes were on the platform, on the man who had at first looked familiar, but who now was an impassioned stranger, whitefaced and intense, a vein standing out on his forehead, a deep cleft throbbing in his jaw. . . .

It was dark and suddenly quiet as Jason slipped through the small side door and closed it carefully behind him. He stood for a moment adjusting his eyes to the night. The ground was rough and rocky under his feet. He started out toward the street, picking his way carefully, and the gun that he held in his hand was an awkward, unfamiliar weight. When he reached the street he paused for a moment, then crossed to the empty saloon. The prospector who had been inside before was standing in the doorway looking appraisingly across toward the church. As Jason approached he nodded sagely in the direction of the overflow crowd.

"Got 'em packed in there all right," he observed. "I wouldn't doubt but what—"

His words were cut off sharply as Jason came up to him and with his free hand flailed out in sudden fury. The blow caught the man squarely on the jaw, sending him sprawling off balance and into the street. Without another look at him Jason went into the darkened saloon. Even the shot when it came a moment later went unnoticed by anyone in the church across the street. It was only one shot, and that was nothing in Virginia City. Someone was always cutting loose after he'd had a few drinks.

THE END

"I was always good in arithmetic until we got to addition and subtraction"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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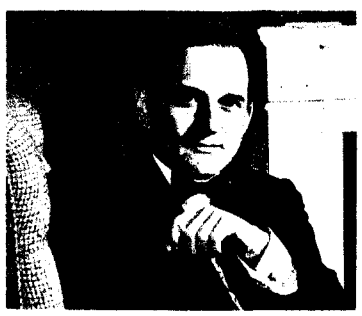

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Miami

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

with more uninvested billions than ever, the big insurance companies were prepared for the flood of mortgage applications. Another source of ready and willing cash was the horde of war-rich businessmen who converged on the gold coast to splurge on a good time and stayed to cash in on a good thing. The tourist trade was making money hand over fist and with a short-term lease on the right beach hotel a smart investor could double his money in a year.

Heavy-spending Latin-American tourists, most of them from Cuba, started coming by the thousands just before the war and, happily for the gold coast, they preferred the off-season months when they were needed most. After the war Cuban banks busting with cash, and a lot of rich Cubans with a traditional preference for tangible investments, started pouring their millions into south Florida real estate.

Uncle Sam Plays Santa Claus

But by far the biggest jack pot of all gurgled out of the tills of the United States government. "So long as the government continues splurging we'll prosper down here," says Leonard A. Usina, president of the Florida National Bank and Trust Company. "But the minute it ceases to spend, we may be in for a long, dry summer."

War agencies tripled the income of the entire state and added about 25 per cent to the permanent population. After the peace, the U.S. Army Air Corps and the CAA handed Miami vast airport and warehouse facilities on a silver platter. The RFC financed a yacht basin, convention hall and private construction. The Federal Security Administration built roads, bridges and public improvements, and the Veterans Administration started dispensing millions in benefits to ex-G.I. residents. The Federal Housing Authority has guaranteed the financing of 15,000 new homes each year for a total stake of over $1,000,000,000 in the last five years.

Since the war, tourists have been spending about $11,000,000,000 a year in the United States. California gets the biggest slice—about $1,000,000,000. Florida, only about a third as large and without California's natural wonders, gets the next biggest slice of $770,000,000 a year—more than the state's combined income from farming and industry. A third of it is spent along the gold coast from Vero Beach to Miami. Greater Miami or Dade County gets most of this, about $243,000,000.

The only other income source that can compare with the tourist business is air-line operations and repair, which bring in $105,000,000. Manufacturing, principally garments and gadgets, canning and furniture, grosses only $45,000,000—not quite half the legal pari-mutuel play in last year's horse racing season, and no more than the local five-man gambling syndicate alone has been grossing every year since the war on its illegal bookie business.

* * *

The trailer and tourist-cabin set arrive early and continue to throng Miami's streets till late in the spring. But Miami Beach, the scene of the really heavy spending, doesn't hit its stride till mid-January. By late March the rich who can afford to spend $20 to $50 a day for hotel accommodations and twice that much for food and entertainment have vanished.

Lined up side by side, Miami Beach's 365 hotels are rated pretty much by the year they were built and look like nothing so much as a huge used-car lot for custom-made limousines. "They're targets for obsolescence," sadly admits a Miami Beach booster.

Even in prosperous years, good-timers are fickle. The same air lines which fly down the big spenders can at any moment bypass Miami altogether, take its passengers to the picturesque resorts of South America and the West Indies. If these places seem a little remote right now, faster and cheaper transportation may soon put them within easy reach.

These are chances every resort city must be prepared to take to some extent. But Miami has further cause for inner turmoil. Its postwar housing boom, financed largely by installment buying, finally wound up last year with a surplus of economy homes built to sell for $7,000 to $10,000. With prices on this type of house still falling, only the government's generous loan policy which provides mortgages up to 90 per cent of the purchase price keeps new home building going at all, and even this is cause for anxiety.

* * *

Miami's tourist business has been growing on an average of 7 per cent a year for the past 30 years, but it has its limits of expansion. However, permanent immigration from other states continues unabated.

How is Miami going to keep the rising generation from moving back North, or, perish the thought, to California?

To buck its industrial handicaps, the chamber of commerce and the city publicity bureau plug the climate, the lower wage scale, and the region's "strategic position at the air crossroads of the Western Hemisphere." The latter has made Miami the nation's biggest port of entry for air freight and the volume is growing constantly. Plans are now afoot to start an Inter-American Cultural Center and Trade Fair to develop new business with Latin America.

But Miami's long-range solution to the problem of too many people would appear to be still more people.

"It's population that attracts industry, not the other way around," says Dr. Reinhold P. Wolff, professor of economics at the University of Miami and leading authority on the region's economy. The history of other fast-growing cities in Texas and California bears him out.

Meantime Miami's growing population can get along by taking in one another's washing—provided they have a constantly expanding reservoir of retirement and pension cash on which to draw. On this score, the outlook couldn't be brighter.

A few lines in the Miami papers announced that a banquet would be held for retired policemen and firemen. It was quite a party; 4,500 qualified guests turned up for it. From Orlando south the chances are 9 out of 10 that the chicken farm, filling station, lunch wagon or little orange grove you pass is run by a retired Northerner who's got a pension to fall back on if the going gets rough.

Paradise for Pensioners

With a life expectancy nearly 50 per cent greater than 50 years ago, increasing millions of Americans can now retire on pensions and savings at an age when they still have a long life ahead of them. Medicine and engineering have eliminated most of the disease dangers peculiar to the tropics. Air transportation has brought them within easy reach. Houses are simpler and cheaper to build in warm climates, and with the expense of heating and winter clothing eliminated altogether, living can be cheaper as well as easier. That's south Florida's great attraction for people who are free to live wherever they please—on a limited budget. In fact, one out of every four residents of Greater Miami is living on pensions or savings or both.

In the last seven years private pension plans have increased sevenfold, now cover some 5,000,000 employees. This doesn't include the even greater number of civil service workers, schoolteachers and other workers covered by government pensions or the millions who are getting subsistence benefits from the Veterans Administration.

With union employees in the steel, automobile and mining industries now assured $100 a month after sixty-five, Senator Taft recently asked: "Why not molders or waiters?" A bill, passed by the House 333 to 14,

NED HILTON

They'll count me this time

I'll Be Home for Census

By W. F. MIKSCH

THIS year I am going to stay home. I don't want to miss that census taker again. I've jacked up my car, resigned from the club and canceled a dentist appointment for June. So don't any of you bother inviting me over for canasta or dinner, because I won't accept.

The fact is, I never got to see a census taker, although I know he was around three times during my lifespan. (I never got to see the Chicago World's Fair or the late Gargantua, either. I've been missing a lot of the better things and it's got to stop.)

He was around in 1920, but my tiny fingers were so stickied up with oatmeal that Mummy and Daddy didn't encourage me to get out of my crib and shake hands with him. When he came again in 1930, I unhappily was away cleaning blackboard erasers for Miss Sturgeon, our ninth-grade homeroom teacher.

Then in 1940, I missed him again. Funny thing, but when I punched out my time card and left the laundry that night, I had a feeling something big had passed me by. Probably just a truck, I decided, and went on home.

"Anything exciting happen?" I asked my wife. (Some men ask this sneaky-like, to find out if their squaws have been up to something or running up big store bills, but I just ask it for something to say.)

"Nothing much," she replied, "except that the sweet potatoes burned and the man was here for our census."

"The census taker!" I cried. "What did he have to say?"

"Nothing much. He was sort of cute, though. Had a dimple in his chin."

"Did he ask about me?" I wanted to know.

"I can't recall exactly," my wife said, "because just then the sweet potatoes started to burn."

It doesn't pay to leave such matters to the distaff side. Housewives do very well on quiz programs where there is a jack pot at stake. Take away the prizes, though, and they lose all interest in right answers. Look what happened to that last Presidential election survey. If the Census Bureau wants to get anything near accurate, they'll deal with the head of the house directly; and this is one head of the house who'll be *in* his house waiting—with answers ready—if it takes till next December.

The census questions, I understand, will deal largely with income, agriculture, unemployment and mining. I think I can cope with these.

"Well," I'll reply to the income query, "I didn't make much last year, but what little I did belongs to my government. Go ahead, take it. It's only money. I'll get along somehow." Then dumping my pocket change into the census taker's hat, I'll pass on to the other questions:

"No, I do not believe in unemployment. In fact, you may quote me as being firmly opposed to it. No, I am not engaged in agriculture, unless you call that patch of mildewed string beans 'agriculture.' Nor am I irrigated, equipped for electric milking, or rotating my crops in the interest of soil conservation. Honestly, it's hard to conserve anything nowadays. No, indeed, I'm not a miner, although I do think those little hats with lights on top are cute. Just the same, you couldn't drag me down into one of those old black holes with power winches. It's too dark and scary down there."

All I ask in exchange for these straightforward, intelligent answers is to *see* that census taker actually mark me down in his little book. They'll count me this trip around, or I'll know the reason why. THE END

The sweet potatoes started to burn

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would raise the Social Security ante and add 11,000,000 farm and self-employed workers to the list. During the next decade or so there's a strong likelihood that every breadwinner will have some kind of pension to retire on—and that Florida will get an increasing share of the cash.

Not satisfied with that, Miamians ask: "Why not bring industry along too?"

Over at the University of Miami, Dr. Wolff expounds the theory that Florida's recurrent booms represent part of "the world-wide migration of the white man to the tropics."

What is behind this mysterious *Drang nach Süden* which is to send great masses of our population toward the equator?

Professor Explains a Theory

Dr. Wolff shrugs his shoulders with almost Latin eloquence. "Who knows? Perhaps it means that civilized man is growing sick and tired of struggle." Technological progress, he points out, has taken place only in the "cyclonic path" of the Temperate Zone where distinct seasonal extremes of heat and cold have supposedly endowed the inhabitants with energy, ambition and inventiveness. But now that men and machines can operate almost as effectively in the tropics, Dr. Wolff believes the North's huge populations would vastly prefer the year-around balminess of the Caribbean to the climate of New York, Chicago or Seattle.

The theory naturally appeals to southern Floridians who point out their virtual monopoly on tropical-type weather within continental United States.

Strictly speaking, Miami, though 300 miles south of Cairo, Egypt, on the globe, is a good 250 miles above the Tropic of Cancer, and its climate is actually subtropical with a drafty northern exposure. But nowhere else in the United States do the sun's rays shine down quite so vertically or produce a slighter seasonal variation in temperature as in south Florida. The hottest month, August, averages 82, only 13 degrees above the 69-degree average for the coldest month, January. In Detroit and Chicago the January average is 24.9. Miamians boast an average of only six days a year when the sun doesn't at least peek out from behind the clouds.

As for the humidity, the U.S. Weather Bureau lists it at 66 per cent—several degrees higher than Chicago and the same as New York. This does not faze the Miami Chamber of Commerce which explains: "Moisture usually prevalent in Florida atmosphere is not what is generally termed humidity but is really atomized sea water. This so-called humidity is one of Florida's great health-building assets, and as scientific research reveals more of the facts relative to this particular atmosphere, it will be more and more appreciated."

To lure permanent residents down from the North, Florida has made its taxes almost as mild as its climate. You pay no state income or inheritance tax, no property tax on automobiles and no tax on the first $500 of personal property. But your biggest break as a homeowner is the 1933 Homestead Exemption Act which eliminates taxes on the first $5,000 of your home's assessed valuation. The owner of a home with a resale value of, say $8,500 and an assessed valuation of $5,500 pays only $42.45 in city, county and state taxes. Without homestead exemption his tax bill would come to $263.20.

Salaries are lower than in many states, but so are living costs.

A young engineer quit a $200-a-week job in Philadelphia to take half that amount with a Miami contracting firm. "I save the difference in heat bills, winter clothing and vacations," he tells you.

A professor who made $8,000 a year at an Eastern college joined the University of Miami staff at $5,500. That was three years ago. Now he owns his own five-room bungalow on the outskirts of town, plays golf two or three times a week, takes his wife to the Saturday-night dance at the neighborhood country club, and spends Sundays on the public beach at Crandon Park with his two children. "I would have to make three times my present salary to live like this in New York—and we still wouldn't have the climate," he tells you.

A Real Improvement Program

Boosters all, the postwar crop of Miamians have tackled community problems which their more promotion-minded predecessors ignored or left unsolved—slum clearance and long-overdue health and educational facilities for Negroes, a new sewerage plant to decontaminate Biscayne Bay, rezoning and planning to untangle industry from residential sections, and free public beaches for residents and tourists long shut off from the ocean by hotels and private estates.

Though free of bossism, Miami's political lethargy lets it in for a degree of corruption in public office that often expresses itself in the attitude: "Just don't overdo it, boys." At a recent meeting of the City Commission, which reporters dub "The Children's Hour," one commissioner jokingly suggested that he and his colleagues could solve the city's budgetary problems by putting part of their fix money in the contingency fund.

Only about half the city's registered voters went to the polls in the last election. Yet some honest functionaries like Miami's City Manager Dr. Oliver P. Hart do hold office. A former physics professor at the University of Miami, Hart keeps his office door open without appointment to anyone who wants to see him and carries on the city's business within earshot of citizens who wander in and out at will.

But to date Miami Beach has produced the most convincing evidence of a civic change of heart in the election of fighting councilman Melvin Richard, a young Brooklyn-born attorney who has introduced the revolutionary concept of law as something to be enforced regardless of how much the lawbreaker can afford to pay in bribery.

Bad News for Gamblers

A lone wolf, mistrustful of everybody, Richard promised voters he would personally see to it that bookie and gambling joints were promptly shut down wherever they appeared. "If the chief of police won't arrest them, then I'll do it myself till we get a new chief."

The gambling and bookie gross in Miami Beach alone has run to an estimated $45,000,000 a year. It is not entirely safe for one man to stand between that amount of money and a group of the nation's most powerful racketeers and mobsters. Richard's example soon rallied the town's law-abiding element squarely behind him and helped set off the hue and cry that forced Western Union's belated withdrawal of wire service to the powerful local gambling syndicate. This may be the first winter season in the town's history when gambling laws have been strictly enforced. But opposition to Richard is growing, and there is talk of a recall petition.

Slowly and haltingly a new civic-minded Miami is forming in the midst of the flamboyant carnival of the tropics. But it's still hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. The city has come too far too fast to know exactly where it's going or what it wants to become.

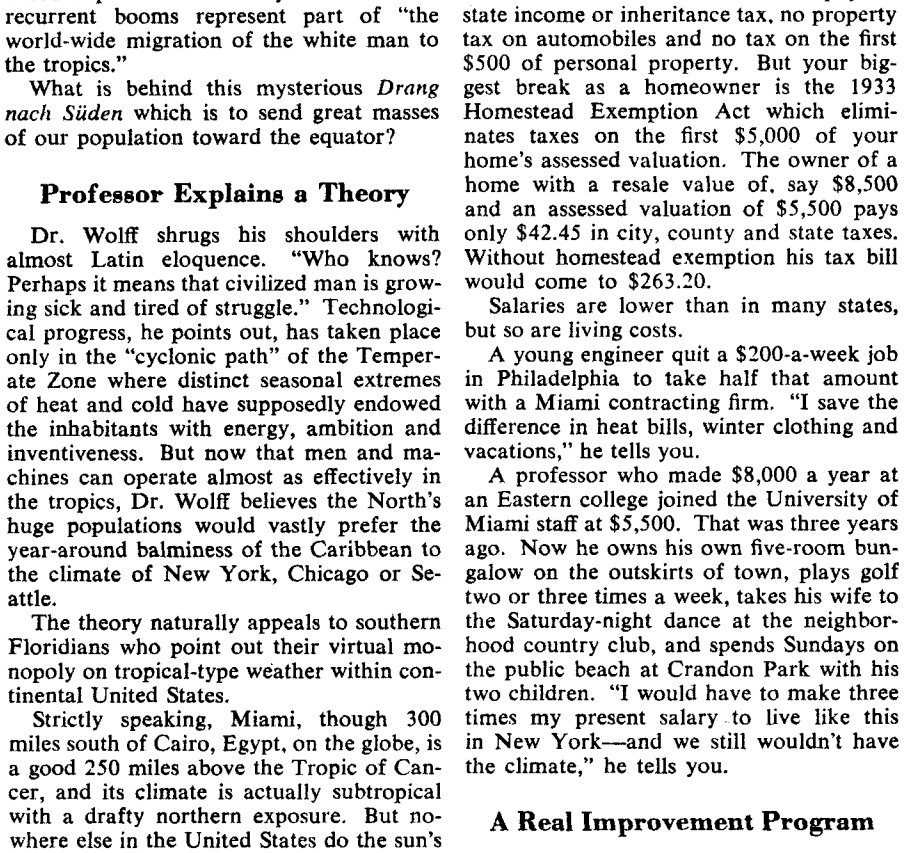
Unlike such time-mellowed cities as Saint Augustine and Tampa, Miami's culture and traditions were brought in ready-made by freebooters from all parts of the country and scrambled together only twenty-five years ago in a hodgepodge of Southern prejudice, Midwestern evangelism and Eastern commercialism.

After July 4, 1776, the most memorable date in Miami is September 18, 1926—the day the great hurricane struck the Florida coast from Stuart to the keys. In the light of what has happened since then, the date has more than regional significance.

Having sown the wind, Florida reaped the whirlwind. Many a crossroads preacher saw in the catastrophe a revisitation of the wrath which had leveled Sodom and Gomorrah. But if this was the case, another miracle was in store to confound the righteous.

Nobody in his right mind would have dared to predict that Miami could ever come back, much less outstrip its boomtime ambitions. The whole gold coast had turned out to be a mere flash in the pan. But even after the bottom dropped out of the pan, the flash remained, dancing in thin air like an Everglades will-o'-the-wisp. Regardless of its unreality, more and more Americans left their workaday world to follow it southward.

First to mass-produce the Good Time, Miami is still groping for a formula to produce the Good Life. But who can deny that it may represent something more deeply prophetic about the American Way of Life than Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York—or Middletown, U.S.A.? THE END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Burden of Guilt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

McClary turned and touched a switch. "Send him in."

He lifted his shoulders, squaring them, as he waited for the door to open. Pat Ryan was a big and quiet man. He wore banker's gray and wore it well. His close-cropped hair was a wild, fire red; his voice was soft and carefully controlled, the voice of a businessman.

"A pleasant day," he said as he came in. "But cool."

"Sit down," Chief McClary said.

"It's been a long time." Ryan took the chair beside the desk. Only his freckled hand betrayed his anger; he did not seem aware of the knotting of his hand. "I thought we'd have a talk. It's time we did. Cooper and some of your men raided the Red Wheel last night. They wrecked it, Chief. Do you mind if I ask why?"

McClary said, "It wasn't my idea, Pat."

"What happens to the agreement?" Pat Ryan asked. "I've lived up to my end of it—to the letter of it."

"I know that," McClary said.

"Cooper's your boy, Chief. He owes you a lot."

"He doesn't owe me anything."

"You can make him listen to reason," Pat Ryan argued.

"He's young and ambitious," McClary said. "He's trying to do a job."

"He's trying to be Saint George on a white horse," Pat Ryan said. "Tell him I can understand that he wants to make a showing. I'll even help arrange it. But not in the Red Wheel. That's a permanent installation and it wasn't designed to be chopped full of holes. The equipment out there is not the kind we give away in raids. Chief, I want that equipment back."

"I'll talk to Cooper," McClary said.

"Do." Pat Ryan left his chair. "Our agreement still holds," he said. "But if you're getting ideas, there's this to think about: Nothing's changed, Chief. We're sitting on an atom bomb. If it explodes, we both go up. If I were you, I'd remember that."

McClary said, "I'll call you, Pat."

PAT RYAN went away. Chief of Police Walter McClary turned his chair to look out into the street again.

"Chief." It was the desk intercom again. "We got a kid out here."

McClary touched the switch. "I'm busy. No—bring him in."

There was time in the moment before the opening of the door to remember the hundreds who'd come to stand before the desk. Their names were gone, sponged out of his memory. Almost all of them, boys and girls alike, had worn the same strained face, the same kid-in-trouble look, compounded of bluster and guilt and fear. And this one had the look—this scrawny boy of ten or twelve whose restless eyes flicked from Davis, plain-clothes, to the chief and back again. A Shack Town kid, shabby but hard-scrubbed; patched overalls and broken shoes and a soup-bowl haircut.

"Sticky fingers," Davis said. "Tried to clean the five-and dime."

The boy said, "I meant to pay. Honest, mister—"

"Empty your pockets," Davis said.

The boy obeyed, the last of his faint bluster gone. His mouth was trembling like the mouths of the others who'd passed before this desk. The flimsy, glittering things he heaped upon the blotter had all been there before: a tin-bladed pocketknife, a packet of fishhooks, a fat box of crayons and an automatic pencil that was a bright, fire-engine red.

"Busy little guy," Davis said. "Grabbin' with both hands."

Chief McClary said, "I'll take it, Paul."

He waited until the plain-clothes man had gone. "You'd better sit down," he said then. "We've got to talk about this. We've got to decide what to do with you."

The words were old; the routine words. "If that knife belonged to you and I took it—" Saying that, McClary found himself thinking the boy perched on the edge of the leather chair had, like all of them, the look of an animal in a trap.

"You have to pay for what you take," McClary said.

"Yes." The boy's voice was faint. "I know that, sir."

His shirt and overalls had been torn and neatly mended. His shoes—there was nothing a mother without money could do about worn shoes.

"Do you go to church?" McClary said. "Or Sunday school?"

This boy would be all right. He was still malleable. Some were not . . .

A PINCHED and hating face came out of memory—the face of a boy who had already been molded and hardened before he came to sit in the leather chair. The snub-nosed boy, Hal, had been one of those: wild and tough—a kid with dirty hands and dirty face, and hair that hadn't been washed for weeks. He was eleven years old and already an accomplished thief. Hal's mother was dead; his father was a construction worker—whenever he worked, which wasn't often. The old man was a drunk who slept wherever he happened to fall after the bars were closed.

"Sure I steal," Hal had said. "How else am I goin' to eat?"

McClary said, "You stole a bicycle. You can't eat that."

"I can sell it and buy stuff to eat."

"No," McClary said. "Trouble's what you buy. Where's your father?"

"Out bummin' drinks—the damn' old soak!"

Chief McClary winced. It would take more than words to touch this boy.

"Dinnertime," McClary said. "How'd you like to eat with me?"

"Hell with it—hell with you!" Anger flared in the boy's black eyes. "I ain't asked you for anything!"

"It's the other way around," McClary said carefully. "My wife's in the hospital. A man gets tired of eatin' by himself. It's lonesome work. Besides, a little table talk helps digest your food—that's what the doctors say."

"Well," the boy said, "why didn't you say that first?"

The biggest steak in town was not enough to fill the void in Hal. But ice cream helped—ice cream and pie and four glasses of milk. Then, quite suddenly, he wore a look half-sheepish, half guilt. "I got eatin'," he said. "I guess I kind of forgot to talk."

McClary said, "It doesn't matter. There's lots of time." . . .

Now Chief McClary was alone again. The boy with the soup-bowl haircut was gone—impressed and awed by his talk with the chief. Long ago, McClary had learned that the beat men and the prowl-car men were just everyday cops to the kids of River City. A lecture by a man who helps you across a busy street on your way to school does not mean much, but when you are ten or twelve, the shine of a chief's brass buttons is like the gleam in the eye of God.

The boy who had just left had made his one appearance here; he would not be back. But Hal—Chief McClary decided he must be getting old. All through this past hour he'd been talking to one boy and thinking of another. Hal—that pinched and hating face. Both the River Street beat man and the jailer had been sure time spent on Hal was time chucked down the drain. "I've seen a lot of hard-nosed brats," the jailer'd said. "But that one's plumb no good. Be nice to him and you'll get your belly kicked in for your trouble."

"He's been eleven years getting off the track," McClary had said. "We can't expect to put him back in just one day."

It had taken time to find an opening in the wall of bitterness around the dirty-handed boy. Then certain arrangements had to be made: a shambling ruin of a man was plucked from a doorway in an alley off River Street and put upon a train; a middle-aged woman, more self-contained and competent than most, decided she was ill. The spring steel in Hal was pride. He could steal to eat, but he could not beg. "My mom said charity's a sorry thing," he explained. "Right up to when she died, she never asked for anything."

The snub-nosed boy could not be pushed. "Jail ain't so bad," he said. "I'd rather be in jail than have somebody preachin' at me all the time." Lectures were a waste of breath. "Plenty of guys don't get caught—next time you won't catch me." He was not afraid of punishment; he'd had too much punishment. "My old man caught me goin' through his pants pockets. He used his belt—the buckle end." The snub-nosed boy was tough and unafraid; but he could be persuaded, finally, to do a favor for a friend.

"A woman I know needs help," McClary told Hal. "A widow lady and not too strong. She keeps askin' me to find somebody to mow her lawn and chop the wood and keep an eye on the place. She's got a little spare room you could use."

"What about my old man?" Hal asked.

"Well," McClary said, "he doesn't seem to be in town. There isn't a lot of construction here just now. He's probably moved on to find another job."

"Sure," the boy said. "Then he'll send for me."

McClary nodded. "I'd count it as a favor if you'll help this lady for me until he does."

"How do you know I won't steal from her?" Hal asked.

"Because you'd get me in trouble if you did," McClary said . . .

THE telephone on McClary's desk rang. "Chief." It was Pete Simmons' voice. "I've just had a talk with Cooper. He's going before the grand jury with what he's got and he's got more than enough for an indictment. And then the balloon goes up."

Chief McClary said, "Thanks, Pete."

"You're welcome." The reporter's voice was carefully wooden. "Chief, somebody should tell Cooper exactly what he's up against."

"Somebody will," McClary said.

He put the telephone back in its cradle. The pocketknife, the fishhooks, crayons and red automatic pencil still lay on the blotter. Chief McClary swept them into a brown envelope for return to the manager of the five-and-ten-cent store. He was still thinking of Hal, remembering a day when he'd sat with the boy on an army cot in Madge Sorenson's spare room. He'd watched the boy read a message on a yellow sheet. "Killed," the typed words said, "on construction job while trying to save the life of a fellow workman." He'd watched the boy's jaws shut hard and had seen the stone composure of his face crumble as the tears came. "What I always thought," the boy had whispered. "My old man was all right except when . . . when whisky had him licked."

"Tough," McClary'd said. "They tell me he was about to send for you. He was doin' fine, stayin' sober, workin' hard. There was some money left after the expenses were paid. It's in the bank in your name."

He'd left Hal sitting on the army cot, smoothing the sheet of yellow paper carefully on his knee. In the hall he had met Madge Sorenson carrying a tray. "Aspirin," she'd said, "hot milk and a shoulder as big as a pillow for a boy to cry against." McClary had smiled and patted her arm. Then

COLLIER'S

"As you can see, it's designed to take the eyes away from the glasses!"

JARO FABRY

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he'd gone back to the station to make sure the terse report telling of the death of a burned-out shell of a man under the wheels of a boxcar in a city a thousand miles away did not find a place in the records. . . .

The telephone rang again, breaking in on McClary's memories. This time the voice was a woman's. "Chief McClary? This is Mr. Cooper's secretary. The district attorney would like to speak to you after unch. Will two o'clock be convenient?"

"Tell him I'll be there," McClary said.

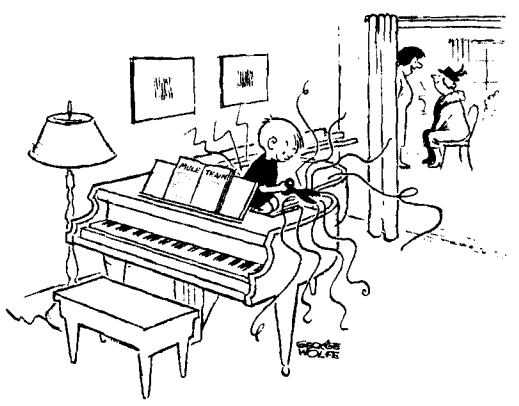
THE desk clock said it was almost noon. The morning was gone—and nothing done except a talk with a boy who'd helped himself in the five-and-ten. Chief McClary pressed a switch on the desk intercom. "I'd like a sandwich and some milk," he said.

He turned to watch the flow of traffic in the street again. After a little time Hansen, a big, sunburned rookie cop came in with a cardboard box. Hansen was one of the new crop, young and serious. He spent his spare time studying.

"How goes the day?" McClary asked.

"Quiet, sir," Hansen said. "Very quiet—the way we like it."

Chief McClary watched Hansen turn and leave the room. A youngster, but he'd do to take along. He liked it quiet, but he'd be there in the thick of it if trouble broke. It would have been nice to have a man that good working flank the night Big Charlie died. Bloody Monday. Chief McClary thought of that day, remembered it, and cold sweat started beneath his arms. . . .



"He's been in there all afternoon going, 'Boingg! Spronng!' It's something he picked up on the radio, I guess!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Bloody Monday was the day the gang war in River City had flared into the open—a long time ago. Pat Ryan had crossed the boundaries established by Big Charlie in a dozen places; at noon, that Monday the first of Ryan's juke boxes was smashed. Two hours later the streets were littered with the bones of his equipment—pinballs, vending machines and jukes. "All licensed," Pat Ryan said, "all operating legally. Chief, if you can't protect my property, I'll have to do the job myself."

"The force isn't big enough," McClary said.

Pat Ryan said, "And Charlie owns most of the force."

"One or two, maybe."

"All but you, and well you know it." Pat Ryan smiled. "Charlie says the town's not big enough for both of us. Maybe he's right, Chief."

Then it was dusk and there was wind and a driving rain. The streets of River City were deserted. Mulvaney Avenue was quiet for the first time in two years—the joints closed, the curtains drawn—until a sawed-off shotgun blew the windows from one saloon, until a car parked in front of another became a roaring torch, until revolver shots were fired in an alley between Mulvaney Street and the docks.

Gang warfare broke out in every part of the city. McClary, standing behind the dispatcher, saw the switchboard jammed before the sweep hand on the desk clock could complete a single round. He heard two squad cars report out-of-service almost instantly—their tires cut to ribbons on intersections strewn thickly with roofing nails. Two squad cars gone; at least two others manned by men Big Charlie owned. Calls were pouring in from almost every quarter of the city.

"Holy Mother!" the dispatcher said.

"Hang on," McClary said. "Do the best you can."

He snatched a riot gun from the rack above the desk and ran. The city cars were gone. He used his own. He lost it a dozen blocks from the station in a wild and sickening skid he could not control. His old sedan spun across the curb to crash against a store front at the foot of Orchard Street. Crude oil had been dumped at the hilltop; the pavement and the walks were slick as ice. Chief McClary learned that when he tried to run and fell heavily.

He lost the riot gun, in the crash or farther on. After that splintering impact it was hard to think clearly. It was hard to breathe; the steering wheel had slugged him high on the side, had broken something there. He got up the hill, clinging to the guard rail, clinging to the thought that had brought him here. At the dispatcher's desk he'd spotted the calls as they came in. Only one area was quiet—Big Charlie's country—and that made no sense unless the widely scattered shocks that ripped the night had been planned to pull the strength away from the restaurant building that was Big Charlie's home.

The arc lights in the shabby blocks beyond the hilltop had all been killed. Chief McClary paused to get his breath, to ease the bright hurting in his side. Violence flared in the darkness ahead. Glass shattered and someone yelled. There was the slamming of gunfire and running feet pounded away. More yells then and other feet running in pursuit. Chief McClary wiped his empty hands on his blouse and walked toward the source of the sounds.

The Flamingo—Big Charlie's restaurant. Dark now. The sidewalk was strewn with broken glass; the doors and windows gaped blackly; the awnings were torn and sagging. Chief McClary found the alley mouth beyond the building. He found an open, lighted doorway and climbed a flight of stairs. Down a short hall another door stood open. Chief McClary walked toward it, without haste or pause. A big voice spoke and McClary listened. ". . . You'll get no help. Not now. My lads sucked yours away. Try it now—" A moment of silence. Then: "Try it, damn you! Try—" And a gun roared once.

CHIEF McCLARY reached the doorway. Across the room Big Charlie sagged beside his desk, held from the floor by a right arm shoved deep into a desk drawer and caught there. Pat Ryan stood, back to the door, motionless as if he had been carved from wood. He held a gun at his side, the muzzle pointed at the floor. "Drop it, Pat," Chief McClary said. But the gun did not fall. Pat Ryan spun, the gun came up.

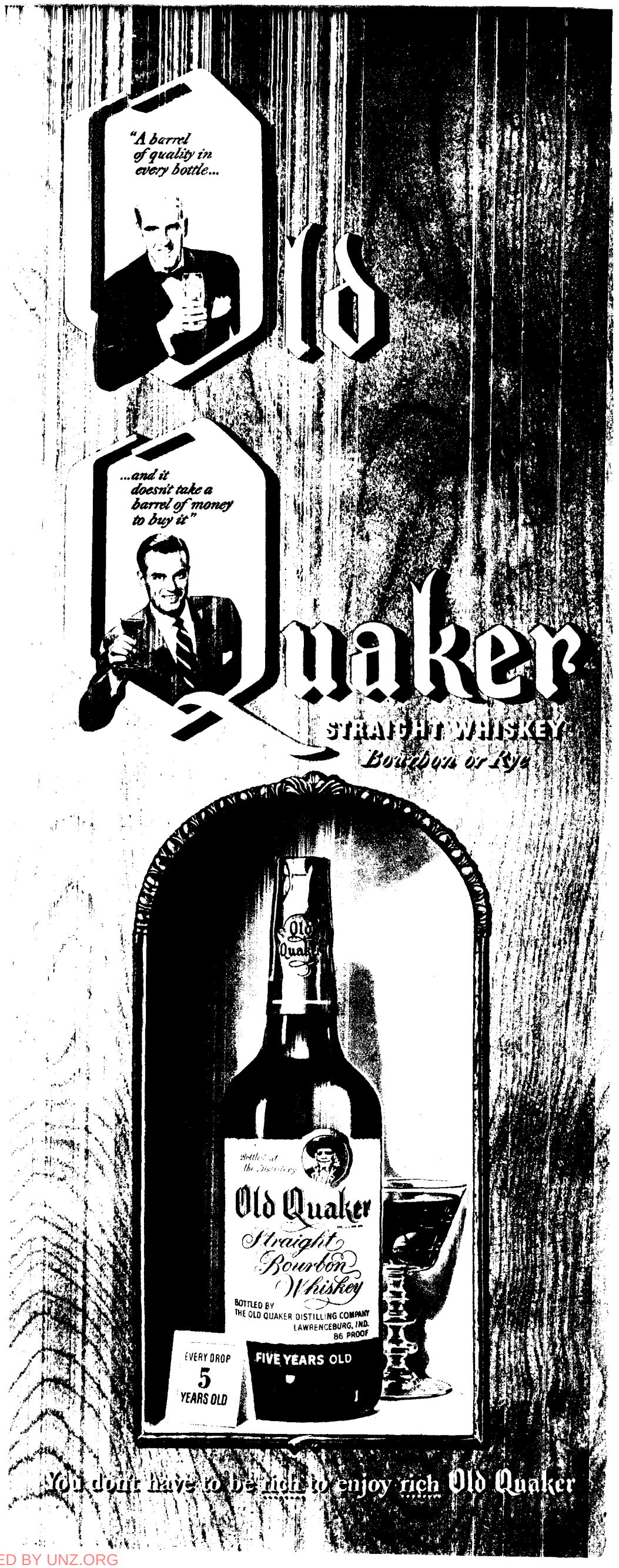
McClary's hands were at his sides, open and empty. "You're under arrest," he said.

"I'm under arrest?" Ryan held the gun pointed at Chief McClary's chest. McClary moved into the room, walking steadily toward Pat Ryan. His big hand came down slowly on the gun; then with a quick movement, he tore it from Pat Ryan's hand. Ryan flexed his fingers, staring at them.

"I'm under arrest," he said, lifting his eyes. "For what?"

"Murder," Chief McClary said.

Pat Ryan shook his head. It hadn't been murder; it had been self-defense. There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was a gun in the drawer of Big Charlie's desk. The chief could check that. Big Charlie'd tried for that gun and Ryan had been a little faster. A man had a right to protect himself, didn't he? Chief McClary nodded. A man did—in his own home, in the defense of his life or property, a man had a right to shoot and kill. But the right here had been Big Charlie's, not Pat Ryan's. This was Big Charlie's home. Pat Ryan had come here to kill Big Charlie—that business of being just a little faster was a lot of rot. Big Charlie had tried to defend himself against an intruder.

"You're under arrest for murder," McClary said.

Pat Ryan's smile was white. "You've got me cold, then?"

"That I have."

"Now, tomorrow, or next year. Right?"

"Now," McClary said. "Right now."

Pat Ryan shook his head. "Chief—we can make a deal."

A deal with a mobster—a murderer. Chief McClary could well remember the cold rage that had flooded through him. Failure was possible. They could take his town, buy his men and turn the night into a bloody shambles. But a deal—no! But Pat Ryan had talked quickly, there in Donechek's office. And Chief McClary had found himself listening. Guiltily, he found himself thinking how much easier it was going to be to keep River City clean with Big Charlie out of the way. The chief experienced almost a sense of relief at the thought that in murdering Big Charlie, Ryan had solved one of the city's problems.

NOW the intercom on McClary's desk spoke again. "Chief, the D.A.'s office called. It's two ten and you had a two-o'clock appointment."

"I'm on my way," McClary said.

He got out of his chair, smoothing his blouse with broad hands, taking his cap from the corner of the desk. He was tired. He was carrying too much weight, too much belly. The clerks in the outer office looked up as he walked past. Rookie Hansen smiled. Pete Simmons, the reporter, stood near the door, his teeth set in a cold cigar.

"How's to walk along with you?" Pete said.

"I'm just going—" McClary began.

"Across the street," Simmons said. "So am I."

The county courthouse had been built in a day when space was everything. The lower hall was a vast and shadowed place. Justice stood poised on a marble ball before the elevator cages. Pete Simmons bent his head. "A great old girl," he said. "I wonder if she knows how hard some men have to hustle to get her work done."

"What's that?" McClary asked.

"A sly dig at a man with flat feet."

They climbed the broad stairway together. Simmons took the cigar from his mouth as they reached the empty landing. "Do the kid a favor." His voice was barely audible. "Tell him they've got an out. If he goes into court with what he's got, they'll make him look like Johnny Chump. That's on the level, Chief."

"Where'd you hear this?" McClary asked.

"From a friend. I still got a friend."

Simmons left McClary at the stairhead, turning abruptly away. The chief went on and reached the door of frosted glass that bore the district attorney's name. Through the moment of time it took him to cross the anteroom he was remembering again. Hal Cooper—the boy with the pinched and hating face. The boy who'd sat on the cot in Madge Sorenson's spare room had come a long, long way. His face, still thin, was no longer pinched and tight. He was smiling as he came around the desk to take Chief McClary's hand.

"You're looking fine," he said. "It's good to see you, Chief."

"Thanks, Hal," McClary said. His voice was vague, for his mind had suddenly crowded with memories. It seemed such a little while ago that he'd taken Madge Sorenson to see Hal Cooper graduate. She had been very proud that day. "Every cent," she'd said. "He's paid back every cent, with interest. He's done it all on his own." Just a little while ago, and yet—Madge Sorenson was dead now—six years gone. Hal Cooper had a chair for the chief close by the corner of his desk. His own chair was half turned; light from a big window fell across his face. The chief looked at Hal Cooper through a moment of silence, seeing again the strength he'd seen long ago in the face of a boy. Lean cheeks, a rocky chin and a flat mouth. A fighter's face. The face of a man who'd be rough in any kind of scrap. That thought brought an odd tightening to Chief McClary's chest.

Hal Cooper's eyes were searching McClary's face. "That mug of yours," he said at last. "It tells me nothing. It never did. You always looked the same whether you were going to rawhide me, or pat me on the back. A tough proposition for a kid. It's no better for a man."

McClary said, "The kid knew what he had coming."

Cooper smiled a little. "And he got it, good or bad. Chief, I went around you last night. I didn't let you in on the raid. I didn't warn you it was coming. A rough way to treat you, wasn't it?"

McClary nodded. "It was."

Cooper's mouth tightened. "If there had been any other way, I would have used it. Believe that. Believe this, too: That raid was no spur-of-the-moment job. I've been working toward it for a long time." He turned his hands up. "Finally I realized there was only one way to find the house full when I kicked in the door. That was by going around you, Chief. I did it."

McClary said, "If you've got a name for me, say it."

"No names, Chief." Hal Cooper pushed to his feet and went to the window. "Out there"—he gestured at the city outside—"is a record that speaks for itself. We're proud of it, all of us. We know a cop named McClary gave it to us. He took a roaring boom town, a filthy town, and gave us a decent place to live. How? He had no money. The force was small and graft and corruption were hip-deep everywhere. He didn't do it barehanded and alone; no man could. He had a tool of some kind, a lever, and he used it well." Hal Cooper turned. "But there's one thing about a lever, Chief. It pries both ways."

McClary said, "I won't argue that."

"So I didn't tell you about the raid."

"You do me no credit, boy," McClary said. "But we'll skip that." His eyes came up. "You say we've got a clean town here. Clean and quiet and no trouble. Why do you want to kick it apart?"

"To keep it clean," Hal Cooper said.

"I don't get it," McClary said. "Tell me more."

HAL COOPER said, "I will. But let me ask a question first. A lot of people are saying that thing last night was a splash to get my name in the papers—the young D.A. out to make a reputation. Others say I'm an empty-headed idealist. A green young squirt who needs an old head to take him aside and explain the facts of life. That trying to stop gambling, for example, is as foolish as telling men to stop eating. That one clean house is better than half a hundred clip games under cover. Chief, do you go along with either of those opinions?"

Chief McClary shook his head.

"Fine," Hal Cooper said. "Then maybe you'll believe the real reason. You and Pat Ryan had a nice balance worked out here. A little give, a little take—and the town came out ahead. That balance is shot now. Pat Ryan's spreading out."

Again McClary shook his head. "No," he said. "I'd know it."

"If it was a racket sure." Hal Cooper leaned forward. "I'm not talking about rackets. This is a different kind of operation—bigger, smoother and more dangerous. Pat Ryan is no Capone, Dutch Schultz or Big Charlie. He's a businessman. He knows you don't need guns and mob violence to milk a town or a state dry. The better way, the safer way, is to own the men in public office. Pat Ryan's in politics up to his ears, working quietly and very fast."

"Politics?" McClary said softly.

"You don't think that's dangerous?"

"First things first," McClary answered. "My job is to keep the town clean of rackets. Sure, Ryan's in politics. Everybody grabs at the brass ring at one time or another. You think it's dangerous." He shrugged. "You may be right; I wouldn't know. I'm a man who works with facts, not theories. One good, hard fact comes to mind now: Get rid of Ryan—if you can—and you leave the town wide open. Someone else will take his place. That man may be a Capone or a Big Charlie. Then what?"

"The gangsters are through," Hal Cooper said. "You made the town clean; we'll keep it clean. We're not a boom town now. We're a solid and respectable city—except for Pat Ryan and his rackets. That's why I'm getting rid of Ryan."

"You make it sound easy," McClary said. "Pat Ryan has—influence. He can make trouble for you."

"So I understand." Hal Cooper's mouth was hard and flat. "But I'm going ahead with it, anyway. I'd hoped I could work with your blessing. If not—well, the work's still to be done. This business last night was the opening gun. The first shot. I was a long time getting to it. I couldn't honestly avoid it any longer. I'll keep going until he's finished or I'm finished."

Chief McClary got out of his chair.

"Wait—" Hal Cooper was on his feet. The hardness was gone from his face: he put a lean hand on the chief's arm. "I wish there was some way I could—" He broke it off. "Damn it," he said. "Chief, anything I ever did, from the day I went to live at Madge Sorenson's, I always asked myself, 'How'll this look to the chief?' If you said it was right, it was right; if you said it was wrong, it was wrong. I'm still asking."

McClary said, "You were a kid then." His voice was slow. "You're a man now. Now you stand on your own two feet. Nobody can do your thinking for you now. Not me. Not anybody."

Hal Cooper's grip on McClary's arm tightened. "Thanks," he said.

Chief McClary went through the anteroom and into the hall. He paused at the head of the stairs to put on his cap. A man fell in step with him as he started down. It was Pete Simmons, his teeth still clenched on the cold cigar.

"Well?" Simmons' voice was soft.

"I didn't tell him, Pete. He wouldn't have listened."

Pete Simmons made a sound of regret. "What's pushing him?" he asked. "Does he want his face on page one? Does he like to see his name in print?"

"No," McClary said. "He's got a theory that Ryan's a bigger threat than the plague because Ryan's been messing around in politics. He thinks Ryan's going to take the whole state unless he's stopped. That's why he staged the raid. Cooper's going to stop Ryan now, or bust something."

They were in the lower hallway, moving toward the door. Pete Simmons pushed the bronze door wide and they went out into the street. "It's too bad," he said. "Cooper's a nice boy."

"Don't tell me you're buying that crazy notion?"

"You should take a look-around, Chief." Simmons rubbed the gritty stubble on his cheek. "I got a place to go and a man to see," he said. "But I'll keep in touch."

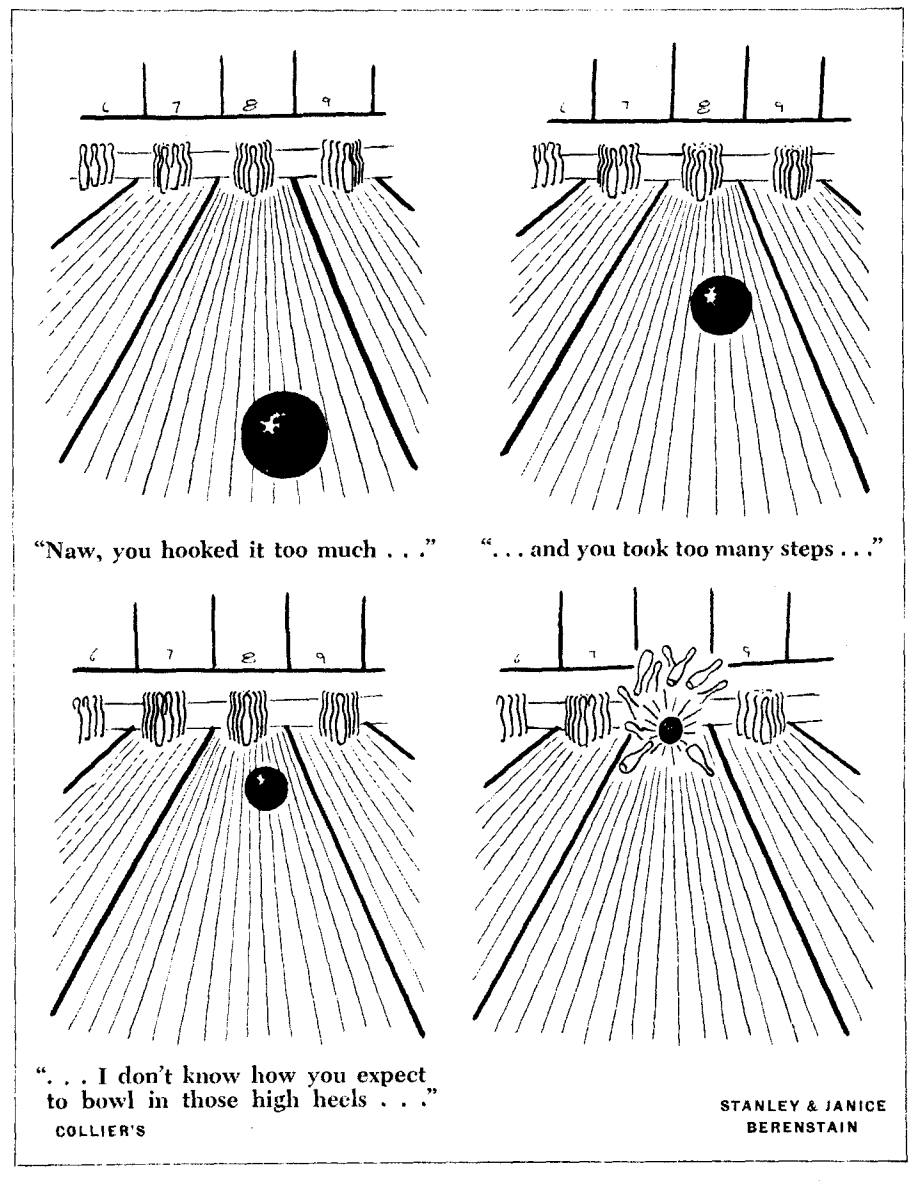
IN HIS office, McClary found three telephone slips on his desk. He was reading them when Rookie Hansen came through the door, another slip in his hand. "More of the same, sir," he said. "Mr. Ryan again. I told him you were out of town."

"Why?" McClary said. "You knew I'd be back."

"I thought you'd like a little rest."

"Thanks," McClary said. "But you don't have to lie for me."

He waited until he was alone again and then dialed Pat Ryan's number. "McClary here," he said. "I saw Cooper."



"Naw, you hooked it too much . . ."

". . . and you took too many steps . . ."

". . . I don't know how you expect to bowl in those high heels . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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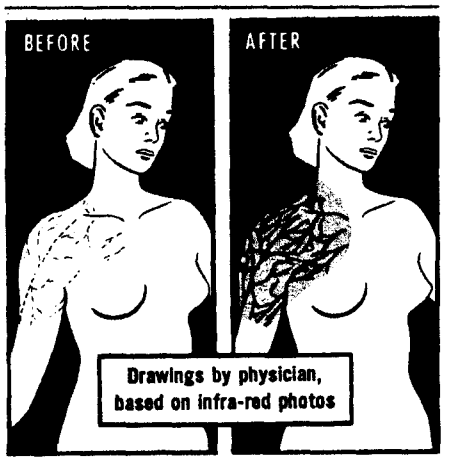

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Pat Ryan said, "When do I get my equipment back?"

"You don't," McClary said.

"You mean your boy won't listen to you?"

"He's not my boy," McClary said. "Cooper's his own man, Pat."

"Chief," Pat Ryan said bleakly, "I've been nice about this. I gave you a chance to square it. I don't like to play rough. But if Cooper wants it that way, then that's the way it's going to be."

McClary said, "Pat—"

Pat Ryan had hung up. McClary pushed the telephone away. He thought of the past again, of the agreement he'd made in the office of Big Charlie Donechek. "Look, Chief," Pat Ryan had said. "I cleaned your town for you. I did your work—work you couldn't do. You can nail me for it, sure. But if you do someone else moves in."

"Pat," McClary had said. "Save your breath."

"Someone else will buy your cops. That won't be hard, Chief. They've had their hands out; they like the extra dough. Forget it—and your men will belong to you again. I've never had a cop on my pay roll. I never will. Between us, we can keep the town the way it is right now—clean."

"What'll you get out of it?" McClary had asked.

Now Rookie Hansen came in to place a cardboard container of coffee on the desk. He grinned and went quietly away. Chief McClary turned to the window, his flow of thought disturbed. The sun was well down. The stores would be closing soon; River City would be sitting down to dinner. Then, in the dusk, the school kids would be heading for the early shows. What was it Hal Cooper had said? ". . . a little give, a little take, and the town comes out ahead."

River City had come out ahead. With Big Charlie gone, the clip joints on Mulvaney closed, the men of the force had had time to make the streets as safe as any in the country. They'd had time to treat kid trouble for what it was. The slots were gone. Other cities around the state had problems, but the hustlers stayed far away from River City; Pat Ryan saw to that. One by one, the cops who'd been on Big Charlie's pay roll had been replaced. The Red Wheel was the only gambling joint in town; the games out there were honest games. ". . . a little give, a little take . . ." But now the balance had been destroyed. Now—

SHADOWS thickened in all the corners of the room. Outside, headlights were coming on. A group of children cut across the station lawn; Chief McClary heard them laughing beneath the window. He thought of the endless file of youngsters who'd come to stand before his desk. He was thinking of them still when the door opened upon the bulky shape of Pete Simmons.

"Never mind the light," Pete said. "I'm an old man and old men like to sit in the dark."

"Is that what you came to say?"

"No." Simmons' voice was tired. "I came to rest my feet and tell you to stop fretting. Pat Ryan moved fast. He had to, because the grand jury sits tomorrow. He gave Cooper a choice. If Cooper drops it now he can be a big man; if he doesn't drop it he gets his teeth kicked in."

"A big man?"

"Governor or senator—whichever seems best when the time comes. Ryan would rather have Cooper on his side than fight him. But he'll fight, if the kid gives the wrong answers. One way or another, he'll smear the kid—out of the D.A.'s office, out of the courthouse, out of town."

McClary said, "He can't."

"A lot of men have said that about Pat," Simmons said. "Someday when I'm not so tired I'll make you a list. Big Charlie thought Pat Ryan couldn't buck him, and wherever is Big Charlie now? And whatever became of Big Charlie's men and equipment?" He sighed. "Do you ever read the papers, Chief? Do you ever wonder why so many little towns around the state are having trouble? Charlie's been dead five years. Have you ever counted the men Pat Ryan knows who've been elected here and there in those five years?"

"You talk too much," McClary said.

"Old men do," Pete Simmons said. "This morning I told you the roof was going to fall in. Turns out I was wrong. Pat's got it fixed. No matter what Cooper does—or tries to do—he won't hurt anybody in this town."

THERE was no censure in his voice. Pete Simmons was a good reporter assembling the facts for a friend. He was fat, a mussed, untidy man and a fair hand with a bottle. Many things could be said of Pete, but not that he was a liar. Things Pete Simmons said were true; he was an old head; he'd been around long enough to know. So have I, McClary thought with sudden bitterness. Warming the chief's chair with the seat of my pants for eighteen years. But counting the leaves and ignoring the trees. I settled for safe streets and a quiet town. I'm the man who let Ryan get big. I made him big—

He thought of Hal Cooper then. Hal would not wear Pat Ryan's shirt; Hal would tell Pat to go to hell, no matter what the cost. He'd fight with the small weapons he had, knowing he could not win, but fighting anyway. Then a bitter memory turned in McClary's mind. A man can be slugged by circumstance, can be hammered until he makes a compromise. Walter McClary had made a compromise. He'd stood with a bloody face and a caved-in side and made his deal. Tired of fighting, he'd settled for quiet streets and a quiet town. He'd counted the leaves while Pat Ryan stole the trees.

"The kid can't win with what he's got," Pete Simmons said. "But the pup is going to try. Pat Ryan sent one of his goons to try to talk him out of it. Cooper kicked the goon out."

"He would," McClary said.

He left his desk, smoothing his blouse across his paunch with big, uncertain hands. He went into the outer office where the squat safe stood under the eyes of the dispatcher and the two night-duty men. He spun the dial—left, then right, then left—and the door handle of the safe gave beneath his hand. He used his key on an inner compartment. He put the box he found there under his arm and took it to his desk.

"A minute ago you asked me whatever became of Big Charlie," he said to Pete. "It just happens I can answer that. I was in the Flamingo, in the hall outside his door, the night he died. I've got the gun he was killed with here in this box, together with a document signed by a man named Pat Ryan."

"A what?" Pete Simmons said.

"A confession," Chief McClary said. "It's the thing I had, the lever I used to keep River City clean. It isn't much of a tool. Pat Ryan stopped worrying about it some time ago. Because if it gets one, it gets both—the lever pries both ways." He switched the desk lamp on and left his chair to place the box in Pete Simmons' lap. "For delivery to the district attorney," he said. "After you've used it on page one."

"Given me by a public-spirited citizen?" Pete said. "That's thin, Chief, but it might be cover enough."

"Given you by Walter McClary," Chief McClary said.

"Chief." There was regret in Pete Simmons' eyes. "This can be rough. Suppression of evidence and dereliction of duty—those two for sure. Maybe accessory after the fact. They can hit you with the book—"

"That's for the court to decide."

Chief McClary stood before the window looking out into the night. He watched the run of traffic on the streets of the quiet town. Behind him, Pete Simmons moved uneasily in the leather chair.

"When they find out why," he said, "when the jury understands why, Chief, they'll probably be decent."

"You can be sure of one thing," McClary said, and there was pride in his voice. "Pete, the prosecution will do its best." THE END

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No Alibis for Red

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

1941, was informed that all he had to do to play in the Tiger outfield was prove he was capable.

The same down-to-earth characteristic was apparent in Rolfe during the winter baseball meetings when he was receiving congratulations upon his successful showing.

"That was last year," Rolfe declared matter-of-factly. "Unless we get some help, we won't be quite so good in 1950. Our infield, as a unit, hit less than a dozen home runs; the right side of it was weak, and we couldn't make the double play."

Before the conferences were over, steps to correct Detroit's weaknesses were begun. For $105,000 and a young pitcher named Lou Kretlow, an experienced second baseman, Gerry Priddy, was obtained from the money-hungry St. Louis Browns. Priddy, a consistent .290 batter, hit 11 home runs last year while playing in the depressing atmosphere surrounding the ineffectual Brownies. It was precisely as many home runs as the entire Tiger infield quartet was able to amass—if "amass" is the word for such singularly unviolent batting.

Following the acquisition of Priddy, the Wakefield problem was solved by swapping him to the Yankees for Dick Kryhoski, a young man who has been known to hit baseballs out of sight, although not too frequently. The hope is that Dick, a first baseman, may fulfill his minor-league promise in Detroit, something he didn't get much chance to do in New York.

In those two moves, Rolfe vastly strengthened the right side of his infield, which proved such a drag last summer. Admitting that Kryhoski still is unproven, Red can give him a thorough trial and go back to what he had last year without losing any ground. And if Kryhoski does fail, it won't be for lack of trying.

As an added fillip, Rolfe also picked up one of his old Yankee buddies, Charlie Keller, who had been made a free agent when he showed an aversion to minor-league ball. "If I go to any farm, it will be to my own in Frederick, Maryland," is Keller's attitude on the bushes.

Keller never made a complete recovery from an operation for the removal of a spinal disk in 1947, but Rolfe is gambling that King Kong has progressed in his convalescence and will be of some assistance to the Detroit Tigers in 1950.

It Looks Like a Smart Deal

"If Charlie hits only an occasional long fly ball, it could help," is the modest hope of general manager Evans. Since Keller cost the Tigers nothing in players, the gamble is a justifiable one. Even a half-sound Keller has an affinity for right-field fences as inviting as the one in Briggs Stadium, which is more than could be said for most of the hale and hearty Tigers last summer.

Although the last team to be directed by Rolfe prior to the Tigers was Yale, Red's own baseball proficiency stems back to Dartmouth, whence he was acquired by the Yankees. Jeff Tesreau, onetime Giant pitching ace, was coach of the Big Green, and he tipped the Yanks off to the fact that his team was harboring a shortstop of extraordinary skill.

Edward Grant Barrow, who in his own way was almost as important to the Yankee tradition as the home runs of Babe Ruth, sent Gene McCann up to Hanover, New Hampshire, to scout Tesreau's suspicion. McCann, who always affected a white four-in-hand tie which would have done credit to a door-to-door evangelist and a checkered suit which would have frightened a bookmaker, had a way with college kids, possibly because his costume intrigued them. They never knew his profession.

Rolfe, for instance, after seeing McCann make several trips with the Dartmouth squad, assumed he was an undertaker with a great love for baseball. By the time he found out who White Tie Gene was, Red was well on his way to being a Yankee. Barrow, having had McCann confirm Tesreau's opinion, in turn sent his ace ivory hunter, Paul Krichell, to confirm McCann's opinion.

Rolfe was signed after graduation and joined the Yankees in Cleveland in late June, 1931. When he detrained in the forenoon, the city was enveloped in an inky blackness and it was raining with about the same degree of intensity that sent Noah into the shipbuilding business.

Rolfe practically waded from the station to the Hollenden Hotel, the lobby of which he found crowded with strange, rough-speaking characters. If these were the Yankees, Red assumed they were an unusually hard-looking lot. It wasn't until later that he found out the denizens of the lobby were men in the fight game, in town for the heavyweight title fight between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling, which was to be held a week later.

Before leaving to join the Yanks, Rolfe had been asked by a friend to convey his best wishes to Will Wedge, the scholarly correspondent of the recently deceased New York Sun. With remarkable politeness, the rookie didn't pause to register but made his way to Wedge's room, overnight grip still in hand. There then ensued a rather confusing conversation. It developed that Wedge had requested an electrician to fix the lights in his room and, for a time, assumed that Rolfe was the repairman, an illusion heightened by Red's overnight bag.

Eventually, the rookie identified himself, passed on the greeting and returned to the lobby to register. At last he was a Yankee. He didn't remain one very long, however. After one brief appearance, he was sent to Albany for further polishing—Albany being regarded as somewhat superior to Dartmouth as a baseball finishing school.

Rolfe's higher education in a baseball sense continued for two more seasons at Newark. Since he had batted over .300 in all three seasons and his shortstopping had been acceptable, it was assumed that his schooling was completed. So Red reported to the Yankee varsity in the spring of 1934.

Under the careful scrutiny of Joe McCarthy, Rolfe showed (a) that he could hit big-league pitching and (b) that his fielding future in the majors was as a third baseman rather than as a shortstop. The transition was painless and Rolfe went on to become the best American League third sacker of his time.

While Rolfe was digging in as a Yankee fixture at third base, Joe DiMaggio joined the club, and Red shortly had the pleasure of playing on four consecutive pennant and World Series winners, from 1936 through 1939, an achievement still unequaled in baseball.

Rolfe was more than just a member of the supporting cast on these four straight championship clubs. He was a keyman, batting in second position and hitting .300 more often than not. A deft bat manipulator, Red could bunt, drag, hit-and-run and generally keep the opposition in quite a dither. He kept many a rally alive until the big bats of DiMaggio, Gordon, Keller and the others got around to making a rout of it. At various times, Rolfe led the league in base hits, in runs scored, in doubles and in triples.

Although Rolfe was not an eye-catching player, his value was not underestimated either by McCarthy or his fellow players. Joe DiMaggio, for instance, considers Red one of the best bunters he ever saw.

"Rolfe could disguise his intentions perfectly when he was up to bunt," Joe recalls. "He never tipped his hand until the last split second."

DiMaggio also credits Rolfe with making one of the key plays of the 1941 World Series through his ability to think while in motion. In the opening game, the Dodgers were one run behind in the seventh, with Pee Wee Reese on second, none out and Jimmy Wasdell, a pinch hitter, facing Red Ruffing.

"Wasdell bunted a foul fly over near our dugout, which then was on the third base side of the Stadium," explains DiMag. "The ball wasn't hit too high and Rolfe had to go full tilt to get under it. Reese, figuring Red would be running away from the diamond when he caught the ball, tagged up to take third after the catch.

"Rolfe fooled Pee Wee by half circling as he caught the ball and was in a position to throw to Phil Rizzuto, who covered third on the play. Reese was out by inches and the potential tying run was off the bases. Brooklyn had its big hitters coming up—Dixie Walker, Billy Herman, Pete Reiser and Dolph Camilli—but when Rolfe and Rizzuto made that double play, Red Ruffing was out of trouble."

COLLIER'S

"He told me his weekly pay check came to four figures. Then I found out it was $42.65"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

His Last World Series

The Yanks won the pennant again in 1942. They took the opening game of the series from the Cardinals, but were nosed out in the second one. As the series moved back to New York, Rolfe had a surprising conversation with a baseball writer accompanying the team. At the time Red had played in 26 World Series games with the Yanks, and the Bombers had won 21 of them. He was approaching his thirty-fourth birthday and the world should have been his oyster. Instead, Rolfe told the writer that World Series would be his last.

"For one thing, I'd feel funny in a baseball uniform while most guys are in other uniforms," said Red. "This war isn't a year old yet. There's no telling how terrible it's going to be. There isn't a chance I'll get into service myself because of my colitis, but I'm not going to be on public exhibition while other fellows are fighting."

Rolfe pledged the writer to secrecy about his decision to quit and the reasons for it, a pledge which has been observed until now. Even at this late date, Red insists it was his colitis which drove him out of baseball. "I should have quit a year sooner than I did," he says, "and my health would have been much better today."

Despite his ailment, which caused a marked decline in his play during his last two seasons with the Yankees, Rolfe managed to hit safely in every one of the four games in which he played against the Cardinals and batted .353, second highest Yankee average. True to his word, he quit at the end of the series and went to Yale to coach basketball and baseball.

Coaching at Yale suited the tweedy, pipe-smoking, bridge-playing Rolfe, and Yale certainly was suited with Rolfe. Under the absence of major-league pressure, Red's health showed a steady improvement. He was all set to remain at New Haven for the rest of his days when the summons came in 1946 to rejoin the Yankees as first lieutenant to McCarthy.

It had to be a good offer to bring Rolfe from the peace and security at Yale to the turmoil of the Larry MacPhail-operated Yankees. And it was. A close friend of Red's in New Haven told intimates that Rolfe was returning only because he had been assured he would be the Yankee manager when McCarthy decided to step down.

It was an open secret that McCarthy was not entirely happy working for the impetuous MacPhail. Under Barrow, the Yankees functioned as smoothly as J. P. Morgan & Company; but things were more flexible, and more febrile, under Larry.

McCarthy told Rolfe he would "speak for a spot" with the Yanks for him if the occasion ever arose; but the occasion arose so quickly that nobody could speak for anybody. Or even to anybody. In Boston on May 24th, when the Yanks had played 35 games of their 154-game schedule, McCarthy resigned and Bill Dickey, co-coach

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with Rolfe, was named to succeed him. Red took the switch in stride, for Bill was his pal and bridge-playing crony; but Bill, too, was gone by September.

Rolfe finished out the season, but resigned when MacPhail made it plain that the only managing job Red might have in the Yankee organization would be in the minors—and probably so deep in the minors he would have to swing through the vines to get there. His health showed the strain of coaching under three managers in one season and he felt that all the ground he had regained in his four years amid the comparative quiet of Yale was in danger of being lost.

"I had no plans, other than complete rest," Rolfe says now. "My wife and I planned to go to a little place we had bought up in Webster, New Hampshire, and in which we had never been able to spend any time. Before we could get organized, however, I got an offer to coach Toronto in the newly formed Basketball Association of America. It was too much money to turn down; so there I was, a professional basketball coach."

When the pro cage season was over, Rolfe was determined to take advantage of his New Hampshire hideaway. He came within a hairbreadth of getting away from it all, as the cliché has it. There were no telephones, no telegraph offices, and mail was delivered on an informal basis. Rolfe, lazing away the time there with his wife and her sister, had good reason to believe that athletics were behind him for some time to come, if not forever.

The Rolfes still maintained the New Haven home they had set up when Red took the Yale job, and one day Mrs. Rolfe drove there from Webster to pick up some household articles. While she was there the telephone, which never had been disconnected, began ringing. It was a neighbor who explained that for weeks he had been buzzing the Rolfe home practically every hour on the hour with an important message for Red to call Billy Evans in Detroit.

Evans was looking for someone to oversee the entire Detroit farm system, which had been allowed to go to seed after the famous emancipation proclamation of Judge Kenesaw Landis, which freed 90-odd Detroit farm hands in 1940. He had decided Rolfe was his man, but he couldn't find Red with bloodhounds. He got in touch with Red's New Haven neighbor and asked him to keep ringing Rolfe's house on the off-chance that some member of the family would eventually drop in.

Evans' choice of Rolfe to handle the farm system of the Tigers was a logical one. Billy had admired Red as a player when both were in the American League; and he reasoned that Rolfe's coaching experience at Yale ideally fitted him for the task of handling the young and comparatively inexperienced players who made up the majority of the Tiger farm players.

Rolfe took over the job of supervisor of the farm system in 1948. He liked his work and, more important, his employers liked his work. He had just about settled down to make a career of it when he was tapped for the managerial job. Once more he was called upon to make a choice between tranquillity and security and pressure and uncertainty. Once again he gambled, and on a one-year contract.

"Running a major-league ball club is vastly different from coaching a college team," Rolfe says. "College kids will listen to everything you tell them and do their best to carry out instructions. Professional ballplayers will listen, but they have their own ideas; they've all been through the mill.

"Whatever baseball I know, I learned from Joe McCarthy. He's the only person I ever was with in the majors and it's only natural that I should follow his tactics. In the brief time we were together as manager and coach in 1946, I got much closer to Joe than I had been as a player. When I was a player and Joe told us to do something we did it, knowing that Joe always had good reasons for his orders, even though he never explained them to us. But when I was a coach under Joe, he discussed his strategy with us and gave us the reasons for it. His logic always was sound and I knew then that if I ever got a chance to manage I would pattern my style after his. This is my chance and that's what I'm doing."

"The world's greatest novice," to use Evans' description of Rolfe, is a novice no longer. He came through his novitiate with flying colors and is strictly on his own now. He had a good year in 1949, when he might have been excused for having a poor one. Rolfe now has a job which he didn't seek, but one which he means to keep. He isn't looking for excuses in 1950, for he learned with the Yanks under McCarthy that excuses have practically no market value. THE END

ED NOFZIGER

Oh, Dear, Junior Wants a Pet

Perhaps a cat? They're rather nice
And clean—and adequate with mice.
They don't devour shoes, like puppies,
Or overpopulate, like guppies.
Though, if let to roam, they're fertile.
Maybe we should get a turtle.

I dislike turtles. Sure, they're harmless,
Economical—but charmless.
A grown-up dog might be all right
But who would walk the beast at night?
I guess a lizard sounds absurd;
But don't suggest we get a bird.

I don't like birds. That cheery trill
At bleary dawn would make me ill;
And on a farm a pony's dandy
But in town they're best as brandy.
The choice is limited, so maybe
We should just produce a baby.

I do like babies, but we'd find
That's not quite what he had in mind.
Then later both of them would fret
And drive us mad *in re* a pet.
Oh, think of something small and quiet;
There's no way out except to buy it.

—PHYLLIS WRIGHT

It's a Long Time from Mr. Abbitt to Mr. Zablocki

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

so that he could see what happened without turning around.

In addition to this main service of taking and recording a roll call in from 10 to 20 seconds, the big board could be used to call pages. Of course, it would still be necessary, before a vote, to give members perhaps 10 minutes to get to the floor. Warning bells, as now, could do this. There are some political disadvantages to simultaneous and instantaneous voting, but they are not wholly respectable. The member who waits to learn how the vote is going before throwing in his yea or nay would be discomfited. Also, the member who likes to avoid putting his vote on record except on selected bills would suffer political pains for, if the machine is used on all calls, he could not count on the anonymity of the unrecorded voice vote.

Under present procedure, many bills are passed without recording the actual votes. If the machine reduced this practice, representative government would be the winner. The more recorded roll calls, the better we can judge our representatives.

Some object to mechanical voting on the ground that it would displace worthy employees. This is not a valid argument. Everybody who knows anything about Washington knows that a public employee who loses one job generally shows up somewhere else in government in another and perhaps better one. That is the history of Washington reforms and consolidations.

In his book A Twentieth Century Congress, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, speaking of the oral roll call now in use, says: "Of all the antiquated procedures on Capitol Hill, this one undoubtedly pulls down the efficiency of Congress more than any other single practice."

Senator Kefauver, Representatives James E. Noland (Dem., Ind.), Charles E. Bennett (Dem., Fla.), and Glenn R. Davis (Rep., Wis.) teamed up to do something about this at the last session, but without sensational results so far. However, sentiment for electric voting in the House seems to be overcoming some of the inevitable resistance to change, often strongly developed in senior public figures.

The electric voting machines would not be revolutionary in their results. In public affairs nothing is ever so beneficial as its friends claim it will be, or so damaging as its opponents predict. Even so, electric voting would help raise Congressional efficiency a desirable notch or two.

The last session actually was one of tremendous actions. The North Atlantic military alliance was ratified, and more than $1,000,000,000 was appropriated to arm foreign countries. The Marshall Plan and Reciprocal Trade Agreements were extended, the military establishment was reorganized, a public housing program was started, the minimum wage level was lifted, and there were numerous other legislative acts significantly affecting life in the U.S. and elsewhere. The Senate, in session 928 hours, passed 926 bills, resolutions, etc. The House passed things at an even swifter rate in the course of the 1949 session that lasted from January 3d to October 19th.

Yet the session had a poor press, especially as it dragged out through the hot and humid summer; and remarks in the galleries and elsewhere suggested that the public was not satisfied. Quick, visible voting instead of the slow call from Mr. Abbitt to Mr. Zablocki (first and final House names) would have done at least a little to dispel the impression that the session fumbled and stumbled and wasted time. THE END

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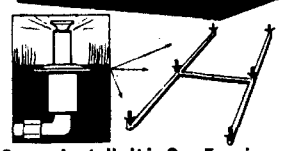

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Crisis Government Can Ruin Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

In a speech I delivered May 3, 1937, during the Roosevelt administration, I said this: "In the life of the average citizen there often arises an emergency when it is not only impracticable but unwise to attempt to balance the family budget. The emergency must be met . . . When the emergency has passed, the prudent individual realizes that he must not only reduce his expenditures within his income, but from that income he must save some amount to pay upon the debts incurred during the emergency. This is true of a government. The necessities of an emergency must be met, regardless of whether the budget is balanced. . . . The recovery program of this Administration has accomplished its purpose. . . . By every yardstick we have heretofore used to measure prosperity, the people of the nation are prosperous. The emergency has passed, and it is now time for us to put our house in order. . . ."

What I said then, I repeat now.

When my country faced another great emergency, World War II, I resigned from the United States Supreme Court to serve as President Roosevelt wished me to do. He told me to hold my position on the bench, while serving as director of the Office of War Mobilization, but I could not justify fortifying my personal security in that manner; therefore, I left the bench and plunged headlong into the effort to win the war.

As the war's end became apparent, I began thinking and moving toward a return to non-crisis government. In my report of January 1, 1945, to the President and the Congress, I declared, "Wartime taxation should end with the war. . . ."

So, perhaps I am not wholly inconsistent when I now urge the same policy I urged after World War I, after the Great Depression, and after World War II. But, as I said in the beginning of this article, that is not the issue before the American people. This issue is whether we shall continue to have crisis government, with its expansions and encroachments, when there is no justifying crisis.

We can meet the requirements of the cold war without emergency domestic programs, and without increasing taxes.

Jobs and National Income

Today approximately 60,000,000 persons are employed in civilian jobs. Today the average income per capita is close to three times that of 1940. Last year the national income was about $222,000,000,000. Predictions by government indicate continuing high prosperity in 1950.

But the federal government is operating in the red. Even if there is no expansion in government activities, the deficit by June 30th will be from five to seven billion dollars. If the Congress adopts the Administration's proposed new programs, no man can tell how great the deficit will be next year.

The big spenders say that increased government costs are not additionally burdensome so long as the gross national product or income rises correspondingly. "The size of the pie," they say, "is the important fact, not the size of the slice taken out by government." If the size of the pie goes up 6 or 10 per cent in a year, the size of the government's slice may go up in proportion, and the tax burden—they do not like that word—will remain the same.

That sounds plausible. But I know something about human behavior, and it appears to me these clever statisticians are overlooking human reactions, which are not controllable by government statistics. I think the government's slice of pie is today so big that it threatens the initiative and enthusiasm of the pie baker—whose name is Free Enterprise.

To pay his federal taxes, the average worker today puts in about 47 days a year—close to one day a week. But new programs are proposed, such as the construction of plants to produce materials determined by some official to be in short supply, when such official decides private enterprise will not furnish adequate production; socialized medicine, which is certain ultimately to cost billions; federal aid to education; the "bold plan" to help the backward people throughout the world; the Columbia River Authority, and the Missouri River Authority. And so on.

If all these new programs go into effect with the minimum expenditures proposed, the average worker will then have to give the pay from 67 days of his work to pay federal taxes of all kinds. When he does this, he is saying, by implication, to the federal government: "Here, you take my money and buy me something with it. You know better than I do what I want." Such dependence will lead to pernicious political anemia.

What is the need for the federal government doing so much more than is now being done? What is the hurry? There is no crisis. Let us examine just one field in which there is a great push to expand government activities, the field of public health. Proposals for some kind of socialization in this field are put forward as a "must"—a word that is an insult to the Congress though, unfortunately, many of its members do not seem to realize it. How bad is the health situation at present? What are the terrible conditions that demand radical steps?

Perhaps we can get the story from news releases put out by the Federal Security Agency, of which public health is a part. Here's one that tells us, "A greater proportion of births in the United States were delivered in hospitals or institutions in 1947 than in any previous year on record. . . . Since 1935, the first year that data of this kind became available, the percentage of total births delivered in hospitals has more than doubled—rising to 84.8 per cent."

And here is another release: "Maternal mortality decreased to a new low in the United States. . . ." Still another: "The infant mortality rate in 1947 was the lowest on record. . . ." And again: "Latest available figures show that the average length of life of the people of the United States is nearly two years above the level reached in the three years just before the war. . . ." And finally: "The death rate for the United States in 1948 was the lowest in the history of the country. . . ."

All of these releases appeared in 1949, giving presumably the latest figures and showing plainly—if I can read figures—that the general health conditions in the United States are excellent, and improving rapidly. I cannot think of one compelling reason to change from a health system that is giving us progressive and sensationally good results to one that is doubtful and experimental. Those who argue that conditions demand a change in our health system should argue also, if they wish to be logical, that Notre Dame should change its football system.

Regardless of how much money is appropriated for a government bureau, you cannot get medical treatment for more people unless you have more doctors. But you cannot secure a doctor by legislation—he must be trained. Medical colleges are already working on their own to increase their faculties and their students. If the politicians will let the doctors alone, the government will be able to continue its boasts about improved health conditions.

Some advocates of socialized medicine, who apparently doubt the strength of their own proposal, seek support by calling it "a New Deal proposal." It was not President Roosevelt's proposal. Five days before the election in 1940, when Willkie was a candidate for President, I was in Indianapolis. Senator Bennett Champ Clark—now Judge Clark— telephoned me that some doctors in Chicago were charging that Roosevelt had promised to support a program of socialized medicine.

When I asked the President about it, he said it was not true and he would correct the impression in a radio speech on the following day at Bethesda, Maryland.

F.D.R. States His Position

In that speech on October 31, 1940, among other things, President Roosevelt said: "Neither the American people nor their government intend to socialize medical practice any more than they plan to socialize industry. In American life the family doctor, the general practitioner, performs a service which we rely upon and trust, as a nation." He made this statement deliberately to reassure the voters who then, as now, feared socialized medicine and socialized industry.

So far as I know, he did not thereafter change his views.

When the present Congress closed its first session, there was a flood of appraisals of what it had done and left undone. Among those stories I saw a disturbing number of times the declaration that the Congress had "failed dismally" to carry out the President's program, and there followed lambasting and belittlements.

Just what do people who say things like that think the Congress is supposed to do? What is their idea of our form of government? In their minds, checks and balances appear to be harmful. If Congress must carry out whatever a President wants, why not abolish Congress? What these people seem to want is a powerful executive, and an obedient Congress. Whatever that might give us at the start, it would end in dictatorship, in tyranny, the condition the founding fathers feared most.

If the Congress should obey, what about the courts? Shall we have a system under which the executive branch of the government is supreme? Only men who do not like our system of government, or silly men who do not pause to think, would say that a Congress must be obedient to the President if it is to serve our country. Under the Constitution the Congress is supposed to be an equal and independent branch of government, not a me-too adjunct of the executive.

But big spending and continuous crisis government tend to impair the efficiency of Congress. December 7, 1938, I made a speech partly on this very subject. "Today," I told the Southern Society of New York, "the Congress collects from the people in taxes billions of dollars and gives that money to department heads to be spent at their discretion. Local officials then demand the assistance of Senators and congressmen in getting back from the department heads for local improvements some of their money. The efficiency of the Senator or congressman is determined by the amount of money he gets back. The more money a Representative secures from the departments, the greater is his obligation to vote for additional appropriations which will be asked by the heads of the departments. In this competition with his col-

Color Chart

These modern decorator hues
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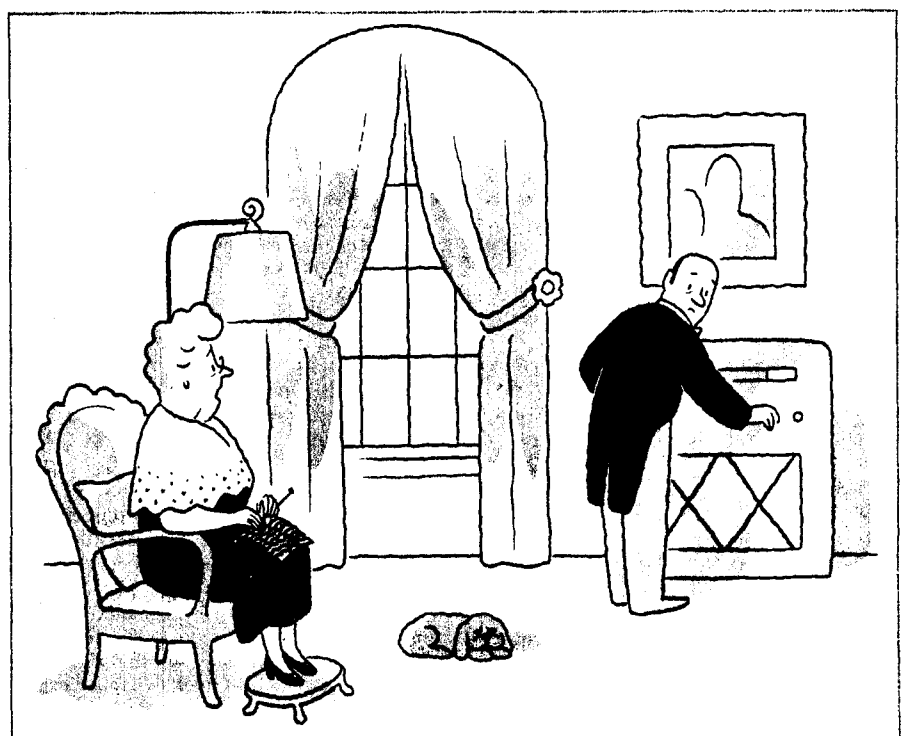
It used to be that red was red,
And blue was blue, as stated.

But now it's pomegranate or
Flamingo, or persimmon.
And yellow is mimosa to
Discriminating women.

These chic, exotic mixtures which
My daily life encumber
Have changed my mood to Wedgwood (blue)
And burnt me to an umber!

—BETTY ISLER



COLLIER'S "... and turn the volume up again when he says, 'Now for a look at the lighter side of the news'" CHON DAY

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BUTCH

"The man who stole those jewels was obviously brilliant, a man who thought out every move. Now I ask you to look closely at the defendant"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

leagues to secure funds, it is inevitable that the viewpoint of the Representative becomes more restricted to [his own] state and district. . . ."

That suggests the insidious chain that hobbles individual legislators under big spending and crisis government. They levy taxes and, to please their constituents, they get as much of the money back as they can. The constituents see the money coming back, but they do not always see the taxes going out. The people should judge the efficiency of Senators and congressmen not by how much money they get out of the Treasury, but by how little money they take out of the pockets of the people.

The Congress must rise to its full intended stature and put a stop to crisis government when there is no crisis. The executive departments that carry on the big spending will never stop it voluntarily. Department heads are as human as any of us. They like to be important and powerful. They act the same regardless of what political party is in power. If the country is to be rescued from crisis government, the Congress must play the heroic role.

What is called "painless taxation" is one of the dangers. It is not a sound or even wholly honest policy to give the taxpayer a mild anesthetic while his money is being taken from him.

Under the withholding-tax system, millions of workers do not realize they are paying income taxes. It costs the employers time and money to collect the taxes from their employees, and it often makes the employee angry with the employer. The system was established during the war on the theory that workers were constantly moving from one place to another and it would be difficult to check their returns.

The war is over. The employees should be treated just as are the employers; they are equally as honest. Taxes should not be collected from them every payday when employers are allowed to pay their taxes quarterly. It may be argued that if employees are treated this way, the government would lose some money. Even if this were true, the people would save money.

The average worker knows only about his take-home pay. He does not fully realize he is paying several hundred dollars a year to the federal government. If, like others, he had to pay quarterly installments out of the money he had already taken home, I predict it would result in reducing appropriations several billions of dollars.

It will be difficult to accomplish this reform. Money means power, and department officials want power. They will present to Congress all kinds of arguments for the retention of this withholding-tax system which was started because of war conditions. The average citizen will fail to make known his views.

To Make Wives Tax-Conscious

In the meantime, an employer, who is not now doing so, can render a real service. Let him have printed and placed in every worker's pay envelope a slip stating: "The amount of your pay is——. I have been forced by the government to deduct from your pay for income taxes —— and for Social Security taxes ——." When the worker's wife gets that slip she will think of many things she could have purchased with the amount deducted, and the chances are she will think of writing her congressman about government expenditures.

The first step toward ending crisis government is to cut taxes wherever possible. It has been demonstrated that expenses will not be reduced as long as money is available. If, by some miracle, the government should find itself with an income of $50,000,000,000 next year, expenditures would increase. Some portion of the surplus would be used for the retirement of debt, but the additional money would be an irresistible lure for bigger spending.

If taxes are cut, congressmen could say to their constituents and to department officials pressing for appropriations, "Sorry. We do not have the money and we are afraid to run a deficit any bigger than the one we have now."

I want a government that will live within its income and without most of yours. Cut taxes. Cut appropriations. Set people free from crisis fears, and we will be on our way toward putting government in its place—and that place is not on our necks. THE END

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Yes, but Whose Welfare?

THE POLITICAL SQUABBLE over those two fighting words, "welfare state," got under way in New York's special senatorial election last fall. That was just a preliminary, of course, to the big national scrap that will take place this year and again in 1952. But we found a good deal of interest, during the recent skirmish, in the different emphasis that the two parties put on the controversial phrase.

In the Republican campaign the accent was on "state." The G.O.P. dwelt upon the loss of individual freedom that accompanies the rise of big government. The Democratic, or winning, side stressed the first word and invoked a constitutional blessing on its efforts to "promote the general welfare."

We aren't going into the merits, or lack of merits, in the Truman Administration's whole domestic program. But we would like to suggest that the welfare aimed at in some of the program's recent proposals may not be quite so general as advertised.

Let's have a look at the present agriculture policy and its prize exhibit, the Brannan Plan. This policy is the result of a job of political overhauling that followed Mr. Truman's rather unexpected show of strength in 1948 in the agricultural as well as industrial states. The main purpose of the job was to keep both farm and labor votes in the Democratic column by keeping farm income high while lowering prices.

The attempt resulted in the Brannan Plan. This would do the apparently impossible by letting retail prices find their natural supply-and-demand level and at the same time guaranteeing food producers substantially their present income. All of which would be a fine boost for the general welfare except for a couple of jokers.

One is that the difference between market price and farm price would have to be made up by the consumer in the form of taxes. The other is that there would be a good many production restrictions connected with the guaranteed income feature. Farmers might find that, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, they were being "directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap."

We don't think this plan was designed with the general welfare in mind. Rather, we second its rejection by the country's biggest organization of food producers, the American Farm Bureau Federation, whose president called it a political scheme to get the votes of both farmers and consumers, at the cost of regimenting the farmers completely. The federation supported a sliding scale of price supports. This would also involve taxes. But it promises fewer hidden costs, and also leaves the farmer the boss of his own farm.

The handling of price-support purchases hardly strikes us as a shining example of government's solicitude for the general good, either. The Department of Agriculture owns and stores billions of dried eggs and hundreds of millions of pounds of butter, cheese and dried milk. They were bought with public money to keep their market prices high.

A few weeks ago we wrote an editorial about the dried eggs. In it we suggested that since there are plenty of hungry people in the world, the eggs ought to be given away. Some of our readers wrote the Agriculture Department to ask how come. They were told that dried eggs are made available to all charitable institutions "which can be certified by their state public welfare agencies as eligible to receive such assistance." The department also said that they can be bought at approximately half price by most foreign countries. The eggs are given away to other governments only when they are in danger of deterioration.

One trouble with giving them away here at home, the department spokesman explained, is that "dietitians or cooks in these agencies do not understand how to make full use of dried eggs and, as a result, fail to take advantage of them." When you think of all the advice—much of it valuable—that is sent out in reams of Agriculture Department releases, the failure to tell the cooks how to use the eggs is a remarkable example of reticence in that government agency.

At about the same time that Collier's readers were getting this explanation, Secretary of Agriculture Brannan was dismissing the whole discussion of surpluses with the rather airy assertion that "my government's inventory of dried eggs is only large enough to supply each of the world's undernourished people with two and one half eggs."

These examples make us doubt that the welfare state is as prudent and selfless as it's cracked up to be. We don't think that taxing the income of all to guarantee the income—and, hopefully, the political support—of some is promoting the general welfare. And in spite of all the excuses, we think this much-advertised humanitarian program ought to make it possible for more hungry people to eat more of those tons of bought-and-paid-for victuals.

This isn't meant to be a wholesale condemnation of Mr. Truman's domestic program. But we think that people should recognize that all its elements are not part of one big, high-minded package. Much of the Truman welfare state, as it now stands, seems designed mainly for the welfare of the politicians and the party in power.

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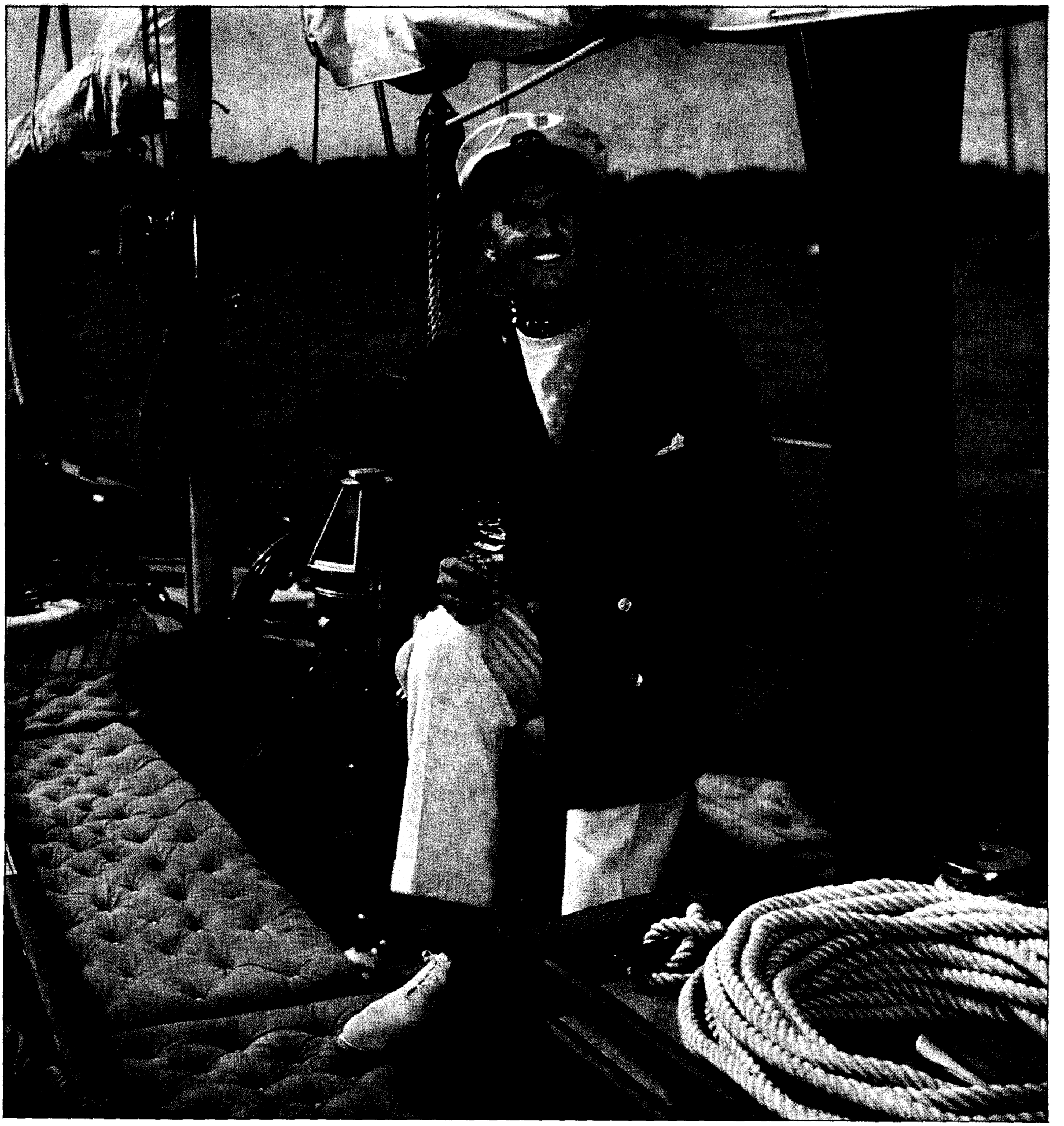

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